Outdoor America

DECEMBER, 1926

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Stories and Reminiscences of JACOB M. DICKINSON

EL COMANCHO - DAVID M. NEWELL - RAYMOND S. PECK

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- How to find food and remedies?
- How to make knots, traps?
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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2,000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League is conducting a practical, aggressive campaign of education against the further pollution of our waters, the drainage of our marshes and the indiscriminate destruction of our forests, by arousing the present generation to a realization of the value of these areas to the health, happiness and character of future generations.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The League's Platform is as follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

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Izaak Walton League, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 1926

I hereby apply for Membership-at-large in the Izaak Walton League, which includes a membership card, a handsome bronze membership button and one year's subscription to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

If I am accepted I agree to pay $3.00 for the first year's annual dues, and magazine, when bill is presented.

Applicants may enclose $3.00 with application. If for any reason applicant is not accepted, money will be returned.

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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Sketched for Outdoor America by William Schmedtgen.

Friendly Neighbors

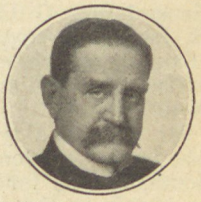
Vol. 5 No. 5

December Outdoor America 1926

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Assembled for the hunt. Reading from left: 2. David H. McGavock; 4. General Harding; 5. General Jackson; 6. John Harding, uncle of Lieutenant John Harding, one of the army aviators who recently flew around the world; 7. Frank McGavock.

Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson



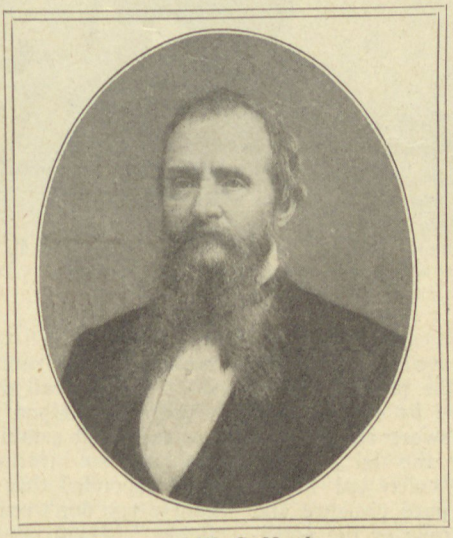
J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

Author's foreword:

"Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread lightly on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes, give me the land that has legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long vanished days.
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot.
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn."

—FATHER RYAN.



General W. G. Harding.

WE take great interest in all that concerns the ancient inhabitants of the Americas, and are delving into ruins to reconstruct something of their customs, ways of life and character.

It is a far cry from the Mayan Empire with its twenty centuries old monoliths of a vanished people, and their bygone culture, but what has been blended into our own civilization has the stronger appeal.

In our own immediate country we have had within the memory of the living, a complete destruction of the social life and civilization of a large part of our people, the memories of which are mainly enshrined only in waning tradition, much of which the lapse of time will soon engulf in oblivion. Well do I remember when:

"Above the bayonets mixed and crossed
Men saw a gray gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud
And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a Nation lost."

While I cannot say "Quorum magna pars fui," yet in some respects I can fulfill the humble task of an "Old Mortality" and chisel anew some memories of that memorable period.

J. M. D.

Belle Meade. Renowned as one of the greatest thoroughbred stock farms in the world.

From the year 1800, viz., for over a century and a quarter, Belle Meade, five miles west of Nashville, has been well known far beyond the boundaries of the State of Tennessee. For over half of that time during the lives of General Wm. G. Harding and his son-in-law, General Wm. H. Jackson, it was renowned as one of the greatest homes of the thoroughbred horse in the world.

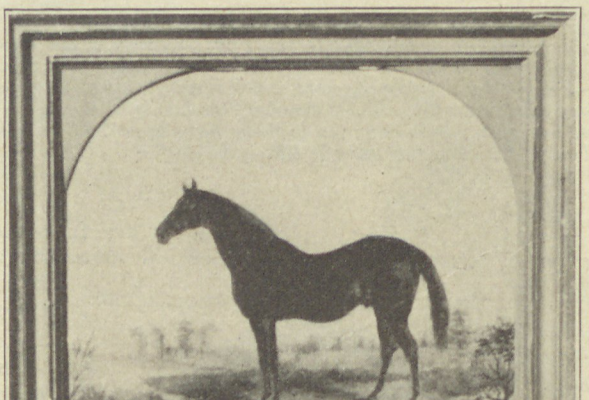
General Harding was born there in 1808 and died there in 1886.

He was of a type of man that exists no longer in the South, and so far as I know no longer in the world. His appearance and bearing would now seem affected and pompous, but they were as natural and simple to him as the stride of a game chicken or the lofty bearing and flashing eye of a thoroughbred. He was of that style, largely extinct, of the dominant people of the South, whom, I speaking before the Banker's Association in Chicago in 1889 thus characterized:

"Native Americans (with less than one per cent of foreign birth) descended from revolutionary ancestry, with every fibre of their being wrought in the mold of republican institutions, schooled in the principles of civil liberty and self government, proud of the history of their fathers, believing that to be an American was greater than to be a King, they loved their country with a patriotic fervor not surpassed in the purest days of Rome, and were ever ready to illustrate by their deeds, their cherished sentiment: 'It is both sweet and honorable to die for one's country.' With the leisure and opportunities afforded by wealth, they cultivated literature, not as bread winners, but for the pure pleasure and adornments it bestowed. Despising the trade of the politician, they studied the science of government, and moved along the higher plane of statesmanship. They did not grow rich in offices of small salaries and large opportunities, but illustrated in their public services, the declaration of Mr. Jefferson, that he had resolved not to better his private fortune while in office. Prodigal in their generosity, with a sense of personal honor that preferred death to an impeachment of character, holding it a sacred duty

" 'To right such wrong where it is given
Though in the very Court of Heaven,'

bred to the courtly manners and stately bearing of olden times, deeply imbued with religious reverence, born with the instinct of command, trained in all manly accomplishments, with a courage as keen but as polished as a sword, boundless in their hospitality, and offering to women a devotion and courtesy not excelled by the paladins of old, they were a race of men who, in the splendor of their characteristics, were equal to the best that any time has produced."



Bonnie Scotland, in old age, from a painting by the famous artist, E. Troye.

Being a kinsman I was at General Harding's home as boy, youth and man, times out of mind, and record my personal recollections of him and his home, which was the seat of unaffected and unrestricted hospitality. His table was at times extended for special occasions, but was never below a seating capacity of eighteen, and it was exceedingly rare that there was a meal at which the number of guests did not exceed that of his own family. They came from near and afar and generally without more than the well known implied invitation to all who might choose to come. The house was very large for those days, having eleven large bedrooms about twenty feet square, and from two to four double beds in a number of the rooms. When crowded to capacity the men and women would be separated regardless of family, as at a Quaker meeting, and every bed did duty to its capacity.

He and his wife were never disturbed, flustered or anxious but calmly met the exigencies of every situation.

Something characteristic of the time before the Civil War is illustrated by an incident in his life. One night I was there when the number of guests exceeded the number of rooms and I was billeted with Major Frank McNairy, a staff officer of Gen. B. F. Cheatham of the Confederate Army. After we had retired the old gentleman kept up an incessant flow of reminiscences from his corner of the room to mine and said: "You recall that affair between General Harding and Childress." Upon my disclaiming all knowledge he expressed great astonishment at my lapse of memory. When I elicited the information that it occurred in the early fifties and responded that then I was but a child, he said: "Of course you don't remember, I thought I was talking to your father." Upon my asking him to tell me about it, he said: "General Harding and Childress were classmates at college and were somewhat intimate. His father, John Harding, and Childress owned adjoining plantations in Arkansas. He received a letter from his father saying he had just had an

unpleasant altercation with his neighbor Childress and that on his return he would tell him about it.

"Shortly thereafter Harding was in Nashville and met Childress who offered his hand. Harding folded his arms and said: 'Mr. Childress, my father has written that he had an unpleasant altercation with you which he would recount upon his return. Until I hear from him, I must decline to accept your hand.'

"Childress flew into a passion and said: 'Do you mean to insult me?' To which he replied: 'I have nothing to add to what I have said, and you are at liberty to construe it as you please.' Childress sent a challenge which was promptly accepted. The old Major said he was sent by his father to borrow dueling pistols from U. S. Senator Ephraim H. Foster, that the duel was to take place at sunrise the next morning at the Locust Grove, a well known dueling ground north of Nashville, that Harding was there with his second and surgeon but Childress did not appear, and left Nashville without explanation. Shortly thereafter he and Harding met in the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, when Childress said that the affair in Nashville had not gone off satisfactorily and he was not in a position to explain but wanted to send another invitation. Harding replied that Childress had disappointed him once, that he had no assurance that this would not be repeated, that he had forfeited his right to have him meet him upon a field of honor, but that he wanted him to understand that he would be ready to meet any attack he might make."

The Major then added: "That night Childress committed suicide." I said that I could not understand such action, that the General could do no more than he did to himself and that at least he might have taken the chances of a duel. The old Major then said: "Young man, you do not understand. There are men who are cowed in the presence of some men, and Childress did not have the nerve to meet him." To me this seemed absurd and quixotic, but many years thereafter I read "The Coward" by De Maupassant written long after the Harding-Childress affair, in which he depicts a man who for the same psychological reason killed himself rather than meet his opponent in a duel the next morning.

On one occasion a gentleman from the East brought Harding a letter of introduction. A dinner was given in his honor, to which many persons of prominence were invited. In those days the dinner was near midday. It was the custom after such entertainment to invite the guests to the paddocks where the famous stallions were. This gentleman anticipated this by saying he had heard of the fame of the place and would like to see one of the fine horses.

The front hall at Belle Meade.

The General, though disappointed by this limited request, sent word to have the world famous Bonnie Scotland brought to the front of the house. The entire party went to the porch. When that wonderful horse stepped proudly up, the guest expressed admiration and said: "General, is that a runner or a trotter?" The General bowed and without response, said: "Walk into the house. I will endeavor to entertain you in the parlor, Sir."

Cabin where General Harding was born. Uncle Bob on the porch.

Harding had his early education in Nashville, but attended The American Literary and Scientific Academy, a renowned military institution at Middletown, Connecticut, presided over by the highly accomplished and scholarly Captain Alden Partridge, formerly superintendent of West Point Military Academy. On graduation he received from Captain Partridge a certificate saying:

"I heartily recommend William G. Harding, a graduate of this institution, a scholar, a gentleman, and a soldier, to whom it may concern."

Fellow students of his were Horatio Seymour, of New York and Prince Iturbidi, of Mexico. He rose rapidly to prominence in Tennessee, was conspicuous in the affairs of the state, and exerted great influence and leadership at critical times, but never sought or accepted any office but that of General of State Militia.

In Nashville there was a convention to promote foreign immigration to the South. When he entered the Assembly, the Chairman invited him to the rostrum and there was a general expression of a desire for him to speak. He declined, saying that he was not in sympathy with the movement, was merely a looker on in Venice, and felt that it

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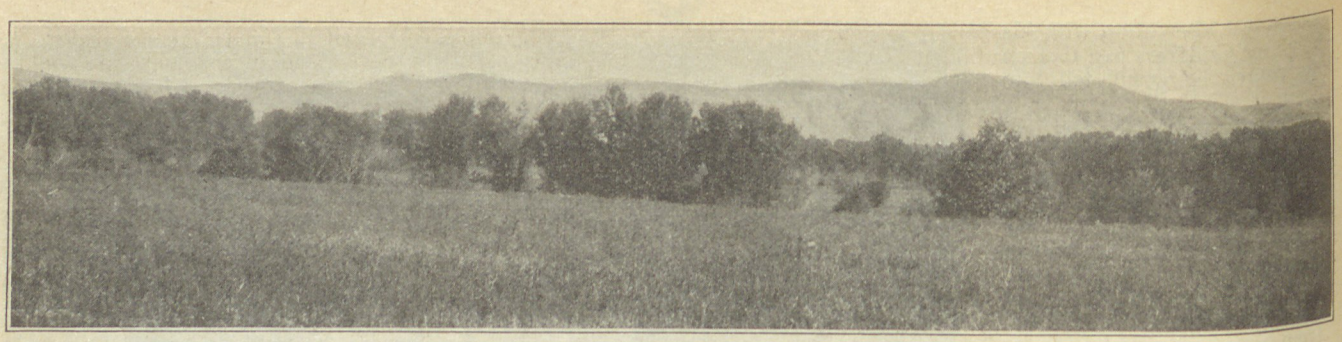


This Cottonwood grove is where Chief Gall's warriors gathered and camped days in advance of the Custer Battle.

Speaking of Pioneers

The history of America could not be written without honorable mention of the willows and the cottonwoods. These two hardy pioneers were the best friends of the early settlers

By EL COMANCHO

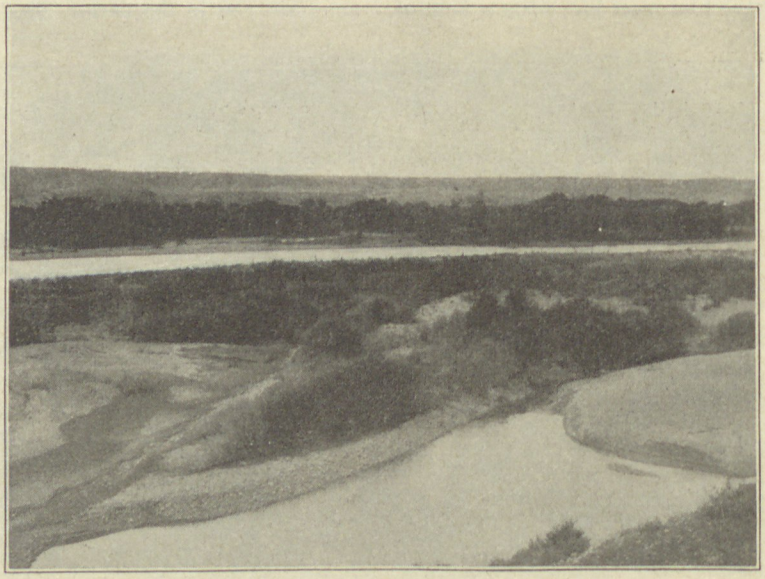
ANY time you pick up a story dealing with the old-time early West, no matter whom it is written by, you are almost sure to, sooner or later, find in it some mention of the Cottonwood groves.

For those of us who knew the old West, the reason is plain, but perhaps it needs some explanation for the children of today.

Always, in the olden days, we who rode the trails must depend on the streams for our water supply and this made us camp almost always, somewhere in a river bottom, or in the valley of a smaller stream.

It was here that the Cottonwoods grew. They are a pioneer tribe of trees doing team work with that other hardy little member of the Tree People—the Willow.

The Willow is really the pioneer of the team. If a flood came sweeping down the stream with the fury of a live thing, as floods did in those days, the banks of the stream always suffered. They were cut away and the debris was carried downstream, to be made into mud bars as the stream receded.



The busy willows have taken possession of the bars. How the pioneering willows take over the mud bars in the rivers after a flood. They are the first trees to grow on new river bottom ground.

If this flood occurred in the spring you could go to these mud bars that same year, and, before frost came, in the fall, you would find that the busy willows had taken possession and already started their seedlings so that they were thick as grass and at least two or three inches high before frost. They were always on the job and their motto was "Do it now."

When the next spring came, they went to work to mat that bar together with their roots, and to grow such a forest of slender poles that they looked almost like cane-brakes; that year also the Cottonwoods began to appear among this friendly company of Willow switches, and so it went.

The creek bed was cut out many times and piled up in bars somewhere else to be immediately taken possession of by those pioneer Willows and the Cottonwoods also stood by, ready to do team work and hold the ground the Willows had gained.

Fires used to sweep the old plains country with a fury unknown now because the country is now civilized. They were set by Indians to burn the dead grass off of the buffalo range in the old days, and the greater area that burned, the better everybody was satisfied, because new grass came clean over the burned country in the spring and the buffalo waxed fat thereon.

Thus it came about that uplands were barren of all kinds of trees because the fires swept away even the rose bushes, and such trees as existed elsewhere held their own only because they occupied some sheltered nook in a side valley, or grew in some loop of the stream that protected them from the sweep of the flames.

So, up and down the streams, there were places where Cottonwoods grew in groves, to furnish shade for the buffalo feeding nearby, for they came there and stamped flies during the hot part of the day.

These groves also furnished shelter for the White-tailed deer that lived among the streams and occasionally for the Mule deer that were driven in from the hills by some extra severe storm.

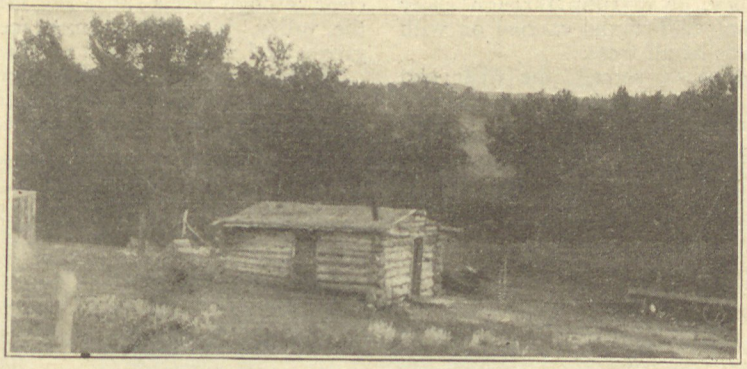
All things on four feet came to the Cottonwood groves sooner or later for shelter or rest. The wolves and coyotes,

knowing this, prowled there also and took their toll of flesh, as did some of the other killers.

When Indian war parties were out they always scanned the Cottonwood groves for smoke, and many a misguided tenderfoot white man, traveling in the early West, has found himself surrounded by Indians in a Cottonwood grove. If they were numerous enough, the red warriors took his stock and his women, burned his outfit and left him a mutilated carcass for the buzzards to quarrel over. It has happened many times in those old early Cottonwood groves along the western plains rivers, for they were favorite camping places for white men traveling through, who were not familiar with Indian ways.

The Indians also used the groves as a camping site, but their ways were different. When the tribe picked up and moved out to their summer camping grounds, they most always picked a Cottonwood grove beside some river wherein to camp, but mark you—it was always a strategic location. They picked a loop in the stream where they could camp among the Cottonwoods in safety, because they posted their lookouts on the high points of the surrounding bluffs. Thus the tribe, or any large camp of Indians, lived in peace through summer days, or weeks, in the shade of the Cottonwood groves, while their lookouts sat, like graven images, on the high points round about with an eye to the sky line, ably translating every moving thing that came across their line of vision.

A dust cloud, rising on the plains, meant moving animals of some kind—mostly buffalo, and buffalo, moving fast enough to create a dust cloud, meant buffalo that were frightened, and buffalo were not easily frightened at any of the common things on the plains.



The settlers came to the Cottonwood groves for logs to build their first homes.

If a hunting party began to run buffalo, to make a kill, there was always a dust cloud in the air which told its story to the waiting Indian lookout, and he read the story of the hunt in the gray fog that rose against the sky.

Every time a wisp of smoke climbed skyward, it told its story. Sometimes an Indian signaled with smoke to some of his comrades, and the watchful lookout interpreted the signal, giving such information as it might carry, and, incidentally, locating some enemy and thus giving the lookout advance information as to the whereabouts of what was, to him, legitimate prey. It was good ethics then, you know, to raid the enemy's camp, kill him if you could, take his scalp, and, if possible, steal his women.

That was all good business then for the young warrior, and it was done a good many times because of information written in signs that came to the eye of the lookout, perched on the hilltop above an Indian camp in a Cottonwood grove beside the stream.

Naked Indian children played in safety along the river and lived, half in and half out of the water, along those flood-made sand bars where the Willows grew like canebrakes.

Should an enemy appear, those naked little savages popped into the Willow thickets like rabbits and vanished from the face of the earth. You see they knew the ways of the Willow thickets and the Willow thickets were always friendly to them, and from the cover of these it was always only a short step or two to the protecting Cottonwoods where the camp was placed; and so it went.

Willows, Cottonwoods, river bottoms and Indian camps, with their lookouts were then all part of the passing days.

Through the long hot summers of the plains, the Cotton-

The Cottonwood grove that the Sioux charged out of when Custer was killed. Custer was killed almost on the spot where the camera stood when this picture was taken. This view is looking west across the Little Bighorn valley from the point where Custer and his command were wiped out.

wood groves survived—not so much from design as from the luck of their placement in some protecting loop of the stream where the fires could not reach them, and there the Cottonwoods grew and thrived mightily to become a part of the cougar-colored landscape and the trees were restful to the eye because of their cooling green.

They were an institution, these Cottonwood groves, that we, of the old West, could not well have gotten along without, and which we would miss mightily, if we went back and found them gone.

There were individual trees, holding some little strategic position along the river valley, or existing through sheer luck, that resisted storms, escaped fire and carried on with the persistence so characteristic of all trees.

These, in the majority of cases, showed the wear and tear of time. The buffalo came, rubbed against them to scrape off the loose hair when shedding, and the bark grew smooth as glass, or was nearly rubbed away by the constant rubbing of sand-filled hair that cut, a little bit each time, the individual buffalo who used the tree for a rubbing post.

The buffalo came and rubbed against 'em. Old Cottonwoods in the valley of the Cheyenne River, Wyoming. These are typical of their kind in the western river valleys.

Many a tree I have seen with the bark rubbed down as smoothly as though it had been done with a fine sandpaper. These old trees were mostly always pain racked, knotted and gnarled invalids and many times humpbacked and crippled, but they withstood all disaster through a long span of years and never quit until they died, real citizens of the old plains.

I could not imagine an oldtime plains river valley without its Cottonwoods and its Willows doing the teamwork that these two tree friends always do wherever they are found. They are as characteristic of the old West as its tawny landscape, its magnificent distances, its friendly loneliness, its great big, wide open spaces and eye-testing perspectives. They belong!

Without these old trees, the West would not be the West. It was to these Cottonwood groves that the first settlers came for logs to build their cabins of, and, did you ever stop to think that the first settlers, the first explorers, the first pioneers, the first men everywhere going into the new country, always followed the streams upward? It was only after they reached the head of that stream and started further to explore new country that they traveled down the streams.

The trail always led upward, first to the top of the divide, then down the other side, but never down until it had gone up from the mouth of the stream to the head, and in going up, their camps were always among the Cottonwoods and the Cottonwoods were always friendly. Yet, many times the Cottonwood groves proved to be a death trap for the unwary, because it gave chance for the enemy to slip up and strike before one knew he was coming.

Yet, in spite of that, the Cottonwoods were friendly and never to blame. It was merely the lack of knowledge on the part of the camper who did not know the ways of the wilderness, and died before he had time to learn.

Those of us who have survived it all know this without being told. Those who did not survive, never found it out.

Some Cottonwood log houses built by the first explorers, still stand in places in those high, dry, western river valleys, mute monuments to the passing of men born with the desire to know what was just beyond the unknown horizon.

When Chief Gall, fighting general of the Sioux, planned his battle with Custer, he picked the Little Big Horn River valley as his field of action.

He did this deliberately a long time before the battle and before he left the Missouri River and started west on that trip which ended in the destruction of Custer's forces.

Chief Gall was one of the best Indian warriors that ever rode a horse. He knew the Little Big Horn country long before the battle, and knew that it was thickly covered with Cottonwoods along a certain stretch of river bottom.

He reasoned that these Cottonwood groves would furnish concealment, shelter and a general headquarters for his warriors and he knew that he was going to stage a mighty big fight. He was not sure that he could win this fight, but, like a good general, he was taking advantage of everything that he could. He pulled out of the fort, over on the Missouri River, and left a broad trail for the soldiers to follow, clear through to the Little Big Horn. Then, when he struck the valley, his fighting men melted into the Cottonwood groves and vanished from the face of the earth.

He had reached his big battle ground and there he sat tight and waited. Custer's command followed the trails; the supporting government steamboat came up the Missouri and up the Big Horn to within hearing distance of the guns that killed Custer and there they tied to the bank.

Then orders went out to Reno to strike down the valley of the Little Big Horn until he came in contact with the Sioux, that were known to be camped among the Cottonwood groves.

When Reno should make this contact, he was to charge, according to his orders, and drive the Sioux out into the open.

No one will ever know whether Reno tried to carry out his orders or whether he never had the chance to, but the fact remains that those Cottonwood groves became suddenly like a hornet's nest with a million yellow jackets that somebody had poked a stick into.

The Sioux swarmed out of the Cottonwoods, drove Reno back across the Little Big Horn, crowded him, jammed him, forced him up to the top of the hill, now known as Reno's Hill, and held him there.

While this was going on, more Sioux swept across the Little Big Horn, a mile or so north, swarming out of the trees like a flight of yellow jackets, forcing Custer's men to fight on the hilltop and there held his whole company, separated from any chance of aid, and wiped it out, "Yellow Hair" with the rest.

It is a matter of record that Yellow Hair (Custer's Indian name) must have fought a mighty fight with his handful of men against the swarm of Sioux, for when the bodies were found later, that of Yellow Hair was covered with a Sioux blanket belonging to Hogan Tanka (Black Fish), who, I have heard from the lips of the Sioux, was the man who actually killed Custer.

Custer's body was not mutilated, but was left, covered with the blanket, on that barren hillside up above those Cottonwood groves that still fill the valley of the Little Big Horn.

We white men are fond of calling this the Custer Massacre. The truth of the matter is, it was the battle of the Little Big Horn, wherein the white forces were absolutely outgeneraled from every point of view and Custer and his company wiped off the face of the earth by ably planned and premeditated strategy.

Chief Gall was an able warrior who knew his business and who handled his men to carry out his plans, and the white man who calls that fight the Custer Massacre, belittles the fighting savage who picked his battleground miles away from where he planned the fight and decided that it should be the point where the fight should take place because there, in the valley of the Little Big Horn River, grew the finest, thickest, largest Cottonwood groves that I know of in all the west.

And down among these Cotton- *(Continued on page 73)*

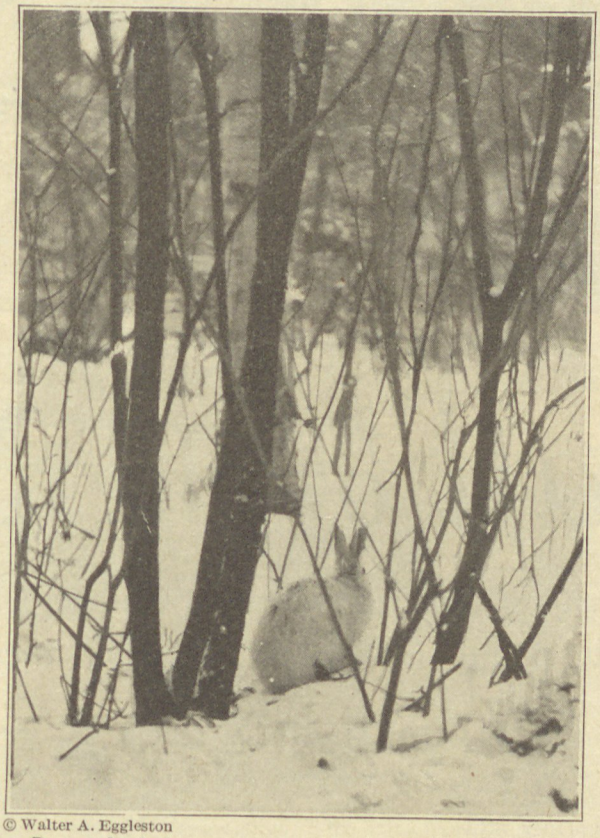
Tamarack Swamp

Do you know the delightful mysteries of an old tamarack swamp in winter?

By ALFRED S. BRADFORD

IN the spring and summer when high water and its ally the mosquito rule, man leaves the tamarack swamp to its own devices. But when November's frosts kill the last lingering insect and freeze the bogholes and swales, the hunter and the woodcutter enter its somber precincts. Then all day long sounds the dull rhythmic thud of the ax biting into the tree trunk and the weirdly musical baying of the hounds as they follow the trail of the rabbit, punctuated, now and then, by the full voiced report of the shotgun.

A strange, fascinating place the tamarack swamp in early winter with a light covering of snow underfoot, and the cold wind that is sweeping over the open fields shut out as completely as though it does not exist. A confusion of tall somber tamaracks standing shoulder to shoulder; of low, bushy swamp cedar that emits a pleasing pungent odor when bruised; of tangled windfalls; small new clearings dotted with brush piles, and large old clearings choked with bush willow and swamp elm; and narrow, twisting trails that start nowhere, run aimlessly hither and thither, and end as they began. There is no movement, no sign of life, all is bare and still. A deep, all pervading silence that the crunch of our footsteps on the crusted snow; the ringing, whiplike cry of frost tortured branches; the eager whimpering of the dogs, seem to disturb as little as a leaf falling gently downward from an overhanging elm ruffles the dark surface of the pool it lights upon.



© Walter A. Eggleston

Do not think the swamp uninhabited because you neither see nor hear living creatures; rabbits abound and minks haunt the swales.

But do not think the swamp uninhabited because you neither hear nor see a living creature. It contains life a plenty. Quiet, furtive life that takes great care neither to be seen nor heard and yet leaves legible traces of its presence on the betraying whiteness of the snow.

Here a faint delicate tracery shows where a field mouse slipped by. Here heavier footprints tell of a mink's passage. There a partridge searched for food along a trail side or a flock of small birds hopped cheerfully about. And here, there, and everywhere are the unmistakable tracks of the rabbit. Over these the dogs are working excitedly. And now the small grey and black hound, Jumbo, his long narrow muzzle, blunt at the end, thrust down into the snow, his dark, mournful eyes for once burning with interest, raises his voice musically. To be immediately drowned out by the wild yapping of Sporty, a black and white mongrel of doubtful antecedents and foolish propensities, who runs half by sight, half by scent.

Away to the right we go, running stumblingly over the uneven ground to gain a position where the wood is open enough to permit shooting. Suddenly, on our left, a one inch shell explodes. We know that sound and the bird that makes it, but flinch involuntarily, nevertheless, even as we see the partridge go skyrocketing through the trees.

The dogs bring the rabbit around but the wood is so thick we do not get a chance to shoot; lose it; start another; lose it; and so an hour goes and I am standing alone now on a broad trail that winds sinuously through the swamp. Within gunshot to my left is a well defined rabbit runway, to my right, also within gunshot, another. Far ahead of me sound the voices of the dogs, gradually receding. There is no other noise. All is ghostly still. The swamp is fairly open here and I can see with interruptions perhaps fifty feet before me.

Five minutes pass. The dogs have not yet returned. This is no weak limbed cottontail but a strong varying hare—locally called Jack or swamp rabbit—and he will run a mile or two before he makes the invariable swing and returns, after the manner of so many hunted wild creatures, to his starting place. I stand motionless, listening to the voices of the dogs, faint in the distance. Now they cease, now begin again, now stop abruptly, as Sporty, running far ahead of Jumbo, loses the scent and has to wait until his slower but surer companion comes up and puzzles out the trail. Hark! At last, they have turned, are coming towards me. Instantly, I am alert. They are still far off but I know the hare must be a considerable distance in advance. A minute, two minutes. Suddenly, there is a movement to my right. Something is slipping through the cedars. A moment, and a hare, snow white save for black splashes on the tips of his ears and an irregular line of brown down his back, drifts ghostlike along the runway. As I raise my gun, he stops, looks, and is off. The shotgun speaks and he drops without a struggle, a quivering bundle of soft fur.

We start other rabbits but the serried ranks of the tamaracks and the low dense clumps of cedar conceal them from our sight and guns. A secure place of refuge for wild life, the swamp. Few are the rabbits or partridges that the thick tangle of its woods betrays to the hunter. From there the cold winds of winter are excluded. The deep snows are broken. Food, warmth, and concealment it offers to the small animals and birds that haunt it. Here the last vestiges of wild life left in the surrounding country are gathered.

(Continued on page 50)

The start.

The Call of the North

Some novices penetrate northern Ontario when a white mantle is laid over the silent forests

By RAYMOND S. PECK

Photographs by the Author

NORTHERN Ontario, in summer attire, exerts an irresistible lure to the lover of the out-of-doors. Crystal-clear lakes and rivers, plenteously supplied with game fish; shady retreats where the graceful wild deer feed in the lily-pad bays; the majestic forest primeval—wild rugged beauty that is the heritage of Canada's north woods country; all making a direct appeal and a challenge to the jaded spirits of the city-worn man or woman.

There are few, however, who have experienced the thrills and delights of a vacation spent in these north woods when King Winter reigns supreme. Not many American tourists have ventured to visit in the winter time the same locations that charmed them in the summer months.

It is in the winter months that the northland presents another phase of its beauty, when a mantle of unsullied whiteness is laid over the silent forests and the only sound at night to break the deep silence of the woods is the wild and weird calliope cry of the wolves baying at the moon. The air is crispy dry. It is a keen cold but a cold that fills one with pep, that rejuvenates and whets the appetite and brings sound dreamless sleep at night.

In winter the white forest becomes a place of enchantment. The winding snow-shoe trails seem to be endless and one is able to tramp mile after mile on snow-shoes and feel no weariness. One truly feels glad to be out in the open when the brilliant northern sun is glittering on the vast crystal expanse of snow.

Dr. Fred R. Clapp, of South Bend, Indiana, has been making pilgrimages to northern Ontario each summer for many years. In company with his Indian guide he has traveled hundreds of miles in a canoe through its maze of waterways. He has fished lakes that have rarely splashed to a plug or a baited hook. He knows the country intimately.

But still Doc wasn't satisfied. He wanted to see his beloved north woods in winter garb, when the lakes and rivers he had fished in the summer months were frozen solid. He wanted to chop a hole through the ice of one of those lakes and let down a hook and line. Some one had told him that fishing through the ice was real piscatorial sport. He wanted to strap a pair of snow-shoes on his feet and go trudging miles through the forests. And when night came to the north woods he wanted to unroll his sleeping bag and curl up in it for eight hours of dreamless sleep beside a crackling camp fire.

All very well! But Doc didn't want to make this winter trip to northern Ontario without company. He broached the subject to a few of his friends in South Bend.

"A vacation in the north woods at twenty or thirty below zero! Sleeping in a tent in northern Ontario in February and being lulled to sleep by the howling of a wolf-pack! Nothing doing, thank you." That, in substance, was the reply made to the big physician when he called for volunteers to accompany him to the north woods.

Luckily for Dr. Fred's plans, there were at least two venturesome souls in South Bend. At any rate, Doc's brand of enthusiasm concerning the project swept everything before it and Andrew C. Weisberg and Richard Kuehn succumbed to the Doc's arguments.

Amid the well wishes and good-natured raillery of their many South Bend friends, the intrepid trio left for the "frozen north" early in February. I met them in Montreal and succeeded in having their baggage quickly passed

through the Canadian Customs. We transferred ourselves and the mass of bags and baggage from the Bonaventure Station to the Tunnel Station for the Ottawa train, leaving at noon. We made the journey from station to station in Montreal beneath wonderful buffalo robes in picturesque low sleighs under the guidance of a befurred "cocher," for the weather was about ten below zero. The baggage, including Andy's huge box of provisions and equipment, came following after in a cartage sleigh, a most imposing caravan.

The evidence.

The next day in Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion, I gathered my motion picture equipment together and picked up "Nick" Carter, my cameraman. We all left Ottawa that night for Whitefish by rail, reaching our destination early the following afternoon.

Paul Commando, Dr. Clapp's Indian guide of many summers, was on the Whitefish station platform to greet us. The baggage was quickly transferred from the platform to a large bob-sleigh.

Here, after lunch, we discarded the habiliments of civilization and donned clothing more appropriate to the climatic conditions of the country. Layer after layer of socks were pulled on, for special attention must be paid to the feet if one is to enjoy a winter vacation in the north woods.

We kept in touch with the world by radio.

Thus warmly clad we emerged from the hotel to take our first real sniff of the Northern ozone. "No place for B.V.D.'s," wisely remarked Andy as he was being buffalo-robed into the first sleigh. Andy, Dick Kuehn, the cameraman and the driver of the sleigh completed the party of four in the passenger sleigh, while Doctor Clapp, the Indian guide and myself rode on the big bob-sleigh that carried the baggage and supplies.

The drivers chirruped to the horses and we were off on the first lap of our journey which would take us into Sheehan's Camp on Lake Penage. After driving fifteen miles we reached Sheehan's Camp, the base of operations for our expedition, situated on the south shore of Lake Penage.

Lake Penage is reputed to be one of the best bass lakes in America. In summer the owner of this camp, George Brown, is busy catering to the needs of guests, but the long winter months hang heavily on his hands.

The arrival of our party was therefore a welcome break in the monotony of winter life at the camp and George had been looking forward to our visit for months with keen anticipation.

The whole-hearted hospitality shown to us by both Mr. and Mrs. George Brown and "Uncle Dan," Mrs. Brown's father, was long to be remembered. The camp was ours. Darkness was casting its sombre shades over the white and frozen landscape when we arrived, and everybody in our party lost no time in reaching the supper table when Mrs. Brown announced everything in readiness.

Though novices in the art of snowshoeing, George Brown and "Uncle Dan" correctly fastened on our snow-shoes and we commenced to trek to Sheehan's Lake as a preliminary canter. We must have been a typical "awkward squad" for the first quarter-mile. However, we soon "got the hang of the thing."

From then on our progress and prowess as snow-shoe artists were most wonderful to behold. By the third day we were staging snow-shoe races on Sheehan's Lake, a few miles from camp, with Nick, the cameraman, busily engaged gathering photographic evidence of our dexterity.

"Now that you fellows can negotiate a trail on snow-shoes, let's hike back country," said Doctor Clapp one evening as we sat around the cozy fire after a day spent in the open.

And so it was arranged.

The Author (at left) "helping" the guide untangle the harness.

The following morning we had an early breakfast and started on snow-shoes from Sheehan's Camp for the Mountain Lake district. The splendid snow-shoe trail, crossing sparkling frozen lakes and trudging up hill and down was an exhilarating experience. The scenery was magnificent, and although the weather was much below zero, the strenuous exercise of tramping miles on snow-shoes through the wilderness sent the blood tingling through the veins.

Our first objective was an abandoned lumberman's shanty at Doyle's Camp. Here at Doyle's, the party split. We left Andy Weisberg and Dick Kuehn to spend the night at this camp, while Doc Clapp, our cameraman and myself, accompanied by Paul, the Indian guide, pressed on to Mountain Lake, where we spent the night comfortably in a tent.

A crackling camp-fire was built near the entrance to our tent and the flaps were left wide open during the night. Our Indian guide made a comfortable bed of balsam boughs and we unrolled our sleeping bags and curled up for the night. The wolves tuned up and gave us a short concert that night but I was so dog-tired that I missed hearing them, although the rest of the party heard them howling distinctly.

The following day Andy and Dick trudged over the trail from Doyle's to join us. Holes were then cut in the ice at various intervals and we had the unique experience of catching some wonderful specimens of lake trout through this method. It wasn't long before some of those trout were sizzling in the frying pan—and how good they tasted!

It was here at Mountain Lake that a real tragedy of the north occurred. George Brown, our host, had toted in our sleeping bags, motion picture equipment and provisions on dog-sled. This dog-team belonging to Brown was his pride and joy, and he had spent many months breaking the team to harness. A good sleigh-dog in the north country commands a fancy price as these faithful animals are an absolute necessity during the winter months as a means of transportation.

Major, the favorite dog of the team, possessed a brain if ever a dog did. The other dogs of the team would lie quietly on the snow in their harness, but Major would invariably slip his collar and mingle with the members of the party. He wanted to be sociable.

"Tie Major up—and keep him tied up," cautioned Brown before leaving camp one morning for the ice-fishing holes. "The Indians have put out poison balls to kill wolves."

Major was securely tied but it wasn't long before he had chewed his way to liberty and was soon roaming camp. Later he made for his master, who was on the lake, fishing. About fifteen feet from where Brown was fishing through the ice, the dog collapsed and in a few minutes was dead. Major had found and eaten one of the poison balls intended for the marauding wolves. The untimely death of this faithful and valuable creature cast a gloom over the entire party.

After several days of good ice fishing at Mountain Lake the party hiked back to main headquarters at Sheehan's Camp. We made an early start, with the dog-team heavily loaded preceding us, thus making the going for us on snow-shoes much easier. It was a tired crowd, however, that straggled into Sheehan's Camp late that winter afternoon. The trudge on snow-shoes from Mountain Lake, up hill and down dale and over frozen lakes, was a severe test for a bunch of soft-muscled city folk, but we all made the grade—leg-weary but happy.

And what a banquet we had that night at Sheehan's Camp! Mrs. Brown had roast turkey with all the trimmings awaiting us and Andy's famous box again disgorged a bewildering assortment of good things to eat—even to macaroons and raspberry jam. It was early to bed for all of us that night and we slept like logs.

A few days later we reluctantly bade adieu to our host and hostess, and there was a gulp in George Brown's throat when he grasped our hands in farewell. Our trip back across the frozen expanse of Lake Penage and thence to Whitefish Station was uneventful. We reached the small settlement in time to change our clothes and board our train for home.

A complete motion picture record of our trip was filmed and I expect soon to have copies of the film completely edited and placed with the Chicago headquarters of the Izaak Walton League.

Our camp at the edge of Mountain Lake.

Merry Christmas

Why not make this Christmas count as an important milestone on the road to a better America?

Izaak Walton.

By CHARLES W. FOLDS

National President, I. W. L. A.

THIS, a Christmas greeting, is being written on Armistice Day. As I write, the bands are playing in the streets below. The stirring marches, the tramp of feet, cheers from the crowds on the sidewalks and the steady flow of khaki and blue, remind me of another November 11—that of 1917.

America was in a turmoil. Our boys were being rushed to the other side. Some of them are marching in the column on the street below my window; others rest beneath a little white cross in the "home town" cemetery or "somewhere in France."

"Somewhere in France"—what a world of meaning in that brief phrase. Remember the smiling faces of boys who bid us goodbye, cheerfully eager to get over to the mud and slime of an inferno.

For what?

Surely they didn't love to fight. No man in his right mind would enjoy plunging into the terrific struggle then raging in Europe. They didn't do it for money—they didn't care for glory—they did it because they knew the world would be a better place for their having done their bit.

They loved this America of ours. To them the Stars and Stripes had a greater meaning than just a piece of bunting. It was a symbol of their land, their America and it was worth following. Those boys recognized their duty to their country and were ready to make the sacrifice.

Those boys loved sports afield and astream and in many homes "the boy's" old hunting coat, his gun or his rods are safely put away surrounded by priceless memories and sacred to those who knew and loved him.

Sketch by Ed. Lund

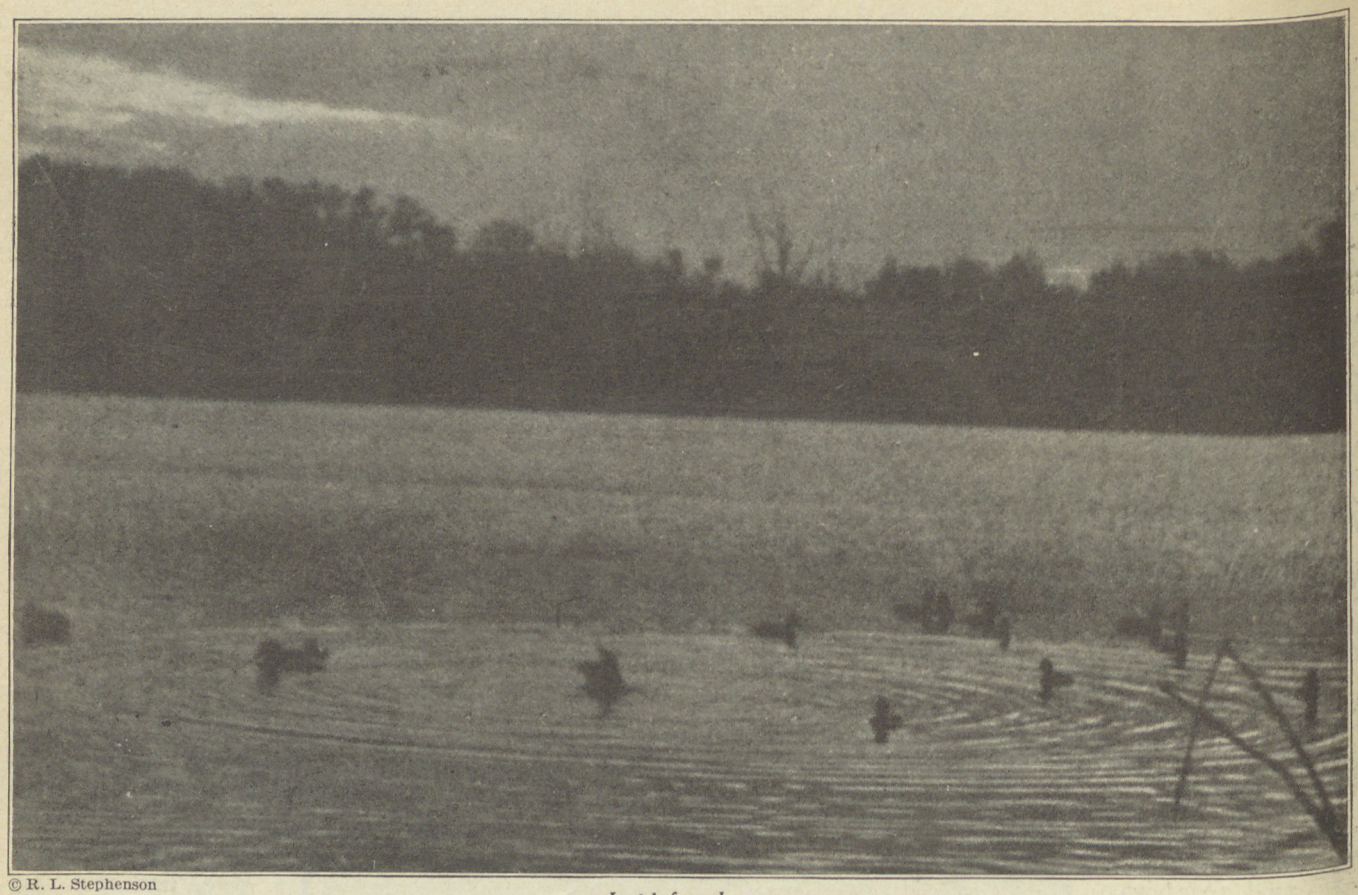
A better America—something we can enjoy.

It seems to me that we owe, not only future generations but the lads who no longer wade our streams and tramp our fields, a magnificent debt that we should be proud to pay.

Perhaps this has no place in a Christmas greeting. But it is a subject very close to my heart, for this League of ours is the peace time army striving to complete a task so gloriously begun.

And today as the crowds face east in silent tribute to the rows of white crosses, it strikes me that nothing could be more fitting on Christmas morning than to call on a friend and present him with a membership in the League, remind him that to save America in memory of the boys who are gone and for those coming on is not a sacrifice but a privilege. And when each of us has done his full duty and has helped in a national movement that is worth while, we can truly say to our friends

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"



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Just before dawn.

A Day of Disappointments

Sometimes Lady Luck refuses to accompany the duck hunter on that opening day of the season

By F. CORNELIUS NESS

Member Red Wing Chapter

IN her day, before time was recorded, Diana advocated an initiation ceremony for all tyros aspiring to the CHASE. Then, in the dark ages, it was duly and ponderously set down that every nimrod must pass a test that would make or break him. Years came, flew by, and went with the speed of Mercury, until time approached a point within the scope of our own comprehension, when Newton, or somebody, discovered: "Everything has a beginning"—even duck hunting. Therefore, you and I, and all of us, began at sometime, somewhere, to make tulle hides, or to build willow blinds, and to spray the immediate vicinity of swift-winging water-fowl with assorted shot. We, every one of us, have had our FIRST DAY, although the older we are and the oftener we have hunted, the more confused is our recollection of this epochal point in our career. Think backwards! If I can stir your dimming memory and help or induce you to recall that momentous "First Day," which is essentially a high-light in every duck hunter's life, I need not abandon all hope for the merits of this story. *My first day* was a day of disappointments, but its occasional recollection has added naught but pleasure to my memory.

Perhaps, *your* very first water-fowl shooting commenced with a mudhen "sneak," or maybe you rowed the boat for father, or were a guest of a party of duck hunters, but that is not what I mean. For, finally, there came the day when you went out with your "blocks," decoys, and boat, and on your own erected your blind in the cold, dark hours before dawn and waited breathlessly for the light and the flight, a full-fledged duck hunter.

Brought up as an upland hunter, all my scatter-gun shooting was done with a small-bore single-shot. Having no bottom-land outfit of my own for hunting the marshes, I would wait patiently and hopefully, as opening day drew near, with the prospect in mind of an invitation that would give me a chance to go aduckhunting with some kind nimrod. But usually the 16th of September came without a sign or hint of the invitation, and I would shoulder my gun to follow the creek away from the Mississippi, and bang away at snipe, turtle doves, and maybe a stray coot. At those rare times when I did receive a bid to go duck hunting, my 20 gauge shotgun usually brought down a Green-wing teal or two.

Came a day when a load of 6s brought a big Spoonbill out of the sky, and the virus was in my veins! I arrived at the painful conclusion that optimism didn't pay, and, instead of depending upon the all too infrequent favors of other duck hunters, I very pessimistically decided to equip myself with the necessary paraphernalia and to ask myself to go duck hunting whenever I felt inclined. Being an

extremist in everything, I meant to "do her up right." I only had a century of simoleons available for the task in hand, but intended to get all the duck outfit value out of that $100.00 any one could get for a hundred dollars.

Although we have some good duck ponds within the boundaries of Minnesota, our local bottoms in boating distance from the home town were shot out, and cursed with too many hunters for the few ducks that used them. This was not the case in the Wisconsin bottoms across the river, and the first thing I did was to send, to Madison, twenty-five dollars for a non-resident license. Then, too, my brother-in-law lived on the other side of the Mississippi.

My brother-in-law (B&L) was not very enthusiastic. You see, he had had an open-bore 12 gauge repeater that had netted him exactly no ducks, the three times he had gone hunting. It was slow, being lever-action, and dangerous, having a hair-trigger, and it would scatter the shot wide but not far. In other words, it was precisely nothing else than a quail gun, and a poor one at that, for it fitted him so badly he couldn't hit a decoying teal in front of the blind.

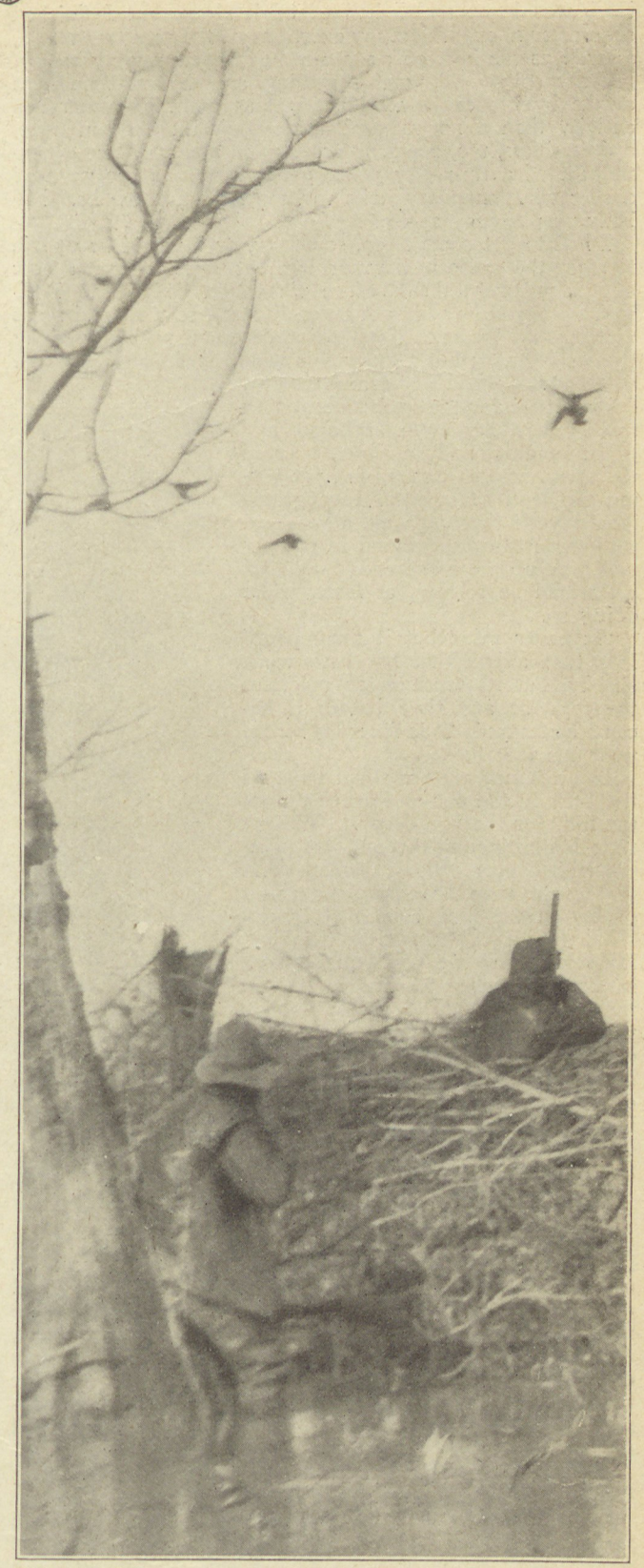
But I had enough enthusiasm for both of us, and I finally enlisted his partnership to the extent of buying a full-choke pump gun. He bought a second-handed repeater with an outside hammer. I looked over the catalogue of a Saint Paul dealer, and wrote him to send me three double-barrelled hammerless guns of standard make and moderate price with different stock dimensions. I stipulated full-choke left barrels and modified rights. He sent me two guns of the same make, all four barrels full-choke! This was the first disappointment. However, the season was near, and I selected the one with the longest stock and the least drop. We now each had full-choke twelve gauge guns, ostensibly suitable for water-fowling, but I was dissatisfied with the fit of mine, and B&L was dubious of his prospects with the other. He bought a cheap canvas case for his secondhanded gun, but I was unwilling to mar my new double, so I bought a stiff, take-down case of leather.

There were many things we didn't have, but *needed*. I bought blankets, a folding cot, a thermos bottle, and a dozen "blocks"—five Mallard hens and seven drakes. B&L had boots and jacket and intended to use his dress cap. All he bought was a cleaning rod for his repeater. I bought a hunting cap, a shooting jacket, a pair of boots and a can of oil. We still lacked a tent and a boat, and our funds were already alarmingly low. The hunters who were known to get the ducks all used live decoys, that was another thing we needed! B&L said he knew where he could borrow a tent, and that we could run the old car twelve miles down to Lake Pepin and start out from there in a fisherman's boat, and I blessed him for that. I knew where I could get some Mallard callers without paying for them at once, and thought I could borrow the holders and box. Thus we could use live decoys at the cost of fifty cents for duck tags. But I had to buy mesh-wire and staples; build a pen; and buy feed.

Neither of us knew much about duck loads. We asked duck hunters for ammunition information, and a different shell was recommended by each one. Some said they used size 7 and wouldn't advise anything bigger than 6s. Others were just as firm that shot in the No. 4 size were none too large and told us not to use less than No. 5 shot. Left at sea, we bought a variety of shells in 6s and 5s.

Just a week left before opening day! We were feverish with excitement, because we got a whale of a kick out of all this anticipation. My own family was preparing to move our household effects. We had bought a place, and I was helping Dad "fix-up" evenings, or helping with the packing, and the preliminary removal of debris, and the transporting of vegetables, preserves, and such things. We patched, painted, and varnished until late every night. I was doing some free lance writing at the time, and when Dad and I returned home, I would sit down before my typewriter and try to keep up with the schedule of the different magazines, lucubrating every night, and getting only from two to five hours sleep out of every twenty-four. You can imagine my condition as the *day* of days approached.

Opening day came on Sunday that year. That meant a lot of competition, for every local duck hunter would be free to go; and there would be others in Wisconsin as well.



© George H. High

Four pippins whirred over our heads.

Saturday I had to make a trip seven miles into the country. Besides this, I had to mow the lawn, and I had not yet had time to start the duck pen. At last I got started on the pen. I utilized an old Ford body for the hutch, cut and drove stakes for my side posts, which I made only two feet high, for I intended to use a top-wire as well. I sunk a tub in one end of the pen and filled it with water. Then I strung the wire and made a door for the hutch. Pressed as I was for time, the job was thorough, for the pen still stands today and contains five Mallards right this minute.

B&L was busy, and I had to work alone, but I finished soon after noon. From my exertions of the past two weeks, as well as the lack of sleep, my body grew mighty weary, but my spirit still went marching on. I had been kept awake by the excitement, but it was more of a nervous activity than a normal wakefulness. With the pen done, a drowsiness, too, began to creep upon me, and, like a participant of a three-day poker game, I was in the need of a shot of Ammonia Spirits to keep my mind awake. My body was already asleep.

I had to get some sleep, somehow, or I would be unable to make the grade in the morning, but there was yet a host of things to be done before we would be ready. B&L said we would have to get an early start, so we could scout around and locate a good point or some pocket used by the local ducks; but I knew this would be impossible. We still had to get the live and wooden decoys, feed for the ducks, decoy box and holders, my outfit at home, and grub, bedding, and so forth, over in the town, besides we had not yet gotten the tent. However, I congratulated myself that, anyway, all we had to do was to drive around in the car and pick up the loose ends now, and we would be resting, at least, while doing so.

"It never rains but it must pour" is a trite axiom that has been worn shabby, but its truth is as poignant today as at any time before it became hackneyed. This fact was forced upon me that day.

In an hour's time we had most of the junk in the car and drove up, on the hill, for the live decoys. We got four Mallards, and three swivel-holders with copper collars, deciding that we would keep the fourth duck—a drake—in the box, concealed in our blind. Everything was going fine. B&L was sure we could get a boat in Bay City when we drove down in the morning, and all that was left was to pick up the tent and an extra cot for him, and we'd be all set. B&L stepped on the starter, and we drove out into the alley behind the house.

Things began to go wrong from the first shift.

"Cer-r-r-r-ack-k-k!"

B&L said it was more than a stripped gear. The car would pull only in low gear, and had we not been on a hill, we could not have coasted most of the way to a garage. Here we found the housing had dropped, and we would be unable to use the car until the next week! We had our outfit hauled to the river bank, and rowed across in an old scow. Things looked gloomy enough now; we had no means of reaching Bay City or the Lake. I was growing a little indifferent, for my alternative would be a good sleep, and I needed that more (and desired it nearly as much) by this time.

The water was low that fall, and most of the ponds were dry. B&L suggested we try Dead Man Slough; and he saved the day by borrowing a light little boat, just large enough to hold our outfit. We loaded up our outfit and started down the river about 3:00 P. M., he rowing. We stopped at his friend's cottage for the cot and tent, but they were not there! A one-man cot was inadequate for two big duck hunters so we dumped my Gold Medal out right there, and continued on down the river. I lay dormant in the stern; it couldn't be called sleeping, because I was conscious of every stroke B&L took with the oars.

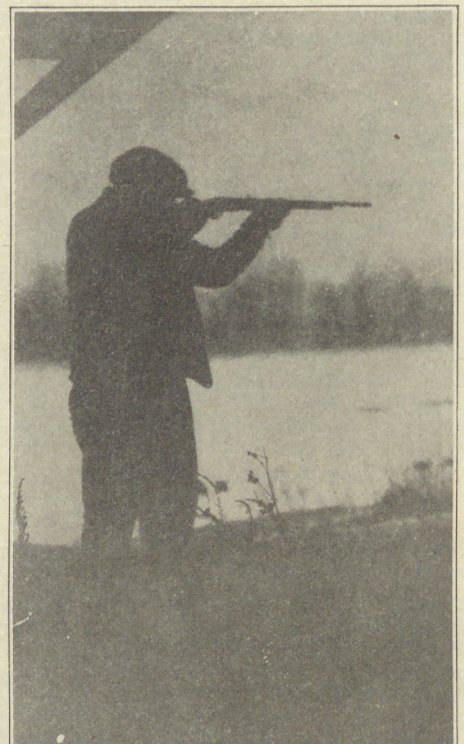
We pulled into Fourth Cut about four o'clock and unloaded in a pretty camping site on the left bank. We walked through the woods and a fringe of tulles for about a mile towards Dead Lake, and the Slough was Dead!! bone dry! However, there was a little pocket straight before us with some water in it. A party of duck hunters was building a blind on the point across the pond and below us; others were already coming up the lake; we saw a Pyramid tent across the marsh. Here was competition already showing itself, and we were glad we had come in time to cinch the upper-end of the pocket. We began cutting willows at once.

We had to drag them through the mud for a half-mile; *through the* MUD. It was *mud,* that let your foot down deep and then held; not only real mud, but more—gumbo! Every step was a struggle. Our boots came off; we worked like Trojans. After we had waded back and forth with enough willows for a hide, we had to drag twice as many for a surface-platform, as the mud and water came up to our waists in the blind. It was near dusk when we finished. I was ready to drop. Even B&L, with all his sleep and light weekly work, was nearly exhausted.

We staked out our ducks in the Cut for a feed, built a fire, and I made an "A" shelter tent with raw-hide boot laces and my biggest blanket. B&L helped gather weeds for the bed. It got dark on us, and we had to gather our wood by the aid of our flash-lights. We opened our basket to eat supper. I grabbed the quart thermos bottle and unscrewed the cap. A shower of glass fragments came out! Coffee gone!

We searched the grub box, and blessed sister, for she had thoughtfully included a can of ground coffee. I made some in a pan, and we ate. Then we heaped wood on the fire and sat behind the dandy camp-blaze it made, smoking, talking, and putting our guns together. Duck hunters kept paddling, rowing, or chugging by us in motor boats. We could hear them curse when they saw our fire, for we had beat them to it. Competition was strong here.

Two men came through the woods flashing their pocket lamps. It proved to be the hunters who had the blind on the point across our puddle—a local doctor and lumber man. They said they would flash their lights on the point to keep others from the pocket, and suggested that we do the same near our blind. They had seen many lights down the lake, and promised a lot of shooting in the morning. The Wisconsin farmers would show up at daylight and only to become disappointed.



© F. C. Ness

I let him have it.

I felt almost happy again. It was a fine, dry night, not too warm, and there were very few mosquitoes. We smoked and talked guns for a while, and then they left, wishing us luck, and admonishing us to let the ducks decoy before we fired. One of them shot an automatic gun, the other an English double.

When they had gone, again I became drowsy, my body cried for sleep. B&L said we had better set the alarm clock and roll in. It was far past his bed time, and he was as sleepy as myself, although, heaven knows! he needed it less. We searched the luggage, and looked at each other with blank faces. No alarm clock! We had forgotten the blessed little watchman.

B&L could no more go without his sleep than a fish without water. Accustomed to retiring at 8:00 P. M., it would be difficult to wake him in the morning, as it was. It was clearly up to me to stay awake, so we shouldn't miss the morning flight, after all our labor and preparations. He boxed the decoys and rolled in. I heaped the fire and sat before it, smoking. Near midnight, I caught myself drowsing, and jumped up in alarm. If I ever fell asleep, nothing short of dynamite would wake me now. The wood was still burning, so I, evidently, had but nodded.

I put more wood on the pile, and made some coffee as thick as syrup, and as strong as lye. *It* should keep me awake! Afterwards I smoked, and looked at my watch, and repeated. Oh, how the time *(Continued on page 65)*

A Plea for the Tippecanoe

Electric Dams destroying beautiful stream says—

WILL L. KRIETENSTEIN

Photographs by the Author

Along the river road.

IN Indiana, a few years ago, before Hydro Electric Dams were constructed, the Tippecanoe River was considered the most picturesque and one of the best fishing streams in the United States. The river, almost always as clear as crystal, abounds with small and large mouth bass, goggle-eye, catfish, crappies, wall-eyed pike and others.

The Tippecanoe gets its head waters from several lakes of the southern part of Noble and Kosciusko and the northern part of Whitley counties, some of which lie nearly a thousand feet above Tidewater. Its banks, always beautiful, lined by many trees that were here with the Indian more than one hundred years ago, make an ideal setting for the artist. It is impossible to describe the beauty of this wonderful stream at all seasons of the year, and in conversation with a distinguished jurist some few years ago, he made the statement that he had fished in most every river in the United States, but had never found any river that equaled the Tippecanoe for fishing and natural beauty.

The remark has often been made that "God must have been feeling good the day He made the Tippecanoe." It was a truly beautiful stream that attracted thousands of vacationists annually. Historically, too, it has many attractions that are of absorbing interest. Tippecanoe battlefield a few miles distant from the Tippecanoe is one of northern Indiana's attractions from the historical viewpoint. There it was in November, 1811, that General William Henry Harrison defeated the Indian hordes of Tecumseh. Old settlers along the river still remember of their forefathers recalling that bygone day when the redskin roamed these parts.

The writer has a summer home one mile below the Oakdale Dam near Delphi, Indiana.

The experience of most all fishermen up to a few years ago confirms the Indian version of the name "Tippecanoe" as meaning "full of fish."

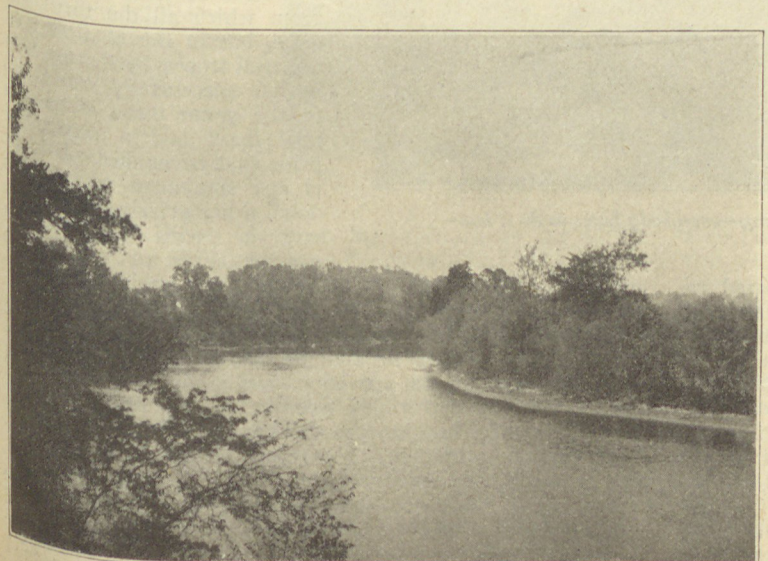
Below the Oakdale Dam, which was constructed by the Interstate Public Service Corporation and completed a year ago, more than one hundred riparian rights owners have protested against conditions which have existed since the dam was constructed. Fishermen have protested, the lover of the out-of-doors has protested.

Conditions below Norway Dam situated two miles above Monticello, Indiana, for four years, have been almost unbearable. Times innumerable the gates at the dams have been closed down, shutting off the flow of water and causing the river to become practically dry in spots. During the spawning seasons in May and June, it is estimated that at least a billion spawn have been destroyed. What true sportsman would stand by and year after year see this murderous destruction of fish life, without protesting? Promise after promise has been made by the owners of the dams to correct this condition without avail. The limit of forbearance has been reached and definite plans are being made to institute injunction proceedings if the hydro corporation refuses to give the river below the dams a natural flow.

The Indiana legislature in 1921 passed a law to the effect that "any corporation developing hydro-electric power shall not unreasonably interfere with or disturb the natural flow of the stream from which such power shall or may be derived"—but the legislature failed to place in that law a penalty and punishment clause, therefore the law is negative and the power corporation has taken advantage of this negative law.

Fish life has become practically extinct in the Tippecanoe below the Oakdale dam; boating has been almost eliminated; bathing has become really dangerous at times when the sudden wash of water when the dams open causes a rise of several feet within a short space of time, and children who have always enjoyed playing along the banks and in the sand have to go elsewhere to enjoy one of the greatest pleasures of childhood.

The state of Indiana should have conserved this most beautiful river years ago as a playground. It is too late for that now, but it is not too late to serve as a lesson to other communities where beau- *(Continued on page 51)*



The Bend-scene on the Tippecanoe River.

Big Game

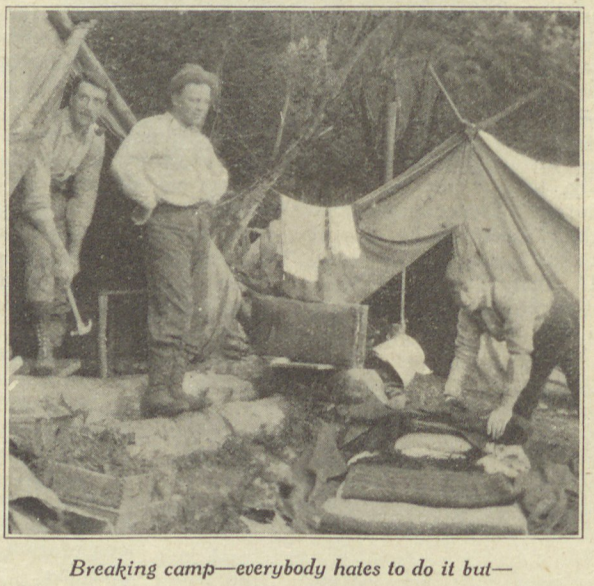
The author and a couple of his dogs.

Did you ever wonder what your guide thought of the hunt and incidentally what he thought of you as a man?

By JAMES MACKILL

YES, I know, the job of guiding sportsmen into the woods comes under the head of what is known as "commercialized sport," and we big game guides have been called "grafters" by those who are probably experts in the art of grafting. Doubtless many a contractor who works on a "cost plus" basis and has purposely prolonged a job in order to increase his profits has gone into the woods only to go back home and accuse his guide of having kept him away from the game until the last possible day of his stay so that his (the guide's) job would last longer. But I wonder just how many city sportsmen ever realize the affection that the guide has for his job, and what the associations formed on trips into the woods mean to him.

To your average sportsman the guide is merely a temporary necessity, a sort of hireling who is soon forgotten after he has bidden him goodbye at the railway station on his way out of the woods. The city man goes back to the city friends to bask in the glamour of the tales that he tells, but the guide goes back to his lonely home in the woods from which an intimate association has departed. His is a loss that the city man seldom feels, the disrupting of a companionship that has come into his life of solitude only to be taken out of it again, leaving that solitude more depressing than before.



Breaking camp—everybody hates to do it but—

Yet with each departure something of the departed remains as solace for the guide. Were it not for this, all the money that the sportsman pays him would not compensate him for his efforts. In twenty-five years of big game guiding into the remote reaches of the Caribou District of British Columbia, I have guided men to whom I became sincerely attached, and at whose departure I have felt profound regret—and I have guided others whom all the riches of a Rockefeller would not induce me to take into the woods with me again.

That's how much the commercialized end of the job appeals to your average guide—to this particular guide, at least. They tell me that in the cities money will buy anything. If that is so, then money loses its value in the woods, for out here it won't even buy the hearty clasp of your guide's hand, and a ton of money forms a less potent purchasing power than an ounce of real companionship.

For the past twenty-five years I have guided big game hunters and followed trap lines in the Caribou District of British Columbia. Previous to that I served seven and one-half years in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and also acted as Game Warden in British Columbia. I became a big game guide because of the opportunity it afforded for pleasant companionship with sportsmen, and if I don't get that I feel that I have been poorly paid even though the monetary remuneration is great.

Another compensation that comes to the guide is that the job provides him an opportunity to extract a glow of satisfaction from the killing of game that is no longer his when that game falls to his own gun. The killing of game by himself is an old story that has come to pall on him and from which all the thrill has gone, but in the obtaining of a prized trophy by those whom he has successfully guided up to the game there is ever a new thrill and a source of pride that never dies. I doubt if any sportsman who brings down a big grizzly or a moose with a record head feels a greater thrill of satisfaction than that which swells in the heart of his guide—or experiences a deeper depression of spirit at failure.

When a guide is engaged to pilot a party on a big game hunting trip, usually he and his helpers go out and locate the game, pack in the provisions and outfit, make camp and get everything comfortably fixed before the arrival of their guests, then go back to the railway point to welcome and guide in the sportsmen. Sometimes on these locating trips the guides have troubles of their own.

On one of these occasions, having been engaged to guide two sportsmen into the Caribou District after bear, I had selected a rough section of country, known to be good bear country, especially for grizzlies, and two other guides and I

assembled the outfit to pack it in and make camp and have everything ready for the arrival of the hunters. This was in September, and the salmon were running up the streams to their spawning grounds. After spawning these salmon die, and floating down to the lake shores or along the margins of rivers these dead salmon afford a favorite food for bears. This means good bear shooting for sportsmen, who have little trouble in finding bears feeding on the dead salmon along the shores of the rivers or lakes.

On this occasion my assistants and I got the pack animals loaded and, proceeding over miles of rough country to get into the camp grounds we had selected, we came to a place where the trail narrowed along a steep mountain side at the foot of which ran the river.

As our pack animals were proceeding along this narrow trail suddenly the lead horse stopped, reared, and while endeavoring to turn around on the narrow trail missed its footing and went over the mountain side, rolling over and over down to the river. By the time this poor animal stopped every bone in his body must have been broken.

I happened to be walking behind the third animal in the string, leading my saddle horse, and looking ahead on the trail I saw a large grizzly blocking the narrow trail just about thirty yards in front. All the animals were extremely nervous, rearing and plunging on the narrow trail, and I feared that at any minute they might all follow the lead horse over the mountain side to their death and we would lose the whole pack train.

I shouted back to the next man, at the same time securing my .303 calibre rifle from the scabbard on my saddle horse. I could see plainly that the grizzly had no intention of giving up the trail, and with the horses rearing on the trail it was a ticklish situation for anybody to face. I worked my way along the upper side of the trail and managed to get in front of the horses without myself being kicked over the mountain side by the plunging animals. With grizzly not over twenty-five yards in front of me and facing me, I got in a quick shot in the animal's neck and, much to my surprise, he dropped dead in his tracks, still blocking the trail instead of rolling over the mountain side as I had hoped he would do.

By this time Jake was behind me, rifle in hand, and between us we managed to roll the bear off the trail and he rolled over and over down to the river's edge. It was a hard job to move him, as he was a big bear and weighed about 750 pounds. Then we managed to quiet the remaining horses without losing only the one that had first gone over the edge of the trail, and finally reached our camp grounds, just a few miles ahead, where we figured we were in sure enough bear country.

Next morning after breakfast Jake and I went back to where the dead bear and our unfortunate pack horse were lying along the edge of the river. The horse was literally broken into pieces, and the pack, which consisted of provisions, was totally destroyed. We skinned out the bear, for he was a splendid specimen, and packed the hide and skull back to camp. The hide measured nine feet and one-half inch from tip to tip.

Caribou—just as he fell. The author at left.

Two days later we went back and met our hunters, a Mr. Owen and a Mr. Barlowe, at a point to which they were conveyed by automobile from the railroad. On our way to camp I told Mr. Owen of our shooting the bear on the trail going in to camp, and told him not to be surprised if we saw bear feeding on the dead horse. Sure enough, when we arrived at the place where the horse had gone over we saw two bear, the first grizzlies either of the hunters ever had seen. Both hunters wanted to shoot these, the first bear they had seen, but I told them not to as they were not very large and they were sure to get better trophies by waiting a few days.

Just to prove that the guide's word is always good, the very first morning after breakfast I took Mr. Owen back to where the dead horse lay and we saw a big grizzly working slowly in the direction of the horse. Waiting until the bear was busy with his breakfast and making sure that we had the wind right, we worked up to within seventy-five yards of the bear and then I motioned for Mr. Owen to shoot. He put a bullet from his .405 Winchester into the bear, and I knew he had been hit hard, as he reared up and turned around and around, and finally fell over on his side. I held the hunter back, knowing that many a man has been roughly handled through his approaching a downed bear before that bear was completely dead, and went slowly toward the bear myself. Sure enough, when the bear became aware of my approach he got to his feet again, and I backed toward Mr. Owen, who got in another shot from his .405 and the bear went down to stay.

This was a fine specimen, and Mr. Owen had got his bear the first morning, his companion, who was out with

Jake, also bringing down a moose with an antler spread of fifty-four and one-half inches the same morning. Two days later the other man got his bear, after which we moved up into sheep country and both hunters got the limit of sheep.

Another incident worth relating happened last fall when I was guiding a sportsman from the southern states, a Mr. Bain, who proved to be one of the best hunters and all-round sportsmen it has been my pleasure to come in contact with.

We were out in the early morning looking for bear, when through the field glasses I saw a very large bull moose moving up high on the mountain from some heavy timber below. We looked him over through the glasses and decided he was worth going after, as he seemed to have a very large head.

I fully expected this bull to keep on going to the top, and if he was not molested would probably move over to a swamp and meadow not far off. As the wind was blowing hard from the game to us we had no fear of his scenting us, and as we watched him we saw him lay down on a ridge in a spot which gave us a good chance to creep up within range so long as the wind didn't shift.

Getting up pretty close to where we had seen him lying down, I crept to the summit of a high bit of ground to have a look at him, and was surprised to find that he had gone. To make sure there was no mistake I took a close observation, but there was no doubt about it—that moose had vamoosed.

Mr. Bain and I sat down and surveyed the whole mountain side with our glasses, and soon I saw the moose again about a mile off. There was no mistaking it was the same moose, on account of the immense spread of his antlers.

I wanted Mr. Bain to go after him, but the course we would have to cover led over some extremely rough country, and as a few days previously Mr. Bain had given his knee a twist and suffered an injury which bothered him considerably in walking, he decided the going would be too rough for him and asked me to take his heavy rifle and go over and get the moose, as it appeared to be an exceptionally good one. I had not killed a moose for several years, but I wanted Mr. Bain to have this head so I consented, giving my small .25 automatic rifle that I was carrying to Bain and taking his .30-06 Springfield.

I hurried off in the direction of the moose, working around against the wind, which was still blowing hard so that he could not possibly have either heard or scented me. Therefore I was again surprised on coming to the place where he had been to find the moose nowhere in sight. After hunting around for awhile I decided to return to where I had left Bain.

There I was due to receive still another surprise, greater than either of the previous ones. For when I got back to where I had left him sitting on a log rolling a cigarette and holding my small .25 automatic rifle on his lap, my eyes nearly popped out of my head to see Mr. Bain still sitting there calmly smoking a cigarette *with the big moose lying dead beside him.*

What had happened was this: After I had left Mr. Bain he sat there for some time smoking his cigarette, when presently he saw a big cow moose raise up about forty yards from him on his left. He was watching and admiring this cow, when he heard sticks breaking off to his right, and looking around he saw the big bull we were after coming directly toward him.

This was during the rutting, or mating, season, and while a bull moose will seldom charge a human being, when he is on wooing bent during the mating season he will just as seldom turn out of his way for anything that comes in between him and the object of his amorous attentions, and here was Mr. Bain sitting directly between the big bull and the cow whose presence the bull had discovered.

The bull resented the presence of this human being that appeared to be barring his pathway toward his lady-love, and he kept right on coming toward Mr. Bain until the latter decided it was time for him to be shooting with everything that he had if he didn't want to be swept up into a tree top by those lowered antlers or trampled under those pounding hoofs. Now, a small .25 calibre rifle is nothing with which to stop a big bull moose. Mr. Bain planted five .25 calibre bullets into that big body as fast as the automatic would work, and then the rifle was empty with the moose still charging *(Continued on page 64)*

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How's this for a shot?

Quail—and Their Habits

Some interesting sidelights on the investigation being conducted in the interest of Bob White

By H. L. STODDARD

© C. E. Bundy

A remarkable photograph of a quail on her nest.

PERHAPS no game bird is so universally beloved by American sportsmen, north, south, east and west, as the Bob White Quail which still manages to maintain its numbers with more or less success over the greater part of the United States east of the Mississippi except in the extreme northern portions. What is shunned there, due to deep snows and rigorous winters, is more than compensated for by vast areas in the west where it originally occurred, or has followed agricultural development. Some of our finest game birds and mammals dwindle in numbers or disappear as frontiers are extended and the land comes under the plow, but not so the Bob White which profits greatly from farming of the old-fashioned type. This being the case, coupled with its non-migratory nature, its maintenance in numbers sufficient for sporting purposes in areas not too intensively farmed, is squarely up to the sportsmen and land owners of each section within its range.

Bob White reigns supreme among game birds of the southeastern states, which is natural quail territory, with food and cover generally plentiful and climatic conditions ideal. While many sections in this territory are perhaps as good, surely none is more ideally suited to the occupancy of this prince of game birds than the beautiful rolling country of southwestern Georgia and adjacent sections of northern Florida. The section between Thomasville, Georgia, and Tallahassee, Florida, in the heart of this quail Paradise, is largely taken up by plantation preserves owned for the most part by northern sportsmen, some of whom have hunted here each season for more than twenty years.

Several years ago a few of these sportsmen started to discuss among themselves the desirability of conducting an investigation of the life history and habits of their favorite birds, believing that with a dependable knowledge of the quail's habits at all seasons, and of the factors contributing to their mortality, measures could be more effectively taken to maintain them in abundance.

The outcome of these discussions and a conference or two, was a request to the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey to organize and conduct a thorough, scientific investigation, to be financed entirely by the quail sportsmen. The idea was heartily approved in Washington and the Cooperative Quail Investigation was launched and the work has been under way for two and a half years of the four-year period finally decided upon. The sportsmen subscribers to the "Quail Fund" are represented by Mr. L. S. Thompson, of Red Bank, N. J., Chairman in charge of contributions, and Mr. Arthur Lapsley of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, Secretary. Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Survey, has been greatly interested in the work from its inception, and has given the project the benefit of much personal direction.

The field investigations are being carried on by two field men of the Survey, with such local assistance as is necessary, working under the Division of Food Habits Research in charge of Mr. W. L. McAtee.

The work is truly cooperative, the subscribing sportsmen, owning approximately 200,000 acres of plantation preserves in the region, assisting in every way suggested by the Survey to make the work a success. All branches of the Biological Survey and specialists of the Department of Agriculture are available for advice or assistance when needed. Mr. L. S. Thompson has displayed great interest and faith in the project from the first, and furnishes free of charge comfortable living quarters for the field men, and office and storage room and numerous facilities for carrying on the work at his former winter home at Beachton, Ga., centrally located in the area where the more intensive studies are being carried on.

Among the objects of the investigation are a study of the quail's food and food preferences, quail mortality as brought about by bird, mammal and reptile enemies, diseases, parasites and the elements, as well as regulated shooting. The effect of fires upon the vegetation which furnishes the quail both food and shelter is receiving careful attention, as well as agricultural and grazing methods which affect them favorably or the reverse. A systematic study of their habits, particularly during the critical season of reproduction, is considered of vital importance, for their life history is less understood at this season than any other. In brief, every effort is being made to obtain exact information which can be relied upon by those who are attempting to increase or maintain the numbers of these surpassing game birds.

Field observation alone would yield much of the information sought in the case of conspicuous birds or mammals, but has not, nor could it be expected to, in the case of the quail, which spends the greater part of its life effectively screened from human observation by ground vegetation, its coat blending marvelously with the grasses and leaves

among which it lives. This, of course, makes the study of the individual extremely difficult, and accounts for the existing confusion and difference of opinion to be found in the vast literature on the quail. In this investigation every known method of scientific research applicable to the problems presented are being utilized to get the information desired. Banding, for instance, is being largely depended upon in the study of covey organization, and to determine the normal movements of the birds while in quest of a suitable food supply or at the mating time, as well as to settle mooted questions of life history where the tracing of the individual is essential. Over 2,100 native quail have been banded, some of which have been retaken repeatedly in the traps of the investigators. The exact locations of banding and subsequent recovery being marked upon large-scale maps especially constructed for the purpose, insure accuracy. Over 200 "returns" of banded quail, recovered by sportsmen in the shooting, or retrapped by the field men after a sufficient lapse of time to make them of interest and value, are already available upon which to base preliminary conclusions, but the large numbers expected during the next two shooting seasons are necessary to a clear understanding of their movements.

While over 80% of the "returns" to date have been from birds recovered within less than a mile from the point of banding, nearly 20% have moved over a mile, and one hen had journeyed up to seven miles, the elapsed time being approximately one year. This wandering 20% are, of course, the birds that represent the overflow from preserves or sanctuaries where careful development of the food supply and cover, coupled with intelligent vermin control, have made the birds abundant. The returns show also that both sexes are about equally prone to such wandering. Frequent retrapping of selected coveys by the investigators has revealed much of interest in regard to the feeding range of the birds, and the organization of the covey unit. It has been determined, for instance, that in regions where quail occur in approximately normal abundance, the large coveys of late fall and winter may be composed of the birds of two or more hatchings, accompanied by their parents and such other adults as may have been unsuccessful in bringing off a brood of their own nearby.

About 1,400 of the pale Texan Bob Whites which are imported into the United States in such large numbers annually for purposes of restocking from northern Mexico have been banded as well and a good many returns secured from a shipment of over three hundred which were liberated in late February, 1925. These returns indicate that over 50% of the birds located for the season within less than one mile from the point of release, while a few journeyed for considerable distances, in two or three cases from five to eight miles. They apparently cross with the native quail without discrimination on either side, and the resulting young are difficult to distinguish in the field from full blood native quail. They do very well in the southeastern states where temperatures, at least, are comparable to those of their Mexican homes.

Nesting season studies of the quail have been carried on over three full breeding seasons and over 200 occupied nests studied and the history of each determined. As an aid in determining the creatures responsible for broken up quail nests encountered in the field work, suspected mammals and reptiles have been confined and used in controlled experiments which have shown the characteristic egg-eating procedure of each species, and the condition of the egg shells left, if any. Tracks, droppings and shed hairs are all used on occasion in fixing the responsibility where it belongs. It is usually, but by no means always, possible to tell which kind of creature is the culprit.

Starting around May 1st on an average in this latitude, the quail produces one set of eggs after another if the first laid are destroyed, in an endeavor to bring off a brood, such

© Ralph P. Newcomb

Feed them—give them a chance.

efforts at times continuing well up into October. Studies made in the Thomasville-Tallahassee region have shown that from 60 to 80% of such nesting attempts end in failure from one cause and another. While some of the nests are accidentally destroyed in farm work, and many others are deserted by the quail after the nests have been repeatedly soaked by excessive rains, by far the greater number are broken up by the mammal and reptile enemies of the quail, which search out the eggs as a special delicacy. Skunks of two species common in the region headed the list in destructiveness in 1925, eating the eggs of seventeen nests of a hundred under observation, followed by snakes, cotton rats, opossums and others, while house cats proved especially obnoxious due to their habit of catching the incubating birds, especially at the hatching time when their keen ears catch the faint cheeping of the emerging chicks.

This state of affairs of course calls for energetic control of quail enemies on areas where a satisfactory surplus of quail are desired for sporting purposes, and where the quail are valued more highly than the fur-bearing and other enemies which it is necessary to control. It would appear from the same studies, however, that while such control can be safely exercised by competent men over the limited areas of preserves and sanctuaries or individual farms with satisfactory results, the same cannot be said of the general, or state-wide vermin campaigns so frequently advocated, due to the fact that such campaigns do not and cannot properly handle the rodent end of the problem. The cotton rat, an abundant rodent of the southeastern states, is a serious food competitor of the quail, and according to our 1925 studies destroyed the eggs in 7% of the quail nests under observation. Enemies of the quail are, in most instances, Nature's checks upon the undue increase of these obnoxious rodents, so the careless vermin control campaign is as apt to cause a great increase in the numbers of objectionable rodents, in this region at least, by the suppression of natural enemies, as to increase the number of game birds. Fortunately, however, the rodents can be economically eliminated over restricted areas by the use of poisoned grain, prepared and distributed according to approved and time tried formulas of the Biological Survey, which will destroy the rats without endangering bird life or livestock. Thus can the balance be preserved and the numbers of quail brought up to the carrying capacity of the land, for they are among the most prolific of birds and respond quickly to preferential treatment.

One of the most important branches of the Cooperative Investigation is the food study of the Bob White, for a knowledge of this bird's food requirements and preferences in any region is of the utmost importance in the development of areas where quail are desired in maximum numbers. Stomachs and crops of quail collected at all seasons, and from birds of all ages and types of environment are being analyzed and the contents identified and tabulated, and such laboratory work is constantly supplemented by field observation. While the quail's diet is varied and includes a great number of different kinds of seeds, insects, fruits, and green matter, only a few kinds go to make up the bulk of the diet in any one region and may be regarded as staples. One kind of seed may furnish the bulk of food one winter when it happens to be abundant, only to be supplanted by some other equally favored food at the corresponding season another year. The best quail country is that with an abundant and varied natural food supply at all seasons which tends to keep the quail population stationary, making the local migrations from one type of environment to another in the case of failure of one or two important foods unnecessary.

Studies from a comparative viewpoint are being carried on to determine the effect upon the quail supply of the various agricultural methods in common use, and the final effect of the occasional burnings to which much of the southern quail country is subjected, upon the food supply and cover, for such information is essential to the successful development of quail preserves. Quail probably occurred under original conditions in the eastern United States only where occasional favorable combinations of food and cover existed, but extended their range and followed agricultural development as the country opened up. Advances made in agricultural implements and methods in recent years are, however, mostly to their disadvantage, and are cause for alarm to all admirers of Bob White. Such methods of farming call for clean cultivation and fence rows, and an absence of weedy and brushy corners, with the few woodlots heavily pastured. Fortunately it will probably be a long time before such methods are universally adopted however, for when and where such methods replace tenant farming by negroes, Bob White will vanish, even without an open season.

© C. W. Folds

"Easy Boy." Breaking dogs will not be necessary if we do not do something now to provide more birds.

Small-scale propagating experiments are being carried on so that the captivity diseases of quail can be studied at first hand, and observations of captive birds made to supplement field studies of habits. Exhaustive studies of the diseases and parasites of both wild and captive birds are making rapid progress because, as far as disease among the wild birds is concerned, there seems little to study. Large numbers of quail examined and weighed have been chiefly remarkable for their surprising uniformity and fine condition. The majority of the wild quail have a few species of intestinal parasites in small numbers, some of which may prove serious under exceptional conditions, and ticks, lice and "redbugs" are often present in considerable numbers during the warmer months. But if the wild quail are comparatively free from disease and parasites the reverse is apt to prove true among captive birds. Coccidiosis, chicken pox and visceral gout have been studied with plenty of fresh material for examinations, and tapeworms have also proven serious. Assistance in the highly specialized study of these parasites is being extended by the experts of the Bureau of Animal Industry and other research institutions, and some very interesting information secured, but such studies are still far from complete.

Statistics are being gathered covering the proportions of the sexes and the weights of quail from various regions. Interested sportsmen, especially to the north and west of Georgia, can materially contribute to the success of the investigation by furnishing such statistics for their states. Clean shot quail can be weighed with the exactitude desired at any drug store, and the tabulated weights, with data covering date, locality, and sex can be forwarded to the Cooperative Quail Investigation, Beachton, Ga. Weights of fully matured quail from the Thomasville-Tallahassee region average a little under six ounces, and a comparable series of weights from other sections of the country would prove of the greatest interest and value. Figures of the sex proportions of approximately 30,000 quail from six states and taken over a period of nearly thirty years indicate a sex ratio of between 110 and 115 cocks per 100 hens. Liability of serious error has been largely eliminated by checking these shooting figures *(Continued on page 64)*

Catch-as-Catch-Can

Final score for the day: one sea gull, one pelican, one snake, fourteen redfish, six robalo and one ten-pound yellow jack

By DAVID M. NEWELL

The Author plug casting for sea gulls.

THERE is a certain fish that rolls in the curling breakers of the Atlantic Coast. He is a beautiful fish of shining copper and silver white, and he has a bulldog sort of gameness that has endeared him to many wind-tanned followers of the salt. He is a channel bass. On the west coast of Florida he is called a redfish. But the mere fact that his name has been changed does not in any way detract from his bulldog characteristics. I might take a certain battle scarred old terrier and call him a Pekingese, but he would still inspire my aunt's cat with much fear.

During the late summer and early fall great schools of these redfish swing in along the west coast and into the many passes and river mouths. There is no fish in the salt water that fights harder in proportion to his size and weight than this same redfish. He does not perform any acrobatics—no mad, wild leaps—but he takes the bit between his teeth and "goes from here"! Much sport may be had with him on light tackle—either on a plug, live bait, or cut mullet, and equal sport may be had out in the open gulf with a Wilson spoon.

And when a man has caught a redfish of twelve or fifteen pounds, he has about twelve or fifteen pounds of dinner de luxe. Down at Venice there is a certain gentleman by the name of Tommy Swales. Tom is in charge of the bathing casino, and his wife is in charge of a very artistic little lunch stand out on the beach. One afternoon I slipped down to Casey's Pass and managed to plug four redfish. These I brought back to Mrs. Swales. They were young redfish, and the indications were that they would be very tender redfish—if fried just exactly right. And they *were* fried just exactly right. I remember that there was an old hound sitting around watching me when I started to eat. Ordinarily I am not sensitive about my table manners, but after that old dog had watched me stow several slabs of fish, he walked away shaking his head and I was ashamed—really ashamed. But, as the old Cracker said, "*Anybody* kin put out a piece of two-handed eatin' on young redfish, an' worry down several mouthfuls without half tryin'."

I went back to the hotel after that meal and dreamed all night that I was eating fish. My partner insisted that I kept him awake licking my lips! But be that as it may, we were up early next morning and down at the Pass with our tackle. There is something indescribably fascinating about the Florida Gulf at daylight. A blanket of mist lay over the water almost hiding the curling surf that broke across the bar. The incoming tide whirled and hissed against the shell banks of the Pass. Pelicans coasted lazily past, and a giant whip ray leaped five feet clear of the water. To the east the sky was flaming color behind the dark pine trunks. A million crows passed in an endless line on their way to the day's feeding ground, making a shifting silhouette against the horizon. Gulls wheeled and screamed above us, swooping down at intervals to pick up a stray and crippled minnow.

On my first cast one of these same gulls decided that a nice robust bass bug was something edible, and promptly flew off with it. I struck, but failed to set the hook! The gull screamed shrilly, and dove after the bait. This time he hooked himself, and I brought him in. After a little confidential talk in which I promised to let him go, and he promised not to tell the game warden that I had caught him, he flew away.

Apparently there were no redfish in the Pass this morning. I caught five or six robalo and a big yellow jack that skinned my knuckles with the reel handle, but no redfish. Frank reported two robalo and two trout—also a deficit of two plugs. Even as we talked I noticed several gulls circling over one particular point, and much activity on the part of a school of minnows at this same point. Then I saw a flash of copper in the water! "Here they come," I yelled. "Let's get into 'em!"

And get into 'em we did! I never had so much fun in so short a time in all my short life! We caught redfish and we lost redfish. We cast white plugs and we lost white plugs. When a school of redfish decide to feed, they will hit anything that looks different from seaweed! And they'll hit it with whole souled vigor. For about thirty or forty minutes I was the busiest white man in Florida. Then business fell off. The school went on up the channel, but I didn't care. I had all the redfish that I could use, and a mighty sore set of knuckles. To finish off the morning I made a long cast and hooked a solemn old pelican that had been enviously watching my good luck. He started to fly away at once. As far as I know, I now own the only bass plug that has been a quarter of a mile over the water! At least, I *think* that the pelican was about a quarter of a mile high when I persuaded him to make a forced landing. He came down with a mighty flop, and we spent a good half hour in "turning him loose." He was hooked in the tough gristle of one wing, and had succeeded in winding the line around his wings, legs, and bill until he was in a hopeless tangle. To make matters *(Continued on page 61)*

We looked it over.

Nursery Pond

Here is a splendid activity for Waltonians. It requires little financial outlay and its resultant benefit is obvious

By W. A. DRUMB

One of the ponds.

NURSERY ponds have been established near Kilbourn, Wisconsin, by the members of the Izaak Walton League Chapter there.

The idea was started last year by the damming of a small creek, to back the water up and make a pond. The fish that were put into this pond in the shape of fry seemed to thrive and do so well that local conservationists became enthusiastic on the subject, and there are now three nursery ponds in this locality. This enables the League to take care of a carload of fry, which was the amount handled this year.

Those who had in the past been obtaining trout fry from the state each year, and dumping them into the creeks in this neighborhood, always felt confident that very few of the fry lived and reached a size that would permit their being caught by hook and line. It was because of this feeling that they took so readily to the nursery pond proposition when the matter was suggested to them.

We dammed up the creek.

J. C. Edmonds was one of the enthusiasts who went after the matter with the most vim. While Mr. Edmonds is not a fisherman, he takes a great deal of interest in wild life, and when he brought the matter of establishing a nursery pond before a meeting of the League, Mort Sunderland immediately volunteered to have as many men on hand to do the work as Mr. Edmonds thought would be necessary. Mort made good on his offer, and the result was that the first dam was built in the spring of 1925.

Now it is easy enough to build a dam. Almost any kid can build a dam, but it is another matter to have the dam last out the season. Frost, rains, muskrats and various other things connive to destroy the work of man, and that was what the originators of the idea found. The outcome was that while the original dam lasted long enough so that the young trout reached sufficient size to be able to take care of themselves, when this spring came there was little of the original work left.

The result was that it was necessary to start all over again, but Mr. Edmonds made a report of what good had been accomplished last year, and Mr. Sunderland again came to the front as employment manager, and the result is that there are now three dams where there was but one before.

You can see by one of the pictures how the spillway is constructed in order to prevent washing out the sides of the dam. Something of this sort is absolutely necessary if the dam is expected to last the season out. A better plan, and probably one that will be adopted here, will be to construct the spillway out of concrete. However, the building of a concrete dam costs considerable money, more than the average Walton League has at its disposal unless special assessments are made or some local philanthropist becomes enthused over the matter and makes a substantial donation toward the plan.

It is stated that 95 per cent of the trout fry that are dumped into a stream perish under ordinary conditions, while with the use of the nursery pond, 95 per cent of the fry can be made to live. This great percentage in favor of the ponds is certainly worth considering if one is really attempting to raise trout. If it is just a matter of getting rid of the fry in the quickest way possible, the old plan is the best.

However, if the state can spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in propagating fish each year, it would seem as if the establishment of these nursery ponds might be taken up by the state, and the financing of them would be just as legitimate as the hatching of the eggs. Under present conditions 95 per cent of the work of the hatcheries goes for naught, so it looks as if it would pay good dividends to hatch less eggs and spend the money for bringing the trout to a larger size, either at the hatchery or in the vicinity where the fish are to be liberated.

It might be said here that the fish in these nursery ponds are not confined to the ponds in any way, and as they grow in size there is nothing to prevent them from going either up or downstream.

Editor's Note: This is a worth while accomplishment that will create much interest for Kilbourn Chapter. If there are any details you would like to get concerning it write to us.—E. H. R.

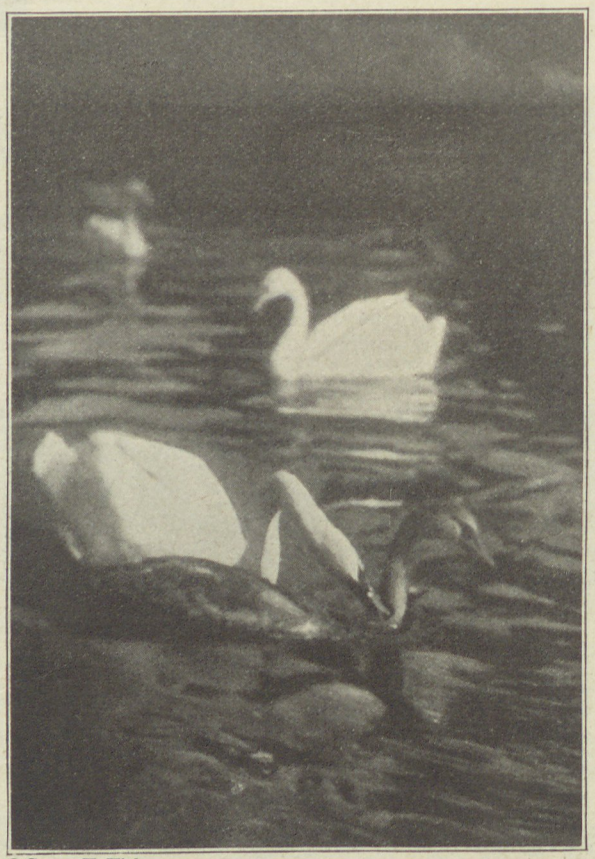
POLLUTION *in* England

Much has been said regarding water conditions in England. Last summer Dr. Ward made a trip to that country to study British anti-pollution methods. In this article he gives information of great interest to Waltonians

By DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD, Editor Pollution Department

SET before your eyes the map of England, note that its greatest length does not exceed 400 miles and its maximum breadth 280 miles, consider that its area of 50,823 square miles, or with Wales, only 7,363 square miles more, is exceeded by each save twenty-two of the separate states of our Union, and often several times over, bear in mind that the numerous rivers, despite the abundant and relatively constant rainfall, are only "mere brooks compared to those of the United States," and carry a total volume of water small in comparison with that available in our streams.

Consider next that England is one of the most densely populated regions of the world, with over 35 million people in its narrow area, and 2 million more in Wales, and all the more that it possesses relatively extensive tracts of rough, poor country almost devoid of population; make a trip almost anywhere through the English countryside and see the rapid succession of hamlets, villages and cities, which leave but few short breaks in the succession of houses, in sharp contrast with the long stretches of open country one sees in a similar trip here. Add to the picture that which has given to England outstanding importance as a manufacturing nation, her great industries: textiles, potteries, breweries, metal manufactures, mining in iron, lead, zinc, tin, and a multitude of others, with great factory centers frequent and isolated plants everywhere in the landscape. Keep in mind that this land has been occupied by a goodly population for centuries and has been a great manufacturing nation for more than a hundred years.



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Swans on an English estate.

Weigh carefully all these factors of limited area, dense population, extensive manufacturing activities, and long established conditions, and consider further how the situation was necessarily affected by the great war with its increase in amount and wastefulness of chemical industries.

Then try to conceive in some way if you can the total mass of wastes from men and manufactures produced under these conditions and ask yourself from your experiences here what is likely to be the present character of the streams in such a country. Surely a study of the actual situation, or even a hasty glance at the real picture, would furnish something of value to us in attacking the problem of stream pollution in a new country which enjoys conditions more favorable in every way than these I have just outlined.

The deep interest every member of the Izaak Walton League has in the problem of stream pollution, and the desire we all feel to do something for the correction of this rapidly growing evil in our own country, together with the responsibility the League has assumed for leading a definite nation-wide campaign for its elimination, make even partial information of conditions in other countries of prime importance. Accordingly, with this picture in mind I embraced eagerly the opportunity of a trip to England last summer to secure information of the extent to which the streams of that country had been polluted and the methods which had been developed for combating the evil. The time at my disposal was brief and I could not hope to make a study of the situation, but the glimpse at conditions which was afforded left impressions clear enough to justify recording them here. I was particularly impressed by the fact that the plans which have been worked out there and have been successful in the main are to a large extent the same as those which have been formulated independently here, in the discussions in committees and meetings of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation and of the Izaak Walton League. The work in England has advanced far beyond that which is being organized in the United States, and we have the opportunity to make our efforts more fruitful by a careful study of their results. A brief historical survey of the English movement will make the present situation clear.

In 1921 a Standing Committee on Rivers Pollution was appointed by the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries to investigate the condition of rivers in England and Wales. The first general report, published in 1924, states the aim of the committee to safeguard the purity of those streams that were free from pollution, while at the same time striving to raise the standard of all polluted rivers. From the start it was recognized that sympathetic cooperation of industry and of the public health authorities was essential, and the experience of the committee has shown that the problems can only be successfully attacked through such cooperation.

Mr. Henry G. Maurice, the Fisheries Secretary, is at present the chairman of this committee, and the dozen members on it include representatives of the Salmon and Trout Association, the National Federation of Anglers, the National Association of Fisheries Boards, the Federation of British Industries, the Mining Association of Great Britain, the National Alliance for the Prevention of Pollution of Rivers, and prominent men of influence not connected with any special interest involved. It has also representatives from the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. The campaign against pollution has been pushed with energy. Since the organization of the Standing Committee on Rivers Pollution, it has issued 125 preliminary reports on various wastes, particular streams, sources of pollutions and means of combating them. It has put out also 60 bulletins or memoranda on the progress of the work, scientific experiments, and accounts of sewage disposal plants, as well as on conferences held and addresses delivered at these meetings. It has printed three comprehensive non-technical reports showing the work which has actually been accomplished and the projects which the committee is endeavoring to develop. Taken all together, these publications constitute a mine of information regarding the subject of stream pollution and its correction.

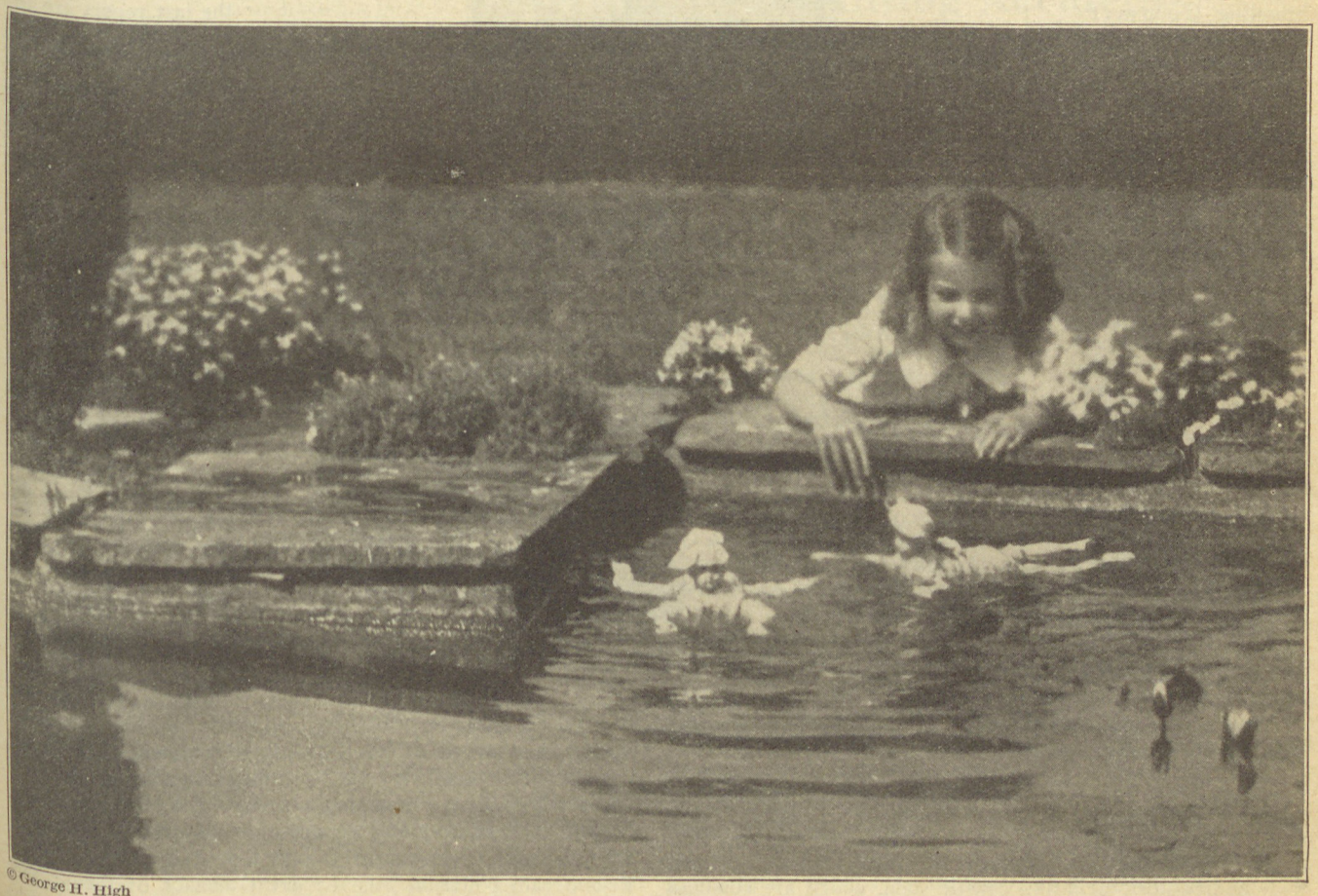
It is interesting to note the historical record which the committee gives of pollution in English rivers. Except in isolated areas, the rivers of England and Wales were practically free from pollution down to about 1800 A. D., despite the fact that in the early days every man was prone to regard a water course as a natural receptacle for all sorts of refuse. The development of the steam engine and the increase in factories which took place early in the nineteenth century, together with the concentration of population along the rivers, affected adversely the purity of their waters. As industry and population developed, both sewage and manufacturing waste increased rapidly, and with their discharge in untreated condition, the supply of salmon and fresh water fish disappeared with great rapidity. So long as there was no outbreak of disease as a result of the stream pollution, the condition was tolerated without protest and without appreciation of the damage wrought to the life of the waters, as well as the direct future menace to human welfare.

In 1861 the first Salmon Fishery Act sought to remedy the evils in England and Wales, but various difficulties interfered with its adequate enforcement. The Rivers Pollution Prevention Acts of 1876 and 1893 were ineffective both in the cumbersome character of the procedure and in the fact that their enforcement was left to local authorities who in many cases were interested in overlooking the situation in the interests of alleged economy. As a result, under the act of 1888 joint committees were given significant power for the prevention of pollution, and some of them, like the West Riding of Yorkshire Rivers Board and the Thames Conservancy Board, have achieved notable results.

Imperfect inquiries on the evils of river pollution were followed in 1898 by a comprehensive study by the Royal Commission on Sewage Disposal. It issued a series of remarkable reports on the subject of sewage trade wastes and their disposal. Just here the World War intervened, and it is easy to see why the law regarding pollution was not enforced, so that as a result, especially in the densely populated areas, the rivers deteriorated in purity to a marked degree.

In 1921 the Salmon and Trout Association called a conference including representatives of inland fisheries interests to discuss the subject and agree upon measures for the abatement of the seriously increased effects of pollution. Out of this conference grew a permanent committee to provide for the effective working of the laws, to collect scientific information regarding the conditions of the rivers, and to investigate means for handling polluting trade wastes. On the basis of studies which were made, the rivers of the country were divided into three classes: first, those sufficiently pure to support a considerable supply of fish; second, those that were polluted, but not enough to destroy all the fish; third, such as were grossly polluted and contained few if any fish. They set up sub-committees representative of local interests, to be responsible for the study of individual water-sheds and to appeal to various local boards that were thus brought to act in cooperation with the national committee.

By agreement certain changes were immediately secured in the law and the Salmon and Fisheries Act of 1923 prohibits the discharge of materials injurious not only to fish, but also to *spawning grounds, spawn,* or *food of fish.* It



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An English pool.

provides further against new or increased discharge of trade effluents after January 1, 1924, without approval of the fishery board.

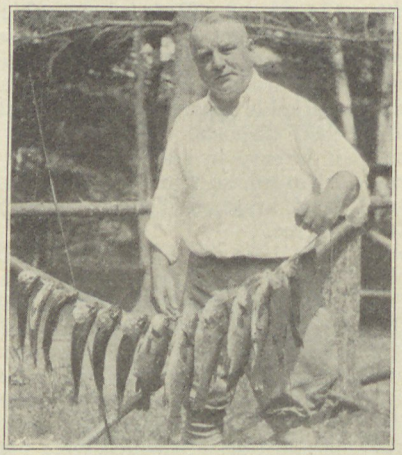
The first work done was to secure accurate data concerning existing conditions in the rivers of England and Wales, and to facilitate this work, the surveys, once started, were delegated for further prosecution to the local sub-committees above mentioned. The first report of the Standing Committee contains data covering the rivers Tyne, Tees, Trent, Yare, the rivers of Devon and Cornwall, the river Severn and the streams of South Wales, the rivers Taff, Usk, Tawe, Teify, Dee and Tane. It was not possible to achieve equal results everywhere, but good work was done at many points, and the policy of cooperation brought about during the first year of the committee's activity an estimated improvement as high as 35% in the condition of waters in one area, while there was hardly a point at which evident improvement had not been achieved. The second and third parts of the non-technical report, which cover the work of the years 1924 and 1925, report on further streams. In these reports the Standing Committee has at its disposal an accurate record of conditions in the rivers of England and Wales that forms a firm basis for further action.

But the committee has not limited its activities to the accumulation of data on the condition of rivers in England. It maintains an experimental laboratory on the river Itchen, near Alresford, Hampshire, where experimentation has been carried out on the effects of specific types of pollution on fish life. I had the privilege of visiting this station under the guidance of the biologist recently appointed, Doctor F. T. K. Pentelow. It has studied particularly washings from tarred roads. The fish tanks at the station, which are supplied with a continuous current of water from the river, are so located that they may be treated with washings from the main road that runs past the station, and the tests have thus a valuable direct character, more than if based solely upon artificial experimentation with chemical affluents. Experiments have also been conducted with hydrochloric acid and caustic soda, which are common trade wastes from certain manufacturing plants. The work is to be continued and expanded. It is sure to yield significant results.

In 1924 the Standing Committee appointed a Scientific Advisory Board, including representatives of the principal branches of science, under the chairmanship of the distinguished English pathologist, Professor A. E. Boycott. This scientific advisory committee has outlined the program of research, involving the direct investigation of specific cases of pollution through river surveys, physiological tests of effluents, analysis of effluents, and post mortem examination of fish to determine the definite cause of death.

The program of the committee includes also an investigation of the general problem of the relation of fish life to pollution through surveys of various waters, which shall determine by observation the existing relations, and complementary to this field work, an experimental study of the fauna and flora under laboratory conditions. To carry out this program both chemists and naturalists have been added to the permanent staff. The direct results already achieved by these scientific aids amply justify the expenditure involved. In the last report are included information on the character and abundance of fish food in the river Itchen, on post mortem examinations of fish killed by pollution, on the handling of wastes from the manufacture of milk products, the effect of tar products, the sedimentation of coal washery waters, and effluents from beet sugar factories.

In London I had extended conferences with government officials responsible for the campaign against stream pollution. At the Ministry of Health, Dr. H. T. Calvert, and at the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, Mr. H. G. Maurice, Fisheries Secretary, and also a considerable number of others both in government circles and outside, devoted much time to discussions of the problems and methods and to advising me as to the best use of my limited time in securing an accurate picture of conditions in England. Everywhere I met the profound conviction that stream pollution was the great menace of the present day to human welfare. The *(Continued on page 71)*



What to Do?

A Lamb Lyric

One morn as we perused the mail in search of literary gems and art with which to fire the soul of them as reads this magazine, we found a letter (not a bill) from Harry Stubbs, comedian—the gent upon our left.

This photo fluttered to the desk and on the back a little note says, "Bud, I caught these fish myself, all other Lambs were on the shelf." It sounded fishy, we'll admit—but what were we to do?

The morning of the second day brought further evidence of doubt, one Ernest Truex, Piscator, says, "I'm the guy who caught these fish—especially the largest one—beware the sauce of apples, Bud—see photograph attached."

This Lambkin row was bidding fair to rend the well known Golden Fleece. And then another photograph showed that a truce had been declared by Truex and his old pal, Stubbs—so o'er the fish with juice of grape, they pledged each other's health.

LATE BULLETIN: *"Fish caught by five members Lambs Gun Club—photograph follows."*

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES W. FOLDS, PRESIDENT

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EWART H. ROSS
Managing Editor

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W. J. Jamison, "54"

W. J. JAMISON, "54," is dead. "Smiling Bill," the inventor of the American barbless hook, has gone to a better stream. News of his death reached us just before going to press.

Known wherever anglers gather, his passing will bring sadness to the fraternity, and we will miss his smile and gentle philosophy. "Smiling Bill," one of the original fifty-four founders of this League, was a tireless worker in its behalf from the start to the day of his death.

The League has lost a friend, but we know that he has gone to a better place—a sportsman who contributed much to the cause of conservation.

Fish and game cannot vote?

LAST year the Waltonians of Kansas City, Missouri, were enlightened on one phase of the quail shortage. Game wardens discovered a little cache of 500 quail in a local cold storage plant, labeled "squabs." A man was arrested and tried before a local justice of the peace. The defendant was discharged on a minor technicality despite the overwhelming evidence.

In the last election those interested in the case professionally were running for office. Through some technicality, it seems, the sportsmen overlooked their name on the ballot—it is possible they even went so far as to tell some of their friends about the "squabs." Anyway the "squab" candidates were not elected.

Pure Water

A RIVER belongs to the public as do the streets of your community. What would happen—what would you do, if your neighbor suddenly decided to dump all his garbage in the street?

You wouldn't stand for it, would you?

Then why stand for neighbors who fill your rivers with worse filth year after year?

The League has started a national campaign to correct the pollution evil in America. Your individual part in it requires little personal effort but is priceless in the aggregate. With your cooperation we will accomplish something.

We know you are interested in clean water. The health of your family and yourself demands this interest. There are other forces interested in keeping up the torrent of filth now being discharged into our rivers and lakes.

It will mean a lot of hard work to combat a long established custom, but it is worth it and we know you will do your share in this campaign as you have so willingly done it in the past.

Hunting Accidents

EVERY year at this time the press wires of the country carry stories of accidental shooting. Much editorial space is devoted to imploring hunters to use care in the handling of firearms.

It hardly seems necessary to harp upon the potential dangers of a loaded weapon, but the annual number of accidents seems to increase if anything.

Every man who goes into the woods with a gun should be presented with a card—or perhaps have some simple instructions printed on the back of the license.

We suggest the following:

"Everything that moves in the woods is not game.

"Deer seldom wear red caps.

"To determine whether or not your gun is loaded, open the breach—gazing into the muzzle is conducive to at least a headache.

"The triggers on your gun are so arranged mechanically that they operate a hammer, which in turn explodes the shell. The pressure produced by a barbed wire fence or a branch will act almost as quickly as your finger pull.

"You will find, by experience, if necessary, that the muzzle of a gun is its business end. That end, therefore, should always be pointing towards the object to be shot. When there is no game in sight it is preferable to carry your gun under your arm with the muzzle pointing toward the ground directly in front of you."

Rather elemental suggestions on the whole, but analyzing the pile of clippings before us, we feel that they might be of great help in minimizing the annual casualty list of those apparently unfamiliar with them.

Eastman Photograph

Through the finder I watched Pete quartering the field.

Better Amateur Photography

This department has been created for the purpose of eliminating camera disappointments

Edited by GEORGE H. HIGH
of The Chicago Camera Club

Amateur Motion Pictures

By FRANK R. OTTE

IT is a tradition of our gang to play hookey once a year and hunt pheasants, and it's a rare occasion when we don't bag all the law allows before sundown. Two years ago, after three shots had brought down three fat cock birds, I laid aside the double barrel and "watched" Pete, the pointer, quartering the field. His image was clearly reflected in the mirror finder of my newly acquired motor-driven, hand-operated, amateur motion picture camera. The rest of the afternoon I succumbed completely, heart-tingling and fascinated by a new sport: shooting pheasants in movies.

Since that day I have made hundreds of feet of movies using hand-cranked, electric and spring-motor equipments; scores of subjects, from sport pictures to scenario thrillers. I have seen thousands of feet of amateur movies, action from Los Angeles to New York, from Budapest to Shanghai, from the dunes of Sahara to the tip-top of Mount Logan.

Here's a dream come true, the globe is being circumscribed with telling tales in amateur movies. And now the sportsman and traveler need no longer just come, see and conquer, but home again he brings his proof to be viewed on the screen, as active as real life, a marvel of re-created outdoors.

There's the case of Walter D. Kerst who recently wrote me about his trip in the Canadian Rockies.

"Oh! the thrill of the chase! The surging feeling that we, with our dependable friend, movie camera, were actually going to have, forever and a day, a permanent record of these (Ovis Canadensis—Rocky Mountain Bighorn) rarest of creatures. We waited one hour, then another, when at last, above us, appearing slowly over the edge, came a huge bulk, surmounted by a massive set of horns! Rarest of the rare, staring curiously down at us. Picking up the tripod we cautiously advanced—twenty-five yards—a few turns of the crank—no move from Mr. Ram—fifteen yards—indeed, this fellow was curious. Closer, closer, we crept, until within six feet. What a close-up!! We were so excited we could hardly turn the crank; shaking with buck fever.

"Then Mr. Ram came to life. With a disgusted snort, chest out, head high, he trotted off to our right. Then came the biggest surprise of all. A band of at least thirty sheep, mothers, babies and all, filed past us as if on parade!

"As the last of the band disappeared over a rise in the ground, we sank to the earth in exhaustion. We had *done* it! The words of one who is an authority on these animals came to our minds: 'Even the sight of these timid creatures is an adventure achieved by few.' And the realization that not only we, but our camera had seen these wonderful things come home to us."

Previous to the advent of 16 mm. film, motion pictures were hardly practical for the great majority of amateurs. Years of experiments were spent on this sub-standard film. The goal was finally achieved, revolutionary, indeed, when one considers the progress of amateur movies since the introduction of the 16 mm. film.

On first thought one might be inclined to believe that the necessary equipment will be prohibitively expensive for Mr. Averageman. The contrary is true. The top price is $500, with slow motion attachment and other do-dads. But here's the eye-opener! A complete equipment, camera, projector and screen as low as $140! Not a toy outfit by any means, but equipment that's compact and efficient for home movies, and capable of making and showing pictures which for quality and brilliancy easily rival those made by any professional.

The cameras are priced from $70.00 to $200.00. This difference in price is related chiefly to the lens employed. Some are equipped with either an f.6.5 or an f.3.5 lens. The latter is over three times faster than the former, therefore permitting good movies when the light is very dull. With this one exception, and the fact that the f.3.5 outfit has a portrait attachment for close-ups, both cameras are identical. Both are approximately the size of a one-pound box of candy. Each one weighs five pounds when loaded with 100 feet of film, the maximum film footage of all 16 mm. equipments.

Another model is a fixed focus camera. That means it works like a box camera. The operator need give no thought to varying distances. The pictures made will be equally sharp whether they are near action or distance views. A spring-motor operates this camera, so it's hand held and requires no tripod. There's an exposure guide right on the camera and this tells which "stop" (shutter opening) to use according to the prevailing light conditions. To sum up: After loading the camera—and you load it right in the daylight—you wind up the spring-motor, you set the "stop" as directed, you point the lens toward the action, viewing the scene at waist height or eye level and press a lever. There's a soft hum and you're exhilarated in the knowledge of actually making movies. Sounds easy. Well, it is—just as easy as that. After running off the 100 feet—an automatic footage guide on the camera tells exactly how many feet of unexposed film are left in the camera—you unload, again right in daylight; place the film in a metal container, then in a carton and mail it to the nearest finishing station. A few days later it comes back to you, postage prepaid, all ready for projection. No more bother—just show the picture.

Eastman Photograph

"Ridin' him!"

There's the excitement of it: re-creating all sorts of outdoor life right in your own living-room.

The projector is simple to operate. It's a little fellow—weighs only nine pounds and folds into a case but 6¼x7⅜x8½ inches—and yet a giant for efficiency. It projects brilliantly clear pictures on a 30x40 inch screen. This projector is electrically operated on any ordinary electric circuit, either alternating or direct current.

The equipment just described will be eminently satisfactory for the majority of amateurs. Nevertheless, there will be some who will want equipment for work that's more advanced: the nature student, for example, who sees life through scientific eyes, or the hunter who roams far for the unusual picture.

For these there is an advanced model that will prove more acceptable. This outfit is a hand-cranked, focusing movie camera. And since it is hand-cranked a tripod is essential. The entire outfit, set up, loaded for action, weighs only fifteen pounds. This camera has two interchangeable lenses and this feature has a wide appeal for the advanced amateur. The regular lens is an Anastigmat f.1.9. And say—if you know anything about lenses that's faster than fast, ten times as fast as the f.6.5. With a lens like that you can get pictures at daybreak when the big moose is nibbling a breakfast.

The other interchangeable lens is a long-focus f.4.5 for telephoto photography. The point is this, there may be times when you'll try to decoy some wild turkeys, perhaps. But 100 feet is as close as you can get. Now a turkey image at 100 feet is pretty nearly beyond the visual powers of an ordinary movie lens. Never mind, just screw on the f.4.5 lens and "fire at will." The telephoto lens works like a spy glass to enlarge the image 4 to 1. That is, if the turkey is "shot" at 100 feet, the camera with the f.4.5 lens attached, is equivalent to being only 25 feet from this shy game. The outdoor man will *(Continued on page 61)*

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary

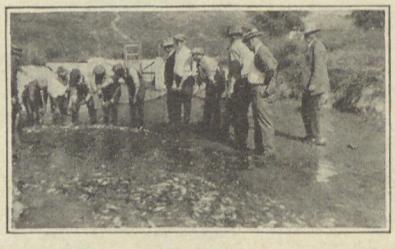
Pennsylvania State Convention

By ROBERT VALE

IN order to carry out its program outlined during the convention held in Philadelphia September 27-28, the Pennsylvania Division of the Izaak Walton League immediately organized a drive to raise a fund of $20,000. For the Pennsylvania Waltonians took upon themselves a man-size job and to reach their objective must call to their aid every resource at their command.

It was a "Let's go" convention, surcharged with enthusiasm and vibrant with a hearty spirit of accord, fellowship and energy. It was the first convention held since the organization meeting in Williamsport; every section of Pennsylvania was represented. In conjunction with the business sessions held on Monday and Tuesday there was a sportsmen's exhibit held in a room adjoining the assembly hall of the Bellevue Stratford hotel. On Sunday there was a national bait and fly casting contest which was participated in by many of the notable casters of the country. The banquet on Tuesday evening wound up the program. It was well attended by leading sportsmen of the state, many women were present and the toastmaster was Grover C. Ladner, Esq., president of the Philadelphia chapter.

Charles W. Folds, national president, was present at all the sessions of the convention, consulted with the state officers and delegates, offered many suggestions, was the principal speaker at the banquet and was an inspiring force in the constructive work that was accomplished. From the first it was evident that the Pennsylvania Division delegates intended to concentrate the most of their efforts on the streams of the state and on both days the matter of stream pollution was discussed from many angles. The convention approved a bill prepared by Grover Ladner to preserve and improve the purity of the waters of the Commonwealth and this will be presented to the next session of the legislature, backed by the full strength of the state division and allied organizations.



Kimball, Nebraska, Chapter trying to count crappie, perch and bass.

This bill has teeth in it. It aims to stop the dumping of sewage into streams by municipalities and if its provisions are adopted it will control one of the serious forms of pollution. For the first time there is a recognition of the contamination of water intended for industrial use. The effect of this will be to align in support of the Ladner bill about seventy-five per cent of the manufacturers of the state who will be benefited by the purifying of the streams. In all of the industrial sections of Pennsylvania manufacturers are compelled to install water purifiers before they can use the waters of any local stream.

Recognizing the fact that imposing fines will not be adequate to end contamination, the bill proposes jail sentences for many violations and, in all instances, the fines themselves are increased. Mr. Ladner's bill is one of the most drastic that has been drawn in the nation and the fight that looms for its adoption is large.

More than twenty resolutions were adopted, all of them constructive in their objective. An increase in the game license from $1.25 to $2.25 for resident hunters was approved. The extra dollar according to the resolution is to be devoted to the purchase of wild lands for game refuges and public shooting grounds. It was generally recognized by the delegates that one of the results of increasing the license fee to acquire wild lands will be to hurt the chances of the adoption of the $25,000,000 bond issue for additional state forests, but the convention evidently was of the opinion that a fight should be made for both proposals. The movement for the increased license will not interfere with the fight for the bond issue.

At the present time the control of the water supply of the state is vested in a Sanitary Water Board, made up of various heads of departments. This board has not functioned to the highest degree, it was contended on the floor of the convention, and a resolution was adopted urging the naming of five members separate from any departmental duties.

The appointment of additional fish wardens was urged. Shooting of grouse before or after sunset was classed as harmful to conservation. It was urged that openings to abandoned bituminous mines be closed to prevent the air from releasing the sulphuric content in mine water. Other resolutions follow: That lumber operators be required to pile all slash. That the funds from hunting and fishing licenses be kept separate from the general funds of the state treasury. That larger

appropriations be made for forest fire protection. That two new fish hatcheries be built. That taxes on forest lands be revised to encourage planting. That the fish commission be organized along the same lines as the game commission. That upon petition of 150 residents of a county any tributary stream shall be closed as a nursery stream and the legislative committee was instructed to draft a bill to this end. That a bill shall be presented to the next legislature to stop the killing of deer and other game by means of the spotlight by increasing the fine to $500 for each offense and confiscating automobiles and other equipment used by offenders.

The fly and surf casting contest on Sunday was under the supervision of the Dover Fishing Club of Philadelphia and seventy-five prizes were awarded the winners. The business session opened on Monday morning by State President Dr. Wm. H. Moore and after preliminary work an address on the policies of the Sanitary Water Board was delivered by Major R. Y. Stuart.

At the afternoon session Robert B. Vale made a talk on the Pennsylvania state forests and wild life. Ozark Ripley gave a most entertaining address on conservation. Fish Commissioner M. A. Riley told of the work of the board in making better fishing for the sportsmen. Grover C. Ladner then delivered an impressive talk on the proposed bill to stop stream pollution and explained the various sections.

In the evening the official motion pictures of the game and fish commissions and the Jamison Hook Company pictures were shown.

On Tuesday Dr. H. J. Donaldson, president of the game commission, was the first speaker. He gave a detailed account of the activities of the board. Reports of committees were received and in the afternoon the convention spent much of its time in discussing the big program outlined in the resolutions. The following officers were elected to serve for the coming year: President, Dr. Wm. H. Moore; First Vice President, J. O. Creveling; Second Vice President, Ralph L. Smith; Third Vice President, W. W. Posey; Secretary-Treasurer, Walter E. Wolfe; Directors, Dr. H. N. Thissell, Luther Otto, Jr., Robert Dearden, and Ernest E. Harwood.

Stroudsburg, in the Pocono district, was selected as the next meeting place of the state division. The banquet on Tuesday evening wound up the big meeting. The speakers were National President Chas. W. Folds, Dr. Chas. Lose, R. W. Dunlap, assistant secretary of agriculture, Welty Sadler, the most noted bear hunter in Pennsylvania, E. J. Cattell, J. Hampton Moore and State President Dr. Wm. H. Moore.

* * *

Kenosha, Wisc.—The Kenosha boys are on their toes, according to a report from E. F. Meissner, in answer to the membership pledge inquiry. At their October 4th meeting they agreed to get 150 new members before the first of the year. They have formed two teams, consisting of 21 live members on each team. Mr. Meissner was appointed as captain of one team to cover the HUNTERS in Kenosha and John Watson was elected captain of the FISHERMAN team. This is a splendid idea and a little friendly rivalry always produces better results.

$15.00 REWARD

For information furnished by any one not a law enforcement officer, which leads to arrest and conviction of the first person, after this date in Cape Girardeau County, Mo., for violation of any of the State Game and Fish Laws, or for the unlawful destruction of property, or any acts of vandalism punishable by law committed by any person in Cape Girardeau County while hunting, fishing or trapping.

$35.00 REWARD

For information leading to arrest and conviction of any person guilty of dynamiting fish in any stream of Cape Girardeau County.

$50.00 REWARD

The County Court offers a reward of $50.00 for like offense (dynamiting stream.)

When leaving outing or picnic places burn your refuse and kill your fires before leaving. The farmer on whose land you may be will welcome you back.

Dated September 1st, 1926

"Join the Izaak Walton League and Protect Outdoor Resources"

"Cape Girardeau Chapter Izaak Walton League of America"

Missourian Printing Company Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Ottawa, Ill.—P. M. Cordon reports that Ottawa and Wedron chapters are active in raising pheasants and liberating Mexican quail received from the Department of Conservation, Springfield, Ill. They are considering the purchasing or leasing of primeval patches of timber in their vicinity as a refuge for wild life. A year ago, a consignment of game fish was received from the state to restock the four-mile lake created by the Dayton Dam and they have a promise of more fish for restocking purposes this fall, which insures good sport for the fifteen chapters of the Izaak Walton League from Streator to Aurora.

* * *

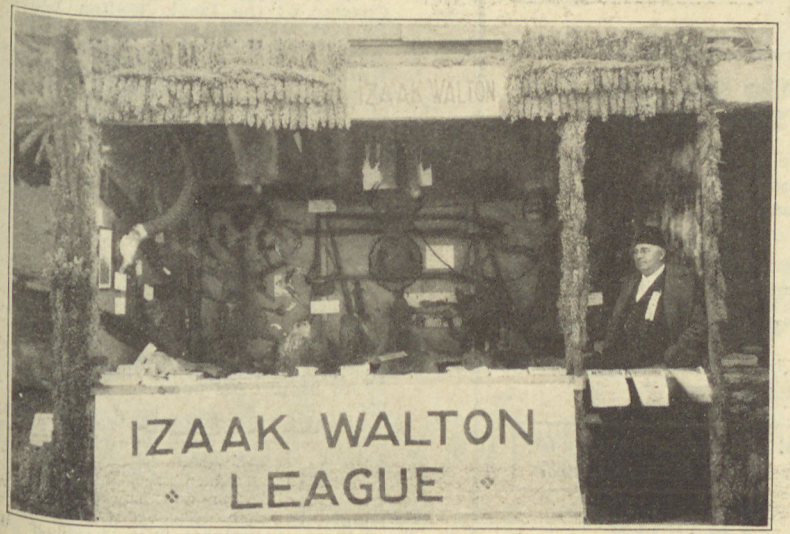
Corry, Pa.—L. A. Gilson, secretary of this chapter, through a news item carried by the Corry Journal, reports that a large number of trout were planted in the streams north and east of Corry and they expect to stock other streams in their vicinity soon. A large consignment of small mouth black bass, perch and sunfish, has been promised. Plans are under way for the raising of funds for the rebuilding of Columbus Dam. They already have an appropriation for the temporary repair of the dam.

* * *

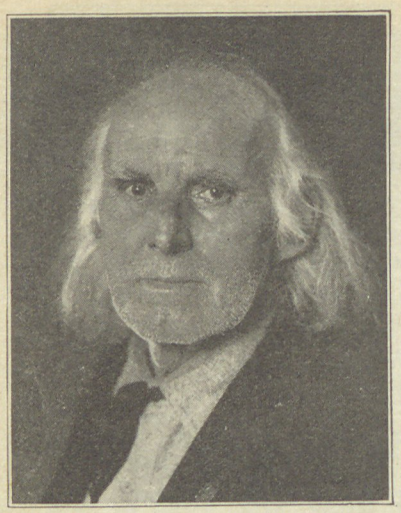
Valparaiso, Nebr.—President A. A. Misek has presented a petition and leases for 960 acres of land adjoining Valparaiso on the west to be set aside as a bird and game refuge. The application will be passed upon by Secretary McLaughlin of the state department of agriculture. The local chapter expects to add 1,120 acres more within a short time. The 960-acre tract is in one body cut up by two creeks, with plenty of waste land and much fine timber suitable for a bird refuge. This will be the fifth refuge established under the authority of the game and fish bureau and the state agricultural department.

* * *

Bloomington, Ill.—Dana Rollins, president of this chapter put across a very enthusiastic and interesting meeting in the



J. A. Cushman, Kansas State Secretary, in booth at annual corn carnival.



C. W. Heideman, for whom the Spokane, Washington, Chapter was named.

form of a banquet with the cooperation of the Bloomington members of the Consistory Club and local Waltonians. Over 350 members and guests listened to an inspiring address by Dr. Preston Bradley, and Oscar G. Hoose of the local chapter presided at the dinner and introduced other members who were present, among them J. M. McDonald first vice-president of the Bloomington chapter, President Dana Rollins, F. L. Meyers of Pontiac, state treasurer of the League, Ralph Hefferman, president of the Bloomington Anglers Club, and Seth E. Gordon from national headquarters, Chicago, who spoke of the organization work. Magoun Barns, Lincoln, Ill., also gave an interesting description of his museum of wild birds and animals.

* * *

Champaign, Ill.—This chapter held its fifth annual "Fish Fry" at Crystal Lake Park in Urbana. This is the annual outdoor event of the chapter when the "Ikes" and their friends get together for the big fish dinner. A crowd of several hundred enjoyed the sports and ate five hundred fat perch cooked by the veteran fish artist, Walter Lueth. Prizes were offered in a horseshoe contest and for the different events in fly and bait casting. Mr. Walter Willman, at the invitation of the chapter, attended the meet and gave a wonderful demonstration of fly casting with the wet and dry fly, and distance and accuracy bait casting. After the dinner the members and their guests were entertained by a half dozen new reels of pictures from the Chicago headquarters.

* * *

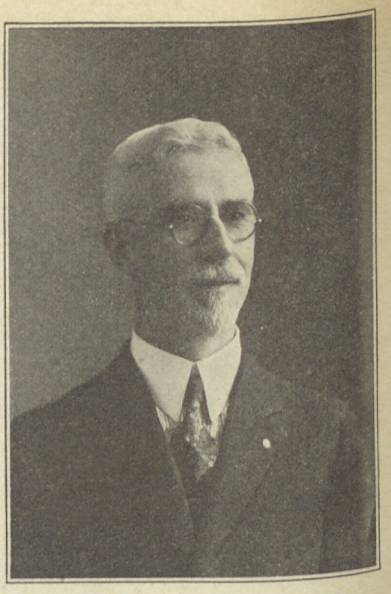
ElDorado, Kan.—The annual Kafir corn carnival gave J. A. Cushman, Kansas state secretary, an opportunity to put across some excellent work for the League. J. A. constructed a booth and filled it, making it appear second only to the Field Museum. Many thousands of people attended the carnival and the crowd was estimated on the last day at 35,000. The jam of people around the Izaak Walton League booth was enormous. They had a crowd from early morning until late at night and the boys handed out instructive literature to thousands of interested spectators for three days.

* * *

Passaic, N. J.—The chapter recently formed here with Ernest H. Remig of Clifton as temporary president, now has fifteen members and is planning on covering the entire county with a membership drive.

* * *

Spokane, Wash.—The local chapter known as the Heideman chapter has keenly felt the loss of their director Atty.



Ernest H. Remig, Pres. Passaic Chapter.

Lawrence Jack. This chapter was named for the late C. W. Heideman who is known as "The Coot of the Cabinets" (mountains) known and loved all over the northwest for his gratis lectures on wild life conservation.

* * *

Utica, N. Y.—The Utica chapter 3, took a five year lease on Drumlin Trout Hatchery at Barneveld. The property includes 65 acres of land, much of which provides excellent cover for small game, ponds and water supply, hatchery building and dwelling for the attendant, rearing pools, and equipment. It is regarded by sportsmen as one of the most valuable and complete properties of the kind in the country. While the local chapter has immediate possession, it will be impossible for them to put the plant into operation before spring. They have assurance of government co-operation however, so that fry will be available for rearing next season. According to the estimates there could be 500,000 available for stocking purposes by the fall of 1928.

* * *

Cynthiana, Ky.—The local chapter under the direction of President Mac Swinford and W. O. McIntire has circulated a petition to the mayors of Kentucky cities appealing to them for their support in an organized effort to promote wild life in their state. The two page letter contains a beautiful appeal that should secure the interest of every reader as well as the mayors who are anxious for improvement. This is a very commendable plan and we are sure the Kentucky boys will meet with a pleasing response.

* * *

Paris, Ky.—The following resolution was adopted by the Bourbon County chapter at its regular meeting September 28, 1926:

"Be It Resolved, by the Bourbon County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, Kentucky Division, that said chapter is unalterably opposed to the granting of any permit by the Federal Water Power Commission for the erection of any power dam at, or in the vicinity of Cumberland Falls, or the diversion of any water above or below the Falls for any purposes, that would in any manner destroy the natural scenic beauty of the Falls.

"Be it further resolved, that inasmuch as Cumberland Falls is now one of the most beautiful spots in America, and as a water falls is second only to Niagara Falls and will become in the future one of the most popular and appealing recreational centers east of the Mississippi River, and by reason of the further fact that the Falls is by far Kentucky's greatest scenic asset and should in fact belong to all of the people of Kentucky and their children forever and never be mutilated and stripped of its beauty for power or any other purpose.

"Be it further resolved, that this Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America extend its support to his Excellency, Governor William J. Fields, in the fight he is making to preserve Cumberland Falls, Kentucky's greatest spot of natural beauty, for the present and future use of Kentuckians and their honored guests that may come within her borders.

"(Signed) W. B. Ardery."

Poster being used in Membership Drive

BANG!

Open Season—No Bag Limits

in our Izaak Walton League Chapter Membership Drive!

I'VE BAGGED MY MAN — DID YOU GET YOURS?

Brother Waltonians—

Go Out and Get Your Man!

Help your Chapter make the quota set by National Headquarters.

America's Hunting, Fishing and Camping opportunities—

are Going Fast!

Are you helping in the League's fight to save them or are you merely lamenting their disappearance?

As a Waltonian you owe it to yourself and our community to BRING IN at least one new member before January 1, 1927

_____ CHAPTER

_____ *Secretary*

For long-range artists, powder bugs—and Scotchmen

The US "Big Three" scores big with all three

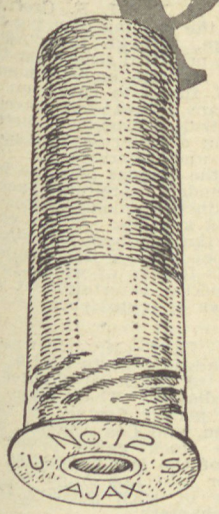
SOME shooters hanker to bag 'em when wing-tips seem to touch the blue. *Power* is what these shooters ask for. And power—fast as greased lightning—is what they get in Ajax Heavies.

Others think they can't hit a barn door without their pet powder. There's only one powder worth anything—*as far as they are concerned.* And they get it—just what they want—in the US Climax shell.

Not stingy, but thrifty, is the third group. And they're wise shooters, too! For they get a lot of shot-shell for little money in the red-jacketed US Defiance.

So whether it's power, powder or price that you look for, the US "Big Three" will score big with you.

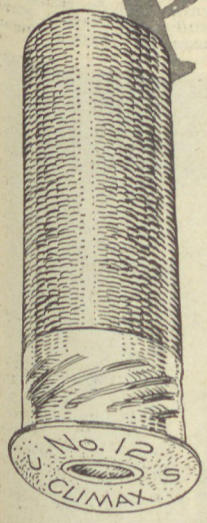
for Power



Ajax Heavies

Boy, you never saw such power! And reach? Honest, it almost seems like taking advantage of ducks, geese and brant. No need to wait until they come down. Ajax Heavies will *bring* 'em down — clean! Loaded with latest type of progressive-burning powder. 12, 16, and 20 gauges.

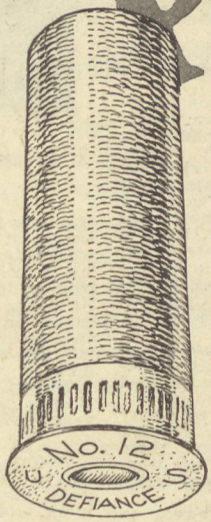
for Powder



The Climax

The famous "old reliable" — going stronger than ever. Du Pont, Dead Shot, Hercules E. C., Ballistite, Infallible — all come in the Climax shell. Just name your favorite load. Medium-priced. All gauges.

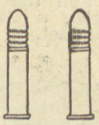
for Price



The Defiance

Shoots the game but not the bank-wad. "Find a better shell priced as low and I'll eat it!" enthuses one shooter. Others say this handsome cherry-red shell out-performs some shells carrying a higher price-mark. Smokeless powder. 12, 16, and 20 gauges.

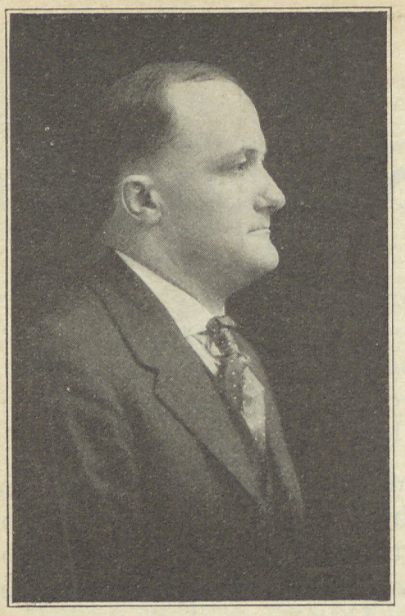
UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.
111 Broadway, New York



The US .22 N.R.A. for records or rabbits

Wherever you find target tournaments you'll find the little .22 N.R.A. with *solid* bullet, used by the leaders. It has won the Olympic championship. Its twin brother, the US .22 N.R.A. with *hollow-point* bullet, is just as famous among small-game hunters. It has terrific speed and mushrooming power.

US Shot-Shells
A LOAD FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND A SHELL FOR EVERY PURSE



Webb Rice, General Counsel, Nebraska Division.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The Minnesota Division through Geo. H. Selever, president, and Fred H. Doellner, secretary and treasurer, has broadcast an important notice through their Legislative bulletin to all members of their state to support amendment No. 2 which came up for vote in the November election. Postal cards were circulated, containing the proposed amendment which reads as follows: "Laws may be enacted for the purpose of encouraging and promoting forestation and reforestation of lands in this state, whether owned by private persons or the public, including the fixing in advance of a definite and limited annual tax on such lands for a term of years and a yield tax at or after the end of such term upon the timber and other forest products so grown, but the taxation of mineral deposits shall not be affected by this amendment."

* * *

Oklahoma City, Okla.—The Earl M. Stapleton chapter held a banquet at the Sorosis club on October 12th.

The Hon. Ed S. Vaught acted as toastmaster. If there ever was a better toastmaster, we would like to meet him. He introduced Wyley Jones, District Judge, as the principal speaker of the evening. He was followed by Al Reeves, State Game and Fish Warden, who outlined some of the policies and activities of the State Game and Fish Commission. J. R. Barton, Supt. of city schools, made an interesting talk regarding league activities in co-operation with the schools. The new president of this chapter, Mr. A. L. Christenberry, was introduced. State Forester, Geo. Phillips, gave a talk.

As a diversion, the Lutz Twins—Keith and Kenneth, four and a half years old—went four fast rounds with the padded mitts.

There were many in the crowd who may have thought they had no voices, couldn't sing,—but when Roy Williams got them started you would have thought they were old-timers off the stage or something. Sure, they sang.

Ed Vaught gave a splendid address on conservation and the ideals of the Izaak Walton League, a fitting finale for the successful banquet.

* * *

Pontiac, Mich.—The Oakland County chapter held their annual sportsmen's banquet recently and a very stirring and interesting address was given by Dr. Preston Bradley of Chicago. The annual election was held after the banquet and Walter Hastings of South Lyon was elected president for the coming year. More than 700 were entertained by an imposing array of speakers. Following Dr. Bradley were Rev. S. P. Eva of Detroit, toastmaster, A. G. Glaspie of Oxford, former state senator, Dr. J. W. Inches, world traveler of Detroit, Judge Glenn C. Gillespie of Pontiac,

Grayslake, Ill.—The sportsmen of Grayslake are falling in line under the direction of Kenneth L. Shiras, organizer from headquarters who with G. W. Thomas are securing great co-operation from the local sportsmen in the organization work.

* * *

Milwaukee, Wisc.—A plea for greater care in preserving wild life and forest stands in Wisconsin was made by H. W. Wheeler, chief lecturer of the United States forest reserve, in an address before the local chapter at the Athletic Club. Three hundred Waltonians heard Mr. Wheeler tell how Wisconsin lost 355,000 acres of wood land by fire in 1925, and how in Forest county alone last spring one hundred thousand acres were devastated by burning.

* * *

South Dakota.—Several chapters from Southeastern section of South Dakota held their annual picnic at Christensons point, Lake Madison. The success of the picnic, both from the standpoint of attendance and program far exceeded the hopes of the committee. The many sports indulged in were trap-shooting, fly and bait casting, swimming contest and races for the kids. A big fish dinner was served at noon, the fish committee having caught perch and bull heads for the occasion. Great credit is due the committee from Madison who took charge of the event, but the out-

John C. Andrews, Secretary, Nebraska Division.

standing feature was the way O. R. Davis, president of the Sioux Falls Chapter, worked. He was busy all day and then by way of diversion started in at 3 o'clock to judge the casting tournament. At dark, when nearly everyone was ready to call it a day, Davis was heard to ask the chairman of the general Committee if there was not something else he could do.

This picnic will be an annual affair and if the first one is any criterion, next year's will be twice as big.

* * *

Buffalo, N. Y.—Otto H. Peters, president of the local chapter, in reporting the annual city championship casting tournament, advises that the tournament was held under the most unfavorable weather conditions. Ten events were cast and remarkable scores were made under the most adverse weather. The E. L. Thomas trophy was most hotly contested for. Messrs. Peters, Newcomb, Duroure and Howard tied for first honors with scores of 99.5. Peters won the cast off with a score of 99.8.

Mrs. John Casey won the city championship for the women, with a score of 99.2. The all around city championship was won by O. H. Peters, with Walter Newcomb, national ½ ounce distance champion, as runner-up.

* * *

Cottonwood, Minn.—W. J. Huddleston reports that their chapter put on a dance on the 29th of September and raised over $130.00, which fund will be used for the

the state from two weeks to three days with a bag limit of five birds (male) for the season. Cottonwood chapter has a membership of 61.

* * *

Wilmette, Ill.—This chapter, recently organized, now has ten members and expects at least twenty-five members by October 15th when the first meeting of the chapter will be held and temporary officers installed. The local sport activities of the Wilmette chapter will consist of casting and gun club shoots, entertainments and joint meetings for either business or social purposes with other nearby chapters.

* * *

Auburn, N. Y.—The nucleus of a new chapter has been formed here by A. P. Lodewick, national organizer. Paul A. Ross was appointed temporary secretary and treasurer of the new chapter which was formed at an enthusiastic meeting. Dr. John Ruskin, national organizer, and nationally known sportsman, will be the principal speaker at the next meeting of the local chapter. A roster of 450 members is a desire of the organizers and judging from the enthusiasm displayed they will not experience much difficulty in reaching this number.

* * *

Old Forge, N. Y.—H. F. Crofut, secretary, reports the opening of a big membership campaign, through the "Adirondack Arrow." The principal reason for the drive is to secure a large enough membership and sufficient funds to carry on the extensive program of restocking streams and lakes in central Adirondack district and the awakening of interest in conservation of wild life and reforestation. Through its activities the chapter plans to bring the central Adirondack territory back to its rightful prominence among Eastern United States hunting grounds. At the conclusion of the drive, the members will stage a big get-together meeting of the chapter members and their friends at which time there will be a special entertainment and addresses by men of prominence.

* * *

Pasadena, Calif.—Mr. Townsend E. Davis of Pasadena reports that a very active program of the local chapter will be started immediately. Their plans call for a ruling to permit fishing in reservoirs near Pasadena, and Los Angeles, and they will seek to stock game preserves and urge repeal of the law forbidding hunters to bring deer into Los Angeles. We are glad to hear of such activity from our West coast chapters.

* * *

Tallahassee, Fla.—The charter membership list of the new Tallahassee chapter is rapidly growing as hunters and users of rod and reel add their names to the charter list. Mr. Hugh Gulley of the Florida division has secured the co-operation of J. B. Royall, Florida game and fish commissioner, and the "Florida Morning State," Tallahassee's leading news-

paper, and the local sportsmen. From the present indications Tallahassee will be represented by one of the largest chapters in the state.

* * *

Scottsburg, Ind.—This chapter held their charter night ceremonies recently and after enjoying a good dinner, Toastmaster R. E. Korte and Grover Walters of the Indiana division reviewed the activities of this chapter during the short time since the granting of the charter. Dr. F. W. Samuel of Louisville, Kentucky, entertained the members with a lecture considered a masterpiece of composition and rhetoric. The program was concluded by Mr. Sidney Esten and R. F. Willcox of the department of conservation with illustrated lectures on birds and forestry.

* * *

Pasadena, Calif.—This chapter has started a membership drive backed by written endorsements of the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchant's Association, the School Board and the Forest Service. Townsend E. Davis, president of the chapter, addressed the faculty and students at Pasadena High School, Junior College. G. S. Skutt, superintendent of the City Park Department, and J. P. Welsh, veteran sportsman, also gave very interesting talks.

* * *

Lafayette, Ind.—Resolutions protesting against continued abuse of the Tippecanoe River by the operators of electric power dams at Norway and Oakdale and asking that something be done to remedy the situation, were adopted at a recent meeting by owners of riparian rights, along the lower Tippecanoe and members of the local chapter. President Fred L. Dobelbower presided.

* * *

Topeka, Kan.—Secretary E. G. Matheus reports that they are carrying out some very constructive plans through the cooperation of the local boy scouts. They have formed a trap shooting, bait and fly casting and archery club and are now giving their attention to a rifle range.

* * *

Harrisburg, Penna.—C. E. P. Murray advises that through the kindness of Mr. C. E. Dennis of Bedington, West Virginia, the chapter has obtained the use of a spring fed pond for trout culture. Mr. Scott of the U. S. Dept. of Fisheries has pronounced the pond suitable for 50,000 yearling trout. The pond has an area of 9,000 square feet and is fed by a big spring.

* * *

Lenora, Kans.—This chapter recently received a large consignment of channel cat, black bass, blue gill, croppie, yellow perch, rock bass and bull head from the Kansas state fish and game department for distribution in neighboring waters. The shipment was consigned to the local chapter and the distribution was conducted by the state deputy warden, W. T. Skaggs.

* * *

Harrisburg, Penna.—The monthly bulletin of the Pennsylvania division reports that the following new chapters have been organized in this state since September the first: McVeytown, Beallsville, Pine Grove, Furnace, Wormleysburg, Reynoldsville, Marietta and Grove City. Two hundred and fifty-three members were gained during this period in this state.

* * *

Tulsa, Okla.—If any of you boys want to read a real live local chapter bulletin, write to Mr. Wm. L. Miller, secretary of the Tulsa chapter and ask them for a copy of the "Buzzer." It's hot stuff.

* * *

Kimball, Nebr.—T. E. Adams reports that the local chapter members seined the spillway and irrigation ditches of the Kimball County Irrigation Company's works.

At a very conservative estimate over two tons of suckers were removed from the waters and disposed of, to get rid of this fish.

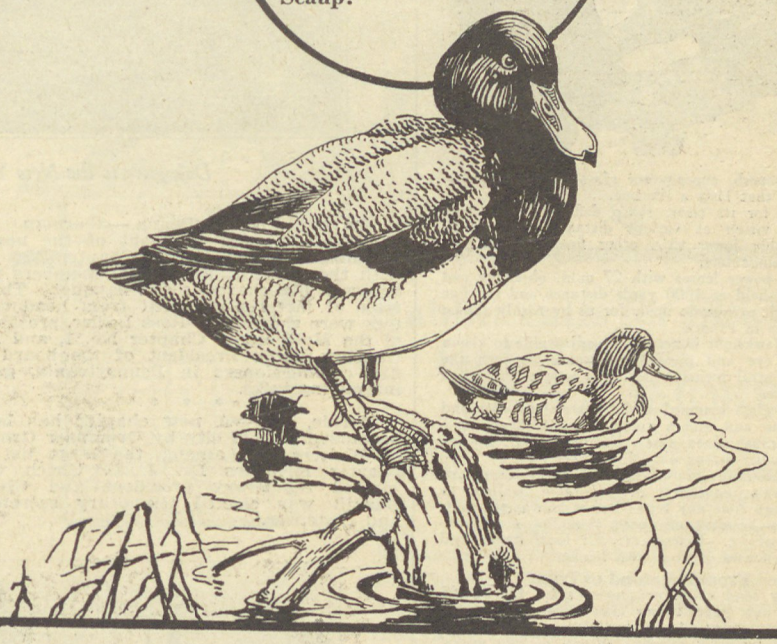
At the same time over two tons of game fish consisting of croppie, perch and black bass were removed from the ditches and placed in another reservoir where they might live; the local chapter is very active in conservation work.

THE New York State Division of the League formed at Utica, September 30th, have opened offices at 113 White Bldg., Utica, New York, with a competent stenographer in charge. All members of chapters in New York state are cordially invited to make this office their headquarters when in Utica. Telephone 9960. LEON W. PORTER is secretary-treasurer of the State Division.

Broadbill

(known also as Bluebill and Scaup Duck)

Flight Marks:—Black head and breast, blue bill, white speculum, white belly. "Rafts" in great salt water bays October to April. Utters discordant "Scaup! Scaup!"

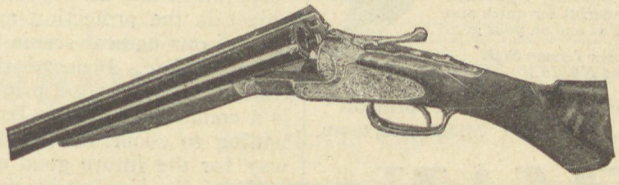


Get 'em with an L. C. Smith Long Range Gun

ONE hundred ten miles an hour—and there's many a disappointed gunner who'll swear the Broadbill will do better when he really steps on the gas! Lead him man, if you expect to stop him!

Chambered for the high-power 3-inch shell, the L. C. Smith Long Range Gun shoots a killing pattern at nearly twice the range of the ordinary gun—and gives you more time to judge your lead.

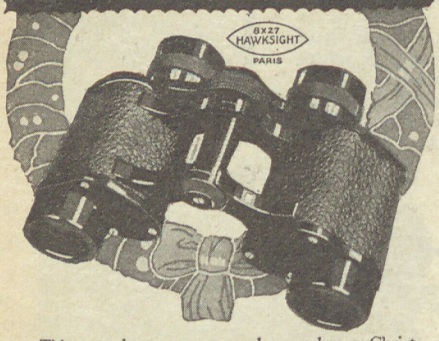
Before you buy *any* gun, examine this one at your dealer's, and write for Catalog M48.



HUNTER ARMS COMPANY INC.
FULTON NEW YORK

McDONALD & LINFORTH
Pacific Coast Representatives
Call Building San Francisco, Calif.
Export Office: 50 Church Street, New York City

Super Power HAWKSIGHT $24.85



This superb, super-power glass makes a Christmas gift that lasts a lifetime.

Noted for its clear, sharp definition and wide field of vision at various distances, yet priced considerably lower than other finely made, high quality binoculars.

The 8-power lenses with 27 m.m. objective and 119-yard field at 1000 yards distance and the fine achromatic prisms are made for us by highly skilled specialists in France.

The Hawksight is accurately adjustable to vision of each eye and pupillary distance between the eyes. Central focusing device is simple and quick to operate.

Every glass stamped with its serial number and our name and comes complete with heavy sole leather, plush lined case. Entire weight of glass and shoulder straps *only 25 ounces*.

Our absolute guarantee, backed by over half a century's reputation of honorable dealing, to replace *any time* any Super-Power Hawksight that, except by accident or abuse, does not give satisfactory service. References: All local banks and business houses or your own banker.

Prompt Refund of Price

Merely send check or money order for $24.85 and the new Super-Power Hawksight will be sent you immediately, all carrying charges *paid*.

If not perfectly satisfied at end of two weeks' trial it is a truly wonderful value in an exceptionally high grade binocular, return it at our expense and full purchase price will be promptly returned to you.

Place order now for *immediate* delivery.

A. K. HAWKES COMPANY
33-D Whitehall St. *(Opticians)* Atlanta, Ga.

Now I Can *Shoot*

I can see all of my target clearly with this Lyman aperture rear sight. Wonderful for quick aim and sure hits. Put one on your gun.

Send 10c for new Lyman Sight Catalog No. 15.

The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation
120 West St., Middlefield, Conn

LYMAN SIGHTS

LIFE-LIKE DECOYS
The "Pitts Adapter" is a simple device, easily attached, that makes any decoy's head turn naturally.
Write for circular
TUERK MFG. CO.
32 No. Jefferson St. Chicago, Ill.

Delegates to the New York State Convention at Utica.

Beaver Falls, Penna.—Sherman L. Roney, temporary president of the newly organized Beaver Valley Chapter No. 94, with the cooperation of local members put across a big charter night banquet. Three reels of pictures obtained from headquarters were shown and Ross Leffler, president of the McKeesport Chapter No. 1, and Dr. Charles Reitel, President of the board of fish commissioners in Pennsylvania, gave interesting talks.

* * *

Markle, Ind.—A new chapter has been organized in this city by Organizer Grover J. Walters and among the large list of charter members Dr. J. L. Ulrich was elected temporary president and Glenn Gaskill was elected temporary secretary and treasurer.

Evanston, Ill.—Members of the newly organized Evanston chapter recently met to discuss the preliminary plans for the first banquet to be held early in November and to enjoy a series of "indoor-outdoor" treats. Motion pictures showing the thrilling trouting expedition on the Nipigon: salmon fishing in New Brunswick, and bear, goose and duck hunting in the west. Fred Peet, one of the national founders of the League, was present with interesting slides depicting his recent fishing trip in New Brunswick. The membership is now well over 50 with applications coming in daily. Vice President Chas. G. Dawes presented his check for annual dues and his name is now on the roll of the Evanston chapter.

Lancaster, Penna., Chapter Advertises.

A *FISH* ladder has been placed in the dam of the Marquette Cement Company, which holds back the waters of the Vermilion River at Oglesby, Illinois. This fish ladder was built by the cement company at the suggestion of the Oglesby Chapter of The Izaak Walton League, and it is an excellent example of friendly cooperation between a so-called soulless industrial corporation and an organization whose object is the protection and conservation of our natural scenic beauties, fish and game life. It proves that an industrial concern, whose primary purpose is a commercial one, is both ready and willing to cooperate in any reasonable way for the future good of society.

The following is a brief sketch of the different steps taken in securing the ladder.

The Oglesby Chapter first wrote to the Department of Conservation of the State of Illinois, Wm. J. Stratton, director, asking for information concerning laws requiring fish ladders in dams across streams, and also specifications for such ladders. The Chapter was referred by the Department of Conservation to Wm. F. Mulvihill, Superintendent of Waterways, 950 Transportation Building, Chicago. Mr. Mulvihill, upon receipt of the inquiry, promptly sent one of his engineers to Oglesby to take the necessary measurements. As a result a set of blueprints and specifications for the fish ladder was furnished to the Chapter by the State, free of cost. These were turned over to Mr. Richard Moyle, General Superintendent for the Marquette Cement Company, and the fish ladder was constructed.

Waltonian observers state that the steps of this ladder have been filled with fish at different times on their way up the river to spawn, which shows that the finny tribe that inhabit the beautiful Vermilion River appreciate and use this modern convenience; and (in their silent way) they undoubtedly join with the Waltonians in thanking the Marquette Cement Company, and the officials of the State of Illinois, for making the fish ladder a reality.

New York Convention

WARD B. EDWARDS of Utica was unanimously elected president of the New York State Division of the Izaak Walton League of America assembled in convention at Hotel Martin, in Utica, N. Y.

Leon W. Porter of Utica was elected secretary and treasurer of the newly formed organization of all the local chapters in the state.

Other officers elected at the session were: Honorary president, Chauncey J. Hamlin, Buffalo; first vice president, J. T. Matson, Jamestown; second vice president, Leon C. Allyn, Rochester; third vice president, Arthur C. Mills, Brooklyn; fourth vice president, Edward W. Cady, Jr., Saranac.

It was decided to hold the next annual meeting of the division in Rochester.

The constitution and by-laws of the New York State Division was read and after some discussion was unanimously adopted. J. S. Wright of Jamestown was chairman of the committee that prepared them.

Several resolutions were adopted by the delegates. W. H. Shaw of Utica was chairman of the committee.

Another resolution called for the New York State Division of the league to give special attention during the coming year to the program of the national association which is to make a concerted effort to prevent the pollution of streams. It was adopted.

The members went to the Drummond Fish Hatchery at Barneveld. It is proposed by the league that the hatchery be taken over. It has not been operated since Jan. 1, 1926.

Upon the return of the members to Utica John B. Burnham, president of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association, addressed the members.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Pres. Chas. W. Folds, Seth E. Gordon and Dr. John W. Ruskin spoke at the evening banquet.

Belle Meade

(Continued from page 7)

would not be courteous in him to antagonize the purposes of those who had called the Assembly.

They urged him to speak notwithstanding, and he made a vigorous speech saying that there was no reason to unduly stimulate immigration, and bring in masses strange to our institutions and aspirations and who might not be assimilable; that the country was growing in population rapidly enough, that our vast territories were our safety valve, that when they should become thickly populated our civilization would recoil upon itself, we would have all the vexatious problems of the overpopulated countries of Europe, and our institutions would become greatly jeopardized.

He also said that he did not want to live where the population was crowded. He told of a time when in his youth he was at school in a thickly populated section. One day while walking in the country he asked for a glass of buttermilk and proffered to pay for it. It was accepted. Accustomed as he had been to feed all comers without stint, he added: "I do not want to live in a country so thickly settled that any human being has to pay for buttermilk." On this subject he said: "Population increases competition, competition reduces wages, reduction of wages generates want, want leads to degradation and crime."

(To be continued)

STANDARD LOADS of DU PONT SHOTGUN POWDERS

Kind of Game	DUPONT OVAL SMOKELESS 12 GAUGE oz / DRAMS / SHOT	16 GAUGE oz / DRAMS / SHOT	20 GAUGE oz / DRAMS	28 GAUGE oz / DRAMS / SHOT	.410 BORE DRAMS / SHOT
Turkey Geese	VELOCITY IN EXCESS OF				* 2¾-4
Brant Large Ducks	3¼ / 1¼	2¾ / 1⅛	2⅜ / 1	1	* 2½-6 Field Load

Kind of Game	DUPONT (Bulk) SMOKELESS 12 GAUGE oz / DRAMS / SHOT	16 GAUGE oz / DRAMS / SHOT	20 GAUGE oz / DRAMS	28 GAUGE oz / DRAMS / SHOT	.410 BORE DRAMS / SHOT
Medium Ducks Prairie Chicken Pheasants	3¼ / 1¼	2¾ / 1	2⅜	⅞	6
Squirrels Rabbit	3 / ⅞	2½ / 1	2⅛	¾	6
Small Ducks Pigeons Doves	3¼ / 1⅛	2¾ / 1	2⅛	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3 / 1 or 1⅛	2½ / 1	2⅛	⅞	8
Reds Kill Birds	3 / 1	2½ / 1	2⅛	¾	10
Trapshooting	3 / 1⅛	2½ / 1	2⅛	¾	7½

BALLISTITE (Dense) SMOKELESS
If BALLISTITE (dense) Powder is desired order by grains. A comparison follows of Bulk and Dense Loads.

DRAMS	GRAINS	DRAMS	GRAINS
2½ equivalent to	70	2½ equivalent to	70
2¾ "	77	2¾ "	77
3 "	84	3 "	84
3¼ "	91	3¼ "	91

* In 12-Gauge loads only. Use No. 7 Shot.

Rabbit calls for SPEED for DU PONT BULK SMOKELESS

EARS flat on his back, greasin' across the stubble like a shadow, hittin' for his burrow . . . you gotta shoot quick . . . and you gotta kill from a long range . . . but you'll get him dead to rights if you've done some long-range thinkin' and got shells loaded with Du Pont Bulk Smokeless, the highest velocity, cleanest burning, safest killing "bulk" powder made. Always gives you the same results because it keeps good. Uniform pattern! Easy on the shoulder! Made differently from any other bulk smokeless; that's why the majority of shells are loaded with Du Pont Bulk.

For real heavy loads only—when you're hunting large ducks, geese, brant, turkey and grouse—ask for shells loaded with DU PONT OVAL, the new powder that is 10% to 15% more effective than any other powder on the market.

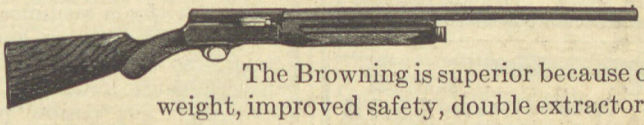
Don't guess about your loads. Use the Du Pont Standard Loads Chart in your dealer's store for the same reason you sight a gun—so you'll hit what you shoot at.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Sporting Powder Division
WILMINGTON DELAWARE

SPECIFY DU PONT POWDERS

BROWNING AUTOMATIC SHOTGUNS

12 AND 16 GAUGE



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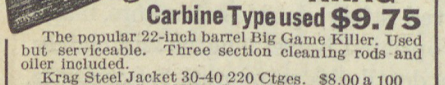

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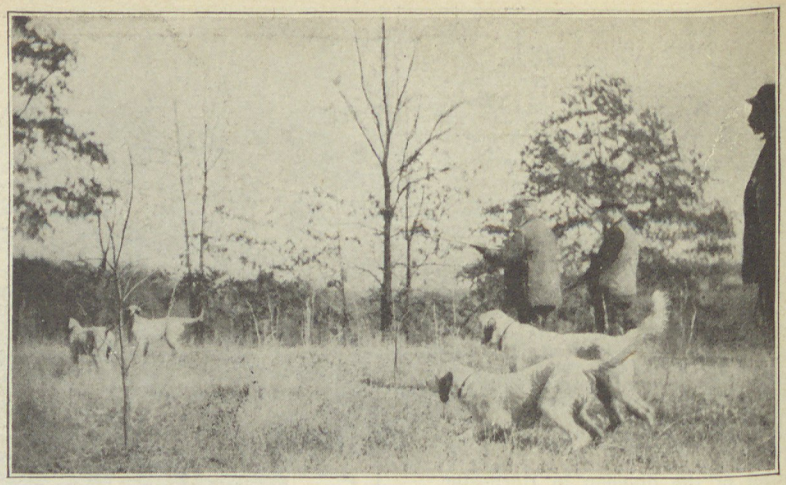

Charles W. Folds and "Von," of that famous pair, Von Lengerke and Antoine, spend a day after quail.

Field Guns

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY

Quail Shooting and Lightweight Shotguns

IF there is the least indication of outdoor blood in the veins of a sportsman and he is so situated that he is able to take advantage of an opportunity to get out during the quail season you are pretty sure to find him in the quail fields and coverts because, in his mind, nothing compares with quails as a game bird. We are pretty well contented with limits, however drastic they may be, but have always felt that sportsmen in certain regions who have paid for the protection of quail through their own efforts and individual expenditure had something pretty tough put over on them when they were deluded into having these birds placed on the song bird list under stress of the promise that as soon as they increased in numbers, shooting on a small scale would be permitted. But an open season never came for them and the pity of it all is that where quail shooting has been stopped completely in this way to satisfy the ideas of paid bird enthusiasts they have not increased in numbers a whit more than where they were legally killed during a short open season and where a bag limit prevailed.

Possibly I am sentimentally inclined toward quail shooting and accordingly class it as the greatest of all shooting sports because it was my first and last love. For one reason, particularly, I take issue against all bird enthusiasts who have placed them on the song bird list in some states, because they are woefully ignorant of the habits of quails; also, I do not think the American boy should be denied a part of the increasing numbers by men who have world wide records as slaughterers of big game and never consider stopping shooting until funds were created to pay them salaries for their efforts. Furthermore, during a period out of doors covering very close to thirty-five years, I never saw a darned one of these paid conservationists ever out in the open, facing the snow storm to feed the bevies of quail which absolutely needed their assistance. So when you get your gun down this fall for a trip after quail and one of these paid bird protectors assails your sport, ask him how many bevies of birds he fed last year or the year before, and if he cannot answer truthfully that he covered a pretty good territory scattering grain or carrying out bundles of millet or sorghum, drop him from your list of real quail protectors and class him as of little help to the game.

All of this is a roundabout way of hinting to sportsmen that they must feed these birds to conserve them, and those who will not help feed them during the stormy periods of winter, when they realize what they have to face, lack both sportsmanship and a true sense of conservation. If they will feed, they will keep over lots of fertile seed for the next year's shooting; for more quail are killed by the birds starving to death in bad winter weather than the combined efforts of all men and dogs pursuing them legally.

Perhaps some will not agree with me

and that is their privilege. They have reasons for their opinions and it would be silly on my part to say that they are wrong simply because our ideas on a certain subject vary.

I know that many will certainly agree with me that quail shooting teaches quick aligning, pressing the trigger properly, avoiding flinching, which is after all the most valuable essential of the art of wing shooting and if a man learns to shoot quail he has no trouble mastering the art of wing shooting at any other flying wild creatures.

You must be able to shoot in the open and shoot in both sparse and dense cover before being able to call yourself even a fair quail shot. This necessitates a knowledge of snap shooting, and yet you have the privilege of snap shooting or taking a little time in the open, for these little brown birds are speed merchants that start at an unbelievably fast clip. The best advice to offer a beginner is for him never to look for easy shots nor even to contemplate them. If you do you will cultivate a bad case of hesitancy, which is a mighty serious fault. Go ahead from the first and instill in your mind the idea that the more difficult the shots the better it suits you, because they all look alike to you, and you can achieve them without effort. In the next place, declare that nothing will cause you to get off your poise when you hear the roar of wings as the fast flyers seemingly spew up at your very feet. Caution yourself against being startled, for it will cause you to jerk your trigger and no mortal alive ever became a good wing shot who had the fault of jerking the trigger of a shotgun while he was aiming at flying game. Then, too, a little excitement of any sort will cause this handicap to appear.

After you have been in the field a great number of years, from the time of your teens to a like age of the writer, when he is gray headed and his crop of hair is mighty scarce, you realize you have absorbed things, and some of your greatest failings were not attending to the advice of others. It is a confirmation of the old adage that two or three heads have more sense in them than one. In late days we alter this into the statement that the man who thinks he knows more about shooting or anything else, than experience has taught several others, he falls like old Lucifer, never to get up on his legs again. Doubtless, the metaphor needs a bit of criticism, but it was so much like my own shooting days as a novice I cannot help repeating it. Personal conceit for a long time robbed me of the opportunity of becoming a fair shot as early as some other boys. They listened to others and progressed rapidly. I paid attention only to myself and thus was not able to criticize my failings. Whether you are wing shooting with an expert or only a fair shot and cannot see why you are missing, do not be afraid or ashamed to ask advice of your companion. He will watch you, observe carefully why you are not shooting

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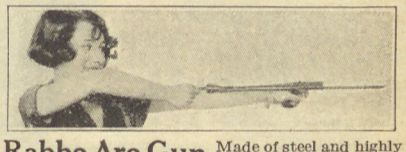

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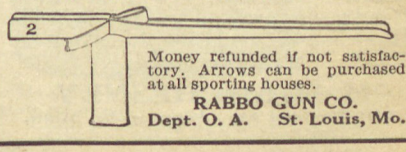

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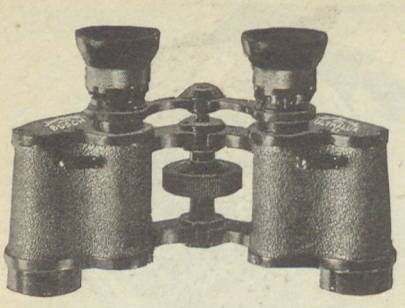

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H. H. McCHESNEY

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properly and right off show you the key to success.

One of the errors of the beginner is to fire right at a flock of quail without taking aim at a particular one. No shotgun pattern has ever been created to achieve success in this manner. Then another fault is to take time to pick out a bird with your eye, and after you have decided on one, however quickly you do it, then to aim. Quail are too fast fliers to get caught that way. They get out of killing range often before you can say Jack Robinson.

First of all, when you approach the pointing dog, never look down to see where the bird is or try to speculate on which way it will fly or where it will get up. As sure as you do in your early days you are bound to have a very slight nervous seizure, just enough so you cannot hold properly on your game and you are certain to jerk the trigger.

The best way is to walk right up to your dog, look straight ahead and not at the dog, and if you are nervous put your teeth together as slightly as possible and control your nerves. Some may laugh when I speak of people being nervous during a quail hunt when they go up to a pointing dog, yet I have seen hundreds of old men who have faced their grizzly and moose calmly, begin to shake a little either with apprehension or queer expectancy when they go behind a pointing dog to flush a bevy of quail. Pay no attention to the dog; flush the birds and instead of looking for a bird first and then aiming, come up with your gun to your shoulder and let sound direct you to the bird. Find it with your gun and, when you do, quickly press your trigger. That is the secret of getting started right and controlling your nerves, as well as holding on your game before the fast chaps have time to get out of range.

Generally, most quail shooting, in fact nearly all, is accomplished within thirty yards of the hunter. Be careful not to lead crossing birds too far like you would a duck, though the quail seem to be flying ever so fast. Just a foot is sufficient. Swing with them, and do not stop your swing at the moment you fire but let the recoil of the gun do it and thereby avoid the old fault of jerking the trigger.

Birds in cover are not easy to master. They start faster than a ruffed grouse and they will hit for the densest parts of the thickets and do quite a bit of confusing flying when they seemingly interpose numerous trees or lots of brush between themselves and the speeding shot. You have to learn to catch them before they get behind concealments of this sort and learn the mingled art of quickly holding and snap shooting. Get right on the birds the instant they rise and press your trigger, holding slightly above them because in dense cover they always tower to get above it. Even crossing birds must be caught in the openings because we have not yet seen quail loads made, even in this great period of ammunition progress, that would pass through a tree and kill a bird.

Sometimes in very close growing thickets birds will flush and never fly over a foot above the ground while they are making their getaway. You have to snap shoot at these difficult presentations, holding slightly in advance of them. If you miss a few do not be discouraged, for the men who make kills regularly when quail are flying in this manner have never yet appeared in any shooting ground which I have visited. It is a hard shot and when you average three out of five you have reason to feel toppy over your performance.

If you are going to pursue the sport of quail shooting equip yourself with a lightweight shotgun. Except in the far South, you are walking nearly all the time while hunting. Every ounce counts, and by noon an ounce feels like two pounds. After you have tramped over the usual varied rough country where you have to go to hunt quail successfully, a heavy gun will come to weigh, in your imagination, about five times what you ordinarily estimated. You cannot shoot well after you begin to suffer fatigue from carrying a heavy gun. Any gun is heavy which causes one to suffer fatigue from it. Naturally the twenty and sixteen gauges effectively solve the problem of lightweight arms for quail hunting. But there are worlds of sportsmen who still love to shoot twelve gauges, and to them it can be truthfully said that it is no trouble now to get field guns weighing 6, 6¼ and up to seven pounds in this bore, beautifully built and balanced. We used to think these could only be obtained abroad, but at present our American Gunmakers are manufacturing elegant lightweights which are a real pleasure to own.

Those who previously have shot heavy twelves or even ordinary weight twelves, should get acquainted with their lightweights before taking them afield. If they do they will cut down their rate of missing and measure bigger in the hit column. In advance they may not think that the change in weight will affect their shooting, but it certainly will in every instance unless they try them a few days at the trap or elsewhere before they open the quail season with them.

There is no need of heavy loads with quail. Light loads are preferable and they will stop the fastest flying birds effectively. I can make one statement which is not liable to contradiction in many places, and that is No. 8 shot are about the best size to use for early, midseason and late birds. I prefer drop shot to chilled though I have to admit that chilled shot backed by modern smokeless powder makes the best and most even pattern. Nevertheless, I still have an odd fancy of which I cannot rid myself, that soft shot flattens easier and has greater stopping qualities, so that birds are not so inclined to pull away and die later on where they cannot be found.

Questions and Answers

WHAT IS IT?

T. B., Iron Mountain, Mich.—I have acquired a gun, evidently of German make and don't know where I can get ammunition for it. I would like you to tell me the caliber of it from the following description. Just over the breech there is the word DANZIG showing a crown and the figures 1918. The front sight is a large affair with a guard on each side and is numbered 78. The rear sight is adjustable and is numbered from 3 to 20 on the front and from 4 to 20 on the rear side. On the side of the breech I find KAR-98. Breech and barrel are numbered 8073. It is bolt action, and I was told that all metal parts were at one time cased in wood. The magazine holds 5 shells and the barrel one. If you can tell me the caliber and where I can get shells for same I will be much obliged.

Answer: We believe the rifle is a 7.9MM (.31 caliber) Mauser Carbine. This is the model 1898 used in the world war. For ammunition, try Francis Bannerman Company, 501 Broadway, New York City. They advertise this ammunition at $9.50 per hundred.

.41 BLANK CARTRIDGES

D. W. M., Ann Arbor, Mich.—Would it be possible for you to tell me how or furnish me the information, so that I might find out the procedure necessary to make blank cartridges for a forty-one caliber Colt revolver? Do you know of anyway that I might obtain these cartridges? I understand the Winchester people do not make them any more.

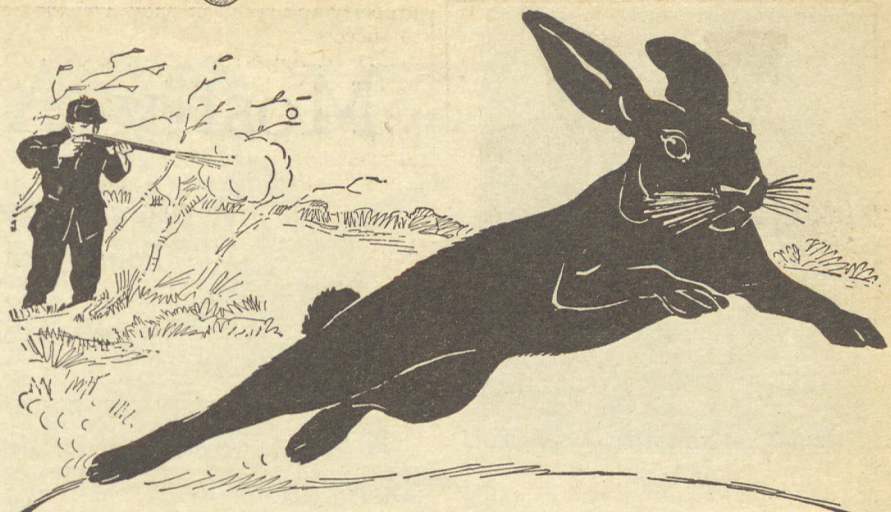
Answer: We have been unable to locate a source from which you may obtain .41 caliber blank cartridges. There is so little demand for cartridges for the old double action frontier model that the ammunition companies have not seen fit to manufacture them. I would suggest that you buy the regular .41 caliber cartridge, remove the bullet and substitute a light cardboard wad to retain the powder. A very small amount of melted paraffine will also retain the powder and is more easily prepared than the paper wads.

WHAT MAKES THE WHISTLER WHISTLE

H. B., Green Bay, Wis.—Regarding the Golden Eye Whistler, what caused the whistling noise while the bird is in flight: wings or mouth? Most of my hunting is for the whistler and I will thank you for this information.

Answer: The whistling sound made by this bird is caused by the wings. It nests in hollow trees and occasionally in hollow stumps and lines its nest with down. It breeds in high northern latitudes as far as the northern tree limits.

(*Continued on page 49*)



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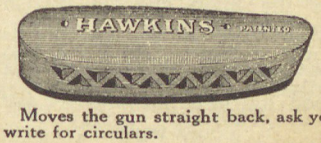

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"Oh, Boy!"

Mostly About Boys

Written by the Waltonians of Tomorrow and Edited

By BEN EAST

WELL, fellows, December is here, and December means Christmas. Christmas is a good time to talk about prizes, so here's the list for the best letters of the year.

1st, Iver Johnson .20 gauge, single barrel shotgun.

2nd, Southbend Anti-back-lash casting reel.

3rd, Marble Hunting Knife.

The judges will be busy by the time you are reading this, and 'long about four or five days before Christmas we'll mail out the prizes to the three lucky fellows. They ought to arrive by Christmas morning.

I think they are pretty fine prizes. What do you think about it? Write me a letter, all of you, and let me know.

Horicon, Wisconsin.

Dear Editor:

Being very interested in your stories "Mostly About Boys," I will try to interest you in a story about hunting on Horicon Marsh.

One stormy, cold morning, late in October, my father and I went about four miles up the river. From this spot to the place we wanted to hunt was a mile of hard pushing. After an hour's work we finally reached our destination, and were nicely in our blind for morning shooting.

Minutes seemed like years to me until my father said, "Be quiet," and then, "Bang!" I being so excited over this immediately asked, "What is it?" thinking it was a nice big mallard. But to my disappointment it was only a teal. Not long after this my father saw a duck light into the grass about two blocks away. Going over there we found that it must have gone in the grass farther away, because we could not find it.

Going back to the blind we discovered that a duck had flown into the decoys, while we were away. Getting this one now, we had two ducks, which is enough for an enjoyable hunting trip. Then we picked up our decoys, and started for the main channel, which seemed like five miles instead of one, because I was so tired. As I got into my father's boat I decided that I had spent a good morning hunting on the marsh.

Yours truly,
Alfred Lehman.

Two ducks is enough, Alfred, and we are glad to hear from a boy who thinks so.

Park Rapids, Minn.

Dear Editor and Fellows:

I wonder if there is room for me around the fire. I have been very cold in the shadows. If you are interested in a fish story here is one for you.

My Dad and I went out to a beautiful lake near here. We fished for half of an hour when I got a whale of a strike. I played the fish for twenty minutes before I saw him. I landed him and he weighed 12 pounds. About the time we were ready to quit I hooked and landed one that weighed 9 pounds. Both were Great Northern pike. I have both my mother's and my Dad's word for it.

Yours truly,
Jim Heddon.

We'll take your word for it, Jim, and they were both good fish!

1004 N. Crawford Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

Your statement, "The wild fowl will soon be down," reminds me of an experience I had last year about the end of October.

My father and his partner had gone up to Fox Lake for the shooting from twelve to two in the afternoon, leaving me at home. Our cottage is on Squaw Creek, only a mile or so away from Fox Lake.

At twelve o'clock the guns all started shooting at once. Down the channel over our cottage hundreds of mud hens (coots) flew, but none close enough for a shot.

Soon the numbers of mud hens flying around our cottage lessened and some flew very low. Then one swam from around a bend only a few hundred feet up the creek. Keeping my eyes on the bird, I crept up to the house and got a .410 gauge shot gun from the porch. Putting a shell in the gun I crept close to the edge of the water. Just as I was going to shoot he started pattering over the water as coots always do preparatory to flight. Now or never! I raised the gun and fired.

The hen flew a bit farther and then dropped in the water in a death struggle. I rowed out in the water and got him.

How elated I was over my victory. I had shot my first mud hen at the age of twelve.

Yours truly,
Charles Dussmann.

It's the first one you get that brings the thrill, all right, Charles. I know how you felt, for I remember my first coot, too.

Sollitt, Illinois.

Hello, Fellows:

Have you room for me around your fire? Well, I sure hope so.

The other day my Dad and I were sitting around reading some papers when all of a sudden he says, "let's go fishing." Naturally, I agreed. Mr. Rust, one of our neighbors, stepped in about this time. We asked him if he would like to join us and he said he would. He went home and got his rod and reel and then we started out. The place we were headed for was about 14 miles from home.

The closest we could get with the car was about one-half mile from the lake. We then walked to it. When we got there we could only get a little boat, not big enough to hold three. So my Dad and I got into the tub, as we called it, and started paddling to the other side where there was a bigger boat. We hooked the big boat to the little boat, and then we started out for the other side again. When we got there we all got in the bigger boat and started fishing. On several occasions I caught hidden moss. Every time I'd catch this stuff I'd say, "I got one!" Mr. Rust and Dad certainly had a good time laughing at me when I'd say this. After casting about an hour and a half I did hook one. My Dad and Mr. Rust said that I said, "Here is one that is not going to get away." This I do not recall. I played the fish a little while but not very long, as I had lost a few in this manner. I landed it while Dad and Mr. Rust sat and laughed at me. After it was landed I weighed it and it tipped the scales at 4¼ pounds. I have not yet told you it was a large mouthed black bass. A little later Dad caught a nine-inch bass which he threw back into the water just because he is a loyal Waltonian.

This is the largest fish I ever caught casting. I am just twelve years old, and go fishing during my vacation about four times a week. Enclosed is a picture of myself and my catch.

Yours truly,
Edwin Schmidt.

The fellow that laughs last gets the best laugh after all, on a fishing trip, doesn't he, Edwin?

Edwin C. Schmidt, Jr.

Dear Editor and fellows:

I have been listening to your yarns and have been silent as long as possible. I will tell you about a panther experience. I have been in the woods all the spare time I get and intend to be a woodsman when I get bigger.

Last summer I lived in Nebraska City, Nebraska, and one summer day, my friend Cecil Witty and I decided to go out in the woods and spend a night. We pitched camp although we had no tent. I brought a blanket but Cecil forgot his. When night came we cut some weeds and put them on the ground then the blanket over them. Cecil took most of the cover so I lay awake shivering because the nights were chilly, even in summer. Now there was a panther in the very woods we were in and as the fire died down on the trail, which rose up a hill with bushes on both sides, I saw a figure start creeping down. Believe me if I ever was scared I sure was then. I had my heart in my mouth and it almost stopped beating. I had my .22 rifle but had no thought of it. I got up enough courage to throw some wood on the fire and as it blazed up the figure leaped away. I awakened Cecil and said I was getting shaky and told him what I saw. It did not take us long to break our camp and make tracks for home. We crept in the yard. We tried not to wake mother up but she had too sharp ears. The next morning we had a man look at the tracks as it had rained a few days previous. He told us they were the panther tracks and we stayed away from there for a while.

A faithful reader,
CHESTER FINLAYSON.

An exciting adventure, Chester; we were glad to hear about it.

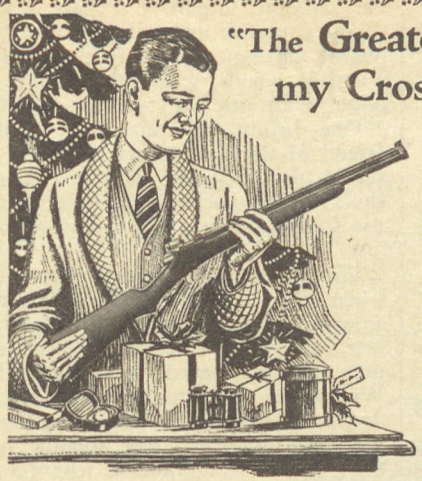
* * *

322 G. St., N. E.,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor and Gang:

Every month that I have had a chance to read your campfire stories I

"The Greatest Xmas Gift of all—my Crosman Pneumatic .22"



"Power Without Powder"

You couldn't pick a gift that men would appreciate more. The Crosman Pneumatic is the most remarkable rifle that has appeared in years—a .22 rifle that uses no powder, has accuracy not obtainable in any other .22 gun, abundant power, never needs cleaning, is silent and scientifically correct. The delight of men who glory in precision shooting and the ownership of a handsome, powerful gun.

Accuracy that surprises

Even seasoned sharp-shooters find this remarkable rifle accurate beyond anything in their experience. Absence of powder-deposit in barrel keeps it true, from first shot to last—like shooting a newly-cleaned gun every shot. With it he can put bullet after bullet through same hole, establish new high records and astonish his friends.

Never needs cleaning

Powderless, smokeless, almost noiseless. Never needs cleaning—every bullet passing through barrel acts like a swab, leaving it brighter and cleaner. He can shoot all day, then put gun away and rest while his friends mess with oily, blackened rags. The next day he can outshoot them again.

Target shooting at home

Set up range in attic or yard. Power adjustable at will. No smoke, no noise to disturb anyone, no shells dropping over floor. He can shoot to his heart's content, any time he feels like it. Use legal in cities.

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Try your dealer first. If he is sold out send $15 ($17.50 west of Rockies); ammunition $2.25 per 1000 (west of Rockies, $2.40); lined gun case $2.25; target holder with bell attachment $2.00; paper targets 50c per 100. All prepaid.

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Wisconsin open season for wild duck until Dec. 20. Minnesota until Dec. 31.

is where you'll find the "cure" for duck fever when it hits you. It's just overnight from Chicago to these favorite haunts where tarry great flocks of duck and geese now headed for the southland.

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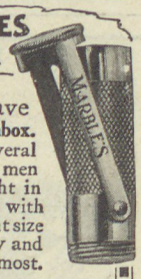
HAVE DRY MATCHES IN WET WEATHER



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Send 25c for Archer's Handbook—tells how to shoot, "point of aim" method, care of tackle, suggestions on game hunting and target shooting. Price lists of game and target outfits, all sizes, also Country Club, Boy Scout and playground assortments, on request.

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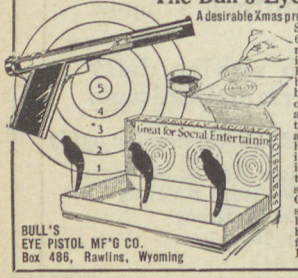
A desirable Xmas present for men, women or boys



Shoots No. 6 shot. Holds 60 shot and loads automatically. Groups in ¼ inch circle at 10 feet. Kills flies but does not break windows. Used by best shooters in the country including many army officers for practice. All shooters can afford this pistol. A high military authority on pistols says: "It is the finest device for teaching marksmanship, I have everseen." Outfit includes target stamp, bird targets, loader, shot and rubbers. Ask your dealer first, then write us. Price complete, $3.00.

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Box 486, Rawlins, Wyoming

have read them with interest. I am very anxious to pull up a chair in front of the campfire and tell you a story of one of my experiences, in the northern Virginia woods, where the rabbits and other small animals roam the forest.

One bright morning Jack Boil, a friend of mine, Bob, my dog, and myself made off to the woods with sling shots in our pockets ready for instant use to run down a rabbit and shoot at him.

We were just entering the woods when all of a sudden Bob made a flash among the trees, and a little later we lost sight of him. I waited a few minutes and soon heard the barks of Bob. We ran in the direction of the sound and soon sighted Bob standing on his hind legs against a tree, looking up at one of the lower branches where a raccoon was looking very miserable. We opened fire with our sling shots as fast as we could. All of a sudden, we saw the raccoon give a jump and he landed on the ground, and made haste to the woods, but Bob and we were on the chase. We chased him for about a half mile before he disappeared in a thick mass of woods. I called Bob and we started for home. Though we did not catch the raccoon we had a good chase, but I hope the boys are interested because I have taken some of my school time to write this letter.

Hoping I haven't taken up too much room, I will close.

Yours truly,
JOSEPH NESLINE.

I wonder if any of the rest of you fellows hunt with a sling shot? If so, have you ever gone after a raccoon? Write and tell us about it. Thanks for your letter, Joseph, and come again.

Saint Paul, Minn.

Dear Editor and Fellows:

A few weeks ago my brother Art and I went with the boy across the street for an afternoon to his cottage on Lake Minnetonka. Of course we both took our fishing tackle and Lemon's outfit was already at the lake. It was a hot day and the lake was smooth as glass, so after fruitlessly casting awhile we gave up and went in swimming. When I came out I left my bathing suit on and rigged up a cane pole with a little Colorado spinner on, waded out to a bar and began to cast, hoping to get at least a "sunny." But luck was against me and I didn't get a single strike. Finally I got to the point where I was aimlessly casting any old place. Suddenly a little minnow came skipping over the top of the water. I cast in his wake, for he surely did leave one, and sure enough I got a peach of a strike. When I finally got the fish in I got a vise-like grip back of the gills and beat it for shore before I dared take the hook out. Then we discovered that the hook was caught in his tongue. I suppose that if that bass had got that tiny hook in his horny lip he would have straightened it out. He wasn't very big, only two and three-fourths pounds, but he put up a mighty game fight. It's pretty close now to the hunting season, and I hope to write you again after I've been hunting.

BILL CRAGG.

A good fish story, Bill. It's the thing you don't expect that makes fishing so much fun, isn't it? Send on your hunting story, and some pictures with it.

418 N. Poplar St.,
Centralia, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

I hope you have a seat for me some place so that I may roast my shins by the fire. This is my first letter; I have never seen the campfire before. I am an exceptionally poor fisherman, always pulling boneheads. The first one I pulled was to go fly-fishing for bass with a short bait casting rod and reel. I was using a pop-it lure bass bug and was fishing in a small lake known as the Old Reservoir. I was fishing in the shallow part where a good many weeds were prominent, and my buddy and I were wading in the lake casting for bass. I had caught three small ones earlier in the day but had given them their freedom, and was approaching a small piece of open water surrounded on all sides by weeds. The water was knee deep and the weeds came to one's waistline. I was making the last cast before going home, and had just cast the bug on the water and was drawing it across the small arena when—bang!—he took it. Shades of Izaak Walton, what had hit my lure? Well, to make the story short, I kept a tight line on the unknown monster and began to draw him in. My buddy grabbed the line and started to lift him up out of the water to get a hold in his gills, but the old lunker weighed too much and the frail hook tore out of his mouth and with a mighty splash he escaped me. Unfortunately, I did not see him as I was keeping a tight line on him, but my buddy described him as a monster king, incapable of being taken by man. This big-mouth, as they are the only kind here in Illinois, still leads a free life with a ripped lip, and I hope he will continue to do so. Many times I have angled for him, but with no success.

Yours truly,
Bennett Forsyth.

A fellow doesn't need to feel bad about the one that gets away, does he, Bennett? You show the right spirit.

909 Ewing Ave.,
South Bend, Ind.

Dear Editor and Boys and Girls:

I am going to tell you about a fishing trip on the Coldwater River. This is the first story I ever wrote. I am only ten years old.

We took our canoe up on the side of our car and put in just below Coldwater. Canoeing down the river for about four hours, we camped just above a little dam. We got the dishes washed and got in the tents when it started to rain. It rained all night but we awoke to a clear day, just the day for fish. Dad and I went up around a little bend in the river. We cast as we went. All at once I thought I was caught on the splatter dock but I soon found it was a

fish. After a time I got him in the boat. I did not have to measure him, but I did. He was seventeen and one-half inches long. I put him on a stringer and cast on up the river. We soon turned around and paddled back.

On the way back the first thing my Dad did was to catch another big mouth bass, thirteen inches long. As we came in sight of camp I caught a fine pike. He got all wound up in the grass, but I landed him all right.

The best fun I had was when we came to where the river was wide and about three feet deep. The water was very clear, with a fine gravel bottom. We were now on the St. Joseph river. I put on Dad's hip boots, and wading out into the stream with a cane pole, I caught rockies about as fast as I could pull them in.

We were on the river two weeks, and it rained most of the time, but we had fun just the same.

Jack Bowe Asire.

A real fishing trip, and good luck for a ten-year-old, Jack. Aren't those canoeing trips fun?

Field Guns

(Continued from page 45)

He is an expert diver and strong flier. The meat is not to be preferred for food. This bird is a common winter duck of the United States and South America. The characteristic mark of this duck is a round or oval white spot in front of the eye. The head is a glossy green.

GUN STOCK MEASUREMENTS

C. M. B., Waseca, Minn.—Please inform me as to the proper way to correctly measure a person to find out what is the right shotgun stock, if such is possible.

Answer: We know of no way to correctly measure a person for a gun stock other than to have the person try several guns, having different stock measurements, in actual practice shooting. The gun that you are able to get the best results with is the one that fits you. There are common opinions which do not always apply; for instance a tall thin person with long arms might think he needed an extra long stock, and the short fellow might want the short stock, whereas a medium length stock might suit both of them better than the two extreme lengths. The drop at the heel and comb cannot be determined by the stature of the person any more than the length of the stock. I would suggest that you try a medium or standard field double gun measurement. An average of several popular field gun measurements is—

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I hereby apply for Membership-at-large in the Izaak Walton League, which includes a membership card, a handsome bronze membership button and one year's subscription to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

If I am accepted I agree to pay $3.00 for the first year's annual dues, and magazine, when bill is presented.

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Here is a letter we received from a lady from way out west:

Gentlemen:
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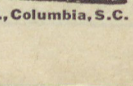

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length 14¼ in., heel 2¾ in. and comb 1⅝ in. The single trap guns run a little different; length 14⅜ in., heel 1⅞ in. and comb 1½ in. In trying out the standard guns, if you shoot low and behind, try a shorter stock; and if high and ahead, try a longer stock.

TELESCOPE SIGHT

J. S. K., Muncie, Ind.—Will you please tell me the advantages of a telescope sight over iron sights for use on a rifle?

Answer: High power telescope sights are a disadvantage because of the small field of vision which appears through the scope: also it appears that the point of the rifle is swinging over a large arc, when in reality it has been but slightly moved. Lower power scopes eliminate this objection by reducing the multiplied movement and increasing the area of the field of vision. This decrease or increase is in direct proportion to the power of the scope. If the object seems to be four times its natural size through the scope, then every movement of the rifle will be magnified four times. A scope sight is a decided advantage in range shooting and the properly mounted low power scope is a big advantage in big game hunting where long shots are necessary and when the game may be partially hidden thereby more easily choosing a vital spot to shoot at.

We will gladly answer all queries on Arms and Ammunition

Tamarack Swamp

(Continued from page 11)

Rabbits abound. Mink haunt the swales. Now and then on our hunting excursions we come to a decaying but still upright tamarack near whose top a dark hole yawns, and whose smooth barked trunk is furrowed with short, narrow scratches, fair proof that in that cavity a raccoon has his nest, perhaps even now is sleeping peacefully there.

Then, too, the swamp is a paradise for the birds that spend the winter with us. Along its edges flit small flocks of twittering goldfinches in their drab winter suits. Morning and evening partridges feed furtively in the small clearings, resting during midday in the densest thickets. Sometimes as one stands motionless watching a runway the silent woods are suddenly alive with restless little pine grosbeaks; or a pair of friendly chickadees come almost within arm's reach.

It is growing late. A grey murk is

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See Page 74 for INDEX of Advertisers (Display)

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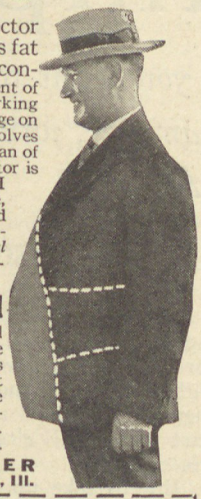

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Northwestern School of Taxidermy 3919 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

obscuring the swamp. Reluctantly we turn our footsteps homeward. At our heels trail the dogs with drooping heads and tails. The dusk deepens, and we are glad to emerge into the open fields. The ground rises gently into a low ridge. On the crest we pause, before us, the windows of the farmhouse glow with a mellow, welcoming light, behind us, the tamaracks have merged into a black, formless mass, lonely and silent, the last defiant remnant of the great wilderness that once covered all these level fields about us. Hark! What is that dull, measured beat that seems to come from afar off? A woodcutter, loath to yield even tonight, is still swinging his axe against an obdurate tree trunk. And that steady beat rings like a portent, foretelling that at no distant date this last vestige of the ancient forests will disappear and with it the rabbit and partridge, sole survivors of the mighty army of game that once inhabited them.

A Plea for the Tippecanoe

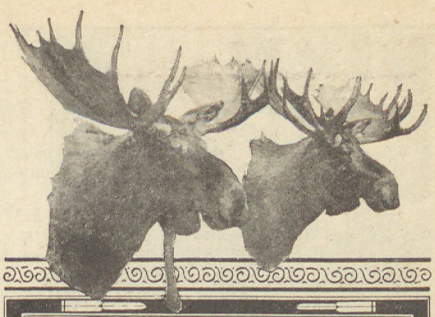
(*Continued from page 19*)

tiful streams abound. No one is against water power—no one is against progress, but why destroy these beautiful streams when we still have billions of tons of coal in the earth to produce stream power, the only answer is—*money*. Not only have huge numbers of spawn and fish been destroyed by the continued closing of the gates at the dams, but many persons owning land and club houses along the river have suffered financial losses this year due to the fact that vacationists have forsaken their usual haunts along the river as a result of the uncertainty of the waters.

In some sections the odor of decayed vegetation has been nearly over-powering. Mr. B. B. Mayhill, editor of the "Delphi Journal," and the writer, both Waltonians, conferred with Governor Ed Jackson at Indianapolis a few weeks ago on conditions existing along the river, with the result that the governor, an ardent fisherman, told the visitors he would do everything in his power to correct the situation.

It is never too late to remedy conditions and with the united effort of our citizens and the riparian rights owner, we are going to be assisted by the greatest organization of its kind in the world, The Izaak Walton League of America, and the time is not far distant when the Tippecanoe River below the dams will be restored to its natural beauty and usefulness as well as to its old time reputation as one of the best fishing streams in the country.

A Member Will Help!



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Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

WITH the aid of a few correspondents like Mr. Nolte, the job of editing the "Real Camping" department would be a sinecure. I am not going to omit any part of his letter to make room for any comments of my own, but next month I will take up, in detail, a number of the points he makes and compare them with my own experience in the same country under similar circumstances. The letter follows:

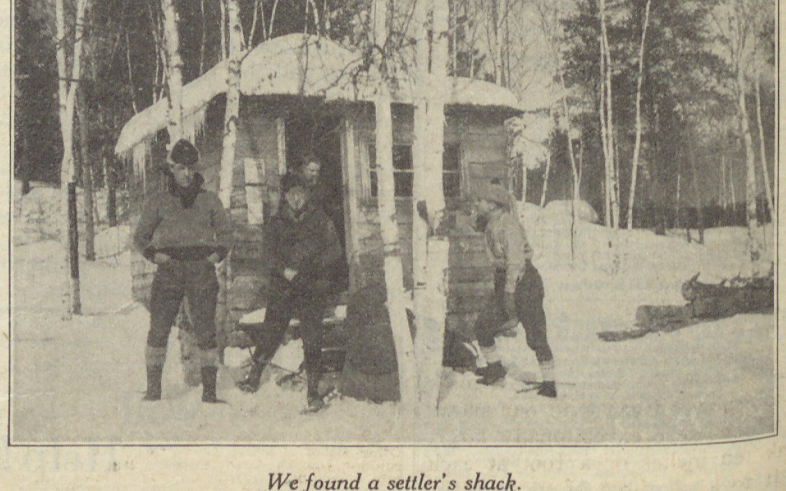
"About twenty-five miles north of Ely, Minnesota, in the heart of the western section of the Superior National Forest, lies a more or less ugly little body of water known as Ninamoose Lake. Legends as to its naming are several, among them being one to the effect that an ignorant—no, an illiterate—trapper, coming upon the lake at eventide in June, saw a moose among the reeds at the river mouth and called it 'One Moose Lake.' Then he saw another moose, so he made it 'Two Moose Lake.' Before very long he had got up to 'Nine Moose Lake,' and that was as high as he could count, so he called it a job. Probably the story is apocryphal, but I have seen old maps on which the lake is named Nine Moose Lake. Apocryphal or not, the tale has what Scott called that truth of fiction which is higher than history, for I myself, coming upon the lake on a day in June, saw with my own eyes *fourteen* moose and three beautiful red deer, all in sight at the same time. At other times, I have more or less repeated the experience; and I have never visited Ninamoose without seeing game.

"Now this lake is inaccessible enough in the summer time, when it must be reached either by a long circuit by canoe from Winton or Harding via the Canadian border, or by a direct route over divides and down swamp streams from Ely. The long route entails some dozen or fourteen portages; the short route some dozen or eighteen, depending upon variations in the course followed. A trio of us, all tenderfeet by your own standard, conceived the brilliant idea of making a winter trek to Ninamoose, just to see whether or not the trip might be made more easily in cold weather, when the streams would be frozen and walking easier. There is no overland trail to the lake; the Ely-Echo telephone line crosses the canoe trail at a point some five or six miles up-stream from Ninamoose. We planned to follow this telephone line as far as possible with the ultimate intention of leaving it and proceeding down river on the ice.

"In the course of our travels, which didn't proceed exactly according to calculations, we learned some things about winter camping which are probably an old tale to you, but which might bear repeating for the information and guidance of other tenderfeet like ourselves.

"In that connection, let me hasten to dispel any impression, however faint, that you may have received to the effect that our experience was not enjoyable. We went in the latter half of February, when the weather was settled and the moon was just on the wane. The days were uniformly cloudless and bright. The nights were quite cold; the thermometer dropped to fifteen or twenty below zero every night. None of us will ever lose the wonderful memory of those glorious days, with the air like wine and the dazzling sunlight streaking down through the snow-mantled forest. Nor will we forget those quiet nights, when the moon transfigured the rugged snowscape into a panorama of pure silver. *We're going again this winter!*

"But to take up the prosaic account of our labors. We didn't know what conditions we might meet, of course, and therefore had to go prepared for almost anything. That meant, as events turned out, considerable overloading. Our diet was easily taken care of. The cold weather enabled us to take some fresh meat, which froze at once and didn't thaw until we ate it. We also took some potatoes and onions, about which the same could be said. For the rest, the usual canoe or cruising viands were used: rice, beans, ham, bacon, flour, corn meal, dried fruits, raisins, chocolate, macaroni, etc. By way of protection, we carried a seven by nine 'A' tent, together with a nine by nine waterproof canvas tarp, with grommets and loops every nine inches around the periphery—a very handy and useful utility feature which you yourself have often recommended. We had half a dozen good blankets and one eiderdown sleeping bag. Of course, we all knew the value of the eiderdown, but we are all impecunious, so the only one we took was the one we borrowed from you. Equipment consisted of two frying pans; one nest of pails; necessary kit of eating utensils; one gasoline light and a quart of extra fuel; two axes



We found a settler's shack.

and an army trenching tool; together with plenty of sash-cord and a few nails.

"For the carrying of this load, we got a small toboggan, about six feet long (perhaps a little less) and about two feet wide. This toboggan was equipped with eyelets and side braces so that the load could be securely fastened. Not having a dog team, we had to pull it ourselves; we therefore had a forty-foot loop of sash-cord in front, and an arrangement in back for the fastening of a guiding pole.

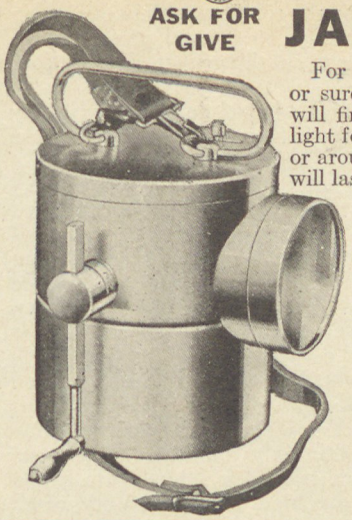
"Personal wear varied a little, but in the main it was simple and effective. One fairly heavy suit of wool underwear, Kersey or other serviceable trousers, rubber shoe-packs over two pairs of heavy wool socks, woolen shirt, sweater and mackinaw or heavy outer stag shirt. For hand covering, each followed his own devices. The conventional wool liners in buckskin mits were my own choice. As a matter of fact, we were bare handed much of the time. One of the party wore a heavy woolen outing cap; another wore a fleece lined aviation helmet; the other a coonskin cap. I think the woolen cap was the best, taking everything into consideration.

"The personnel perhaps deserves a word of comment. Two of us are realtors in private life; the third is secretary to a mining man. None of us is a superman in any sense, let alone physically. I haven't the ringside weights, but Garver is about five feet eleven, and weighs one hundred and sixty odd; MacFadyen and I are about of a height, five feet ten, I should say; he weighs about one hundred and fifty, and I am some twenty pounds heavier. All weights *au naturel*. We all live, as you know, a more or less sedentary life. I mention these facts because I want to impress you with the idea that a trip of the kind we took can be undertaken by anyone with prospect of pleasure.

"Picture this group of three, then, leaving the outskirts of Ely at six o'clock on a cold winter morning, all three a-foot pulling the toboggan. The first five miles of our course lay over a road on which there was in progress the hauling of spruce poles, so we didn't have to don our snowshoes until about eight-thirty, when we reached the place where the Ely-Echo telephone line left the beaten road. At this point we donned our snowshoes, and the battle began.

"Last winter was peculiar in this respect, that we had a very heavy snowfall early in February, which was followed by no wind or blizzard of any sort until after we had made our journey. The snow was deep, and as soft and fluffy as powder. Although we made our trip some weeks after the last snowfall, the snow on the trees had not yet been disturbed. Every pine and fir was bowed with the weight of a thick mantle of snow. Even with our snowshoes, which were exceptionally large, we sank ten inches or a foot at each step. It took all three of us to make

ASK FOR GIVE



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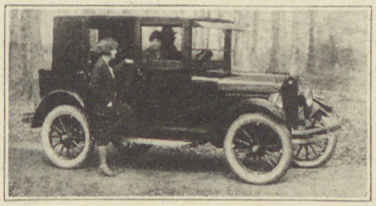

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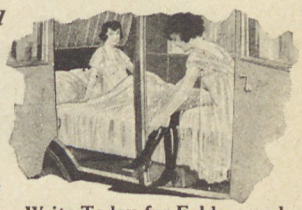

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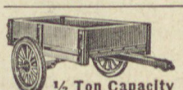

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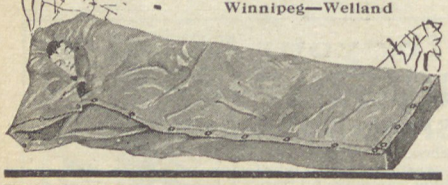

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a trail for the toboggan. There was no crust of any sort, even in relatively open places, a thing that is decidedly unusual.

"The first part of our journey along the telephone line was through these deep drifts and up a hillside with a uniform grade of perhaps fifteen percent. At noon we had just surmounted this hill, a distance which we covered coming back over the broken trail in about twenty minutes. This experience convinces me that over an untrodden course in soft snow the toboggan is no help. We would have had a much easier time had the load been carried on our backs.

"Progress through the heavy snow was unbelievably difficult. The telephone line trail is a summer trail, and follows the high ground. Very often it would make a circuit around a swamp, only to reappear at a point directly across, almost a stone's throw from the point of approach. The line itself was well hidden by the brush, so that we couldn't tell the course of the trail except by following it. Maddened by these unnecessary detours, we once tried to outguess the trail; but we didn't, and lost time wallowing around to find it again. We took turns breaking trail. Very soon the standard distance for the leader came to be fifty paces. That sounds fishy, but it's literally true. We cursed, and blamed our poor condition, but we later met up with some rangers who were in the pink, and they weren't much better off. Had necessity compelled us to do a thing of this sort, any one of us would have looked upon it as something heroic—a sort of "message to Garcia" *tour de force*. But we early decided that time was no object, and the weather was so wonderfully beautiful that it was well worth the unwonted exertion, just to be out in the open at such a time.

"Luck certainly pursued us throughout the trip. At lunch time on the first day, we came upon a settler's shack by the side of a swamp. It was abandoned; and the door was unlocked. It contained a table, some benches, a bunk, and a stove. We ate in style. At about four in the afternoon we came upon the mess hall of a road camp (the farthest north outpost of St. Louis County, Minnesota, on the new road which some want to continue through the Superior National Forest). We quickly decided that it was home for the night. It was one of those portable buildings, assembled in a hurry. The sections were barely upon speaking terms. It soon became evident that there wasn't enough wood in the county to warm the place, so we hung our tarpaulin around an eight-hole cooking range that occupied one corner. With the big stove nearly red hot, one could feel the warmth a good six feet away. We had to go quite a distance for wood, and melted snow furnished the only water supply. We were almost exhausted when we lay down at about eight o'clock upon a bunk which we improvised from lumber found in the building. On the boards we piled some straw ticks which were at hand. Over these we laid our blankets. Then came a layer of tired humanity. Over the humanity lay the eiderdown. I slept farthest from the stove, and I think I remember the others getting in bed after me. Not one of us so much as moved until after eight in the morning. We slept the clock clear around.

"Next day we came upon Joe Pluth and Robert Crowe, national rangers. They had come north on a cruising expedition, and to cut firewood for their cabin at Fenske Lake. There is very little wood available near the cabin, except in a tamarack swamp adjoining the lake, and the swamp is inaccessible in summer. These foresighted young men were cutting the summer's supply when the cutting was good. Lady Luck embraced us again. They weren't through with their work, but they expected to follow along the trail the next day. They most kindly gave us a key to other cabins along the route, and furnished us with full information as to the supplies which the cabins contained. We were thus enabled to leave behind the toboggan and most of our equipment, even the utensils and the axes, and to proceed with practically nothing but our grub. Even with the lesser load, the going was hard enough. The rangers had reached Fenske Lake, which borders the trail, by another route, and the trail beyond was smooth, white, soft. You remember, perhaps, that several years ago I got into a personal argument with a sliding pine tree. At the time, I was thankful to emerge from the hospital still able to walk. In the course of this snow climbing, I pulled a tendon or strained a muscle or something, so I found myself alternately cursing the pine tree for injuring me at all, and cursing it for not doing a complete job. It got to be real agony to walk at all, but there was nothing to do but wallow on. As I have stated, this was a walking tour. With this discomfort, and the general handicap that the unusually soft snow placed upon us, I don't know how easy it would have been for us to camp had we not had the help of the rangers. God bless 'em.

"This second day, we stopped at Spring Creek Ranger Station. This is a cabin near a fine spring, in a setting that was majestically rugged and beautiful in the abundance of snow. We found the cabin well equipped with axes and cross-cut saws, so we soon had a dead Norway down and sawed into lengths for the air-tight stove. Warm and refreshed by a hearty dinner, we stood in front of the cabin in the moonlight. It was beautiful enough to bring sentimental tears even to the eyes of an old-timer like yourself, hard-boiled as you are.

"The following day Crowe and Pluth joined us, and the five of us went on to Angleworm Lake, a singularly beautiful little lake some three or four miles north. This entailed giving up our plan to follow the telephone line and reach Ninamoose; but we had come to a realization that business wouldn't let us stay out long enough to get to our

original objective. Angleworm Lake was repayment enough for the failure of our plans. Scarcely more that three hundred yards in width, and some miles long, it lies in a snake-like valley between precipitous hills, probably four hundred feet high. There is a ranger station there, and we had one of the most pleasant evenings I remember. Joe Pluth is the original wilderness cook anyway, and the range in the cabin only seemed to make him better. He made us a stew that consisted entirely of prosaic and humble ingredients, but that was voted *princeps obsoniorum* for the whole trip. Garver and I are pretty good cooks ourselves, for amateurs, I mean, but Joe was so much better that he didn't even arouse our professional jealousy.

"After the night at Angleworm, we three hiked back over the broken trail. The rangers remained to finish their cruising job. The road back was a dream—no trail to break, and the snow packed enough to hold us without any sinking worthy of remark. The jaunt to Angleworm had almost finished me, but on the way back I had my leg bound tight with bandages and rawhide thongs, so that I had to keep it stiff. This removed the necessity of continual irritation from use, and the soreness rapidly disappeared.

"We reached Ely again shortly after noon of the fifth day out, and motored back to Duluth without further adventure.

"As I have said, Luck was our handmaiden all of the trip; but that fact needn't keep anyone else from thinking that a winter trip entails much hardship. Our experience was unusual in that we had cabins to sleep in every night, but tenting means very little more work except in getting a bigger supply of firewood and the task of pitching the tent itself. Although the nights were very cold, and the cabins not sealed at all along the ground, we did not once keep a fire all night. I can't say enough for the eiderdown. Next time, we'll each have one, and we won't care whether there are cabins or not.

"The toboggan, which was a nuisance in the soft snow, would probably be all right under ordinary conditions. Over a broken trail, it is the ideal method of carrying, and its use enables one to take more things which conduce to comfort. The best way of navigating it is by means of a lead line and a pole in the rear. With one man breaking trail, one man pulling the toboggan, and one man pushing with the pole, good progress can be made under usual winter conditions.

"We made several observations which may be of service to others contemplating similar trips. One is so much simple common sense that it seems foolish to mention it, namely: start your day early, and finish it early. Start to camp with the sun still high. Darkness falls rapidly, and it is more than twice as hard to do the chores without adequate light. Another is: don't tolerate half measures when considering the fuel supply. Camp near a plentiful supply of good firewood, and make your first chore the garnering of about half again as much as you think you are going to need. Again: don't dawdle over the midday lunch. Make your evening meal the social event of the day. Daylight in winter is too precious to waste. And if you camp early, you'll have more and better leisure for the friendly pipe and cup of tea. Once more: make your rests en route short and frequent. Don't let yourself get worked into a lather of perspiration and then rest so long that you become chilled. It's dogged as does it. So far as possible, keep an even pace and an even temperature. I think this matter of keeping cool is more important than any other in so far as real comfort on the trail is concerned. Except for the very start of our trip, when we left an open sleigh for the trail, not one of us was cold at any time. Keeping warm is not difficult if you spend a little time thinking it over in advance. Keeping cool is an art.

"I don't know why I should preach like this to a woodcrafter like yourself. You have said the same things before me, and in a better and more authoritative way. But I'd like to add my tenderfoot voice (if that isn't too strained a figure) to the swelling chorus of those who are finding from joyful experience that the best way to live with nature is to live with her. Living with nature means spending the winter with her, not merely calling upon her on summer afternoons. And boy! she sure is *some* company!"

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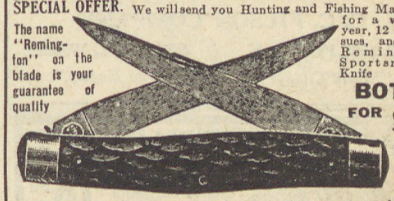

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Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

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Four distinct Amateur Championships as follows:

1. Accuracy Baits—¼, ½, ⅝.
2. Accuracy Flies—Accuracy—Dry—Dry (Unknown Distances).
3. Distance Baits—¼, ½, ⅝.
4. Distance Fly—5¾ oz. Rod—4¾ oz. Rod—Salmon.

Each of these group of events carries a championship with it, and the caster scoring the highest number of points in that particular group will be the champion of that class of events, regardless of his scores in any other events.

In all accuracy events a perfect score will count 100 points, 99.9 or 99-14 will count 99 points, 99.8 or 99-13 will count 98 points, 99.0 or 99-5 will count 90 points, and so on. The scoring will be much simpler, and each caster can figure his own score of points at once. As the events are classified separately,

LIST OF EVENTS RECOGNIZED AS OFFICIAL BY THE N. A. S. A. C. CAST AT THE 1926 NATIONAL TOURNAMENT, WITH THE RECORDS AS MADE AT VARIOUS N. A. S. A. C. NATIONAL TOURNAMENTS

ACCURACY BAIT EVENTS

Event	Record	Holder	Club	Year
¼ ounce	100.00	V. Deane Reese	Columbus	1925
½ ounce	99.8	Wm. Stanley	Illinois	1923
⅝ ounce	99.8	E. A. McFarland	Multnomah	1921
		A. A. Trimble	Cleveland	1923
		Howard Chatt	Illinois	1926

ACCURACY FLY EVENTS

Accuracy	100.00	G. G. Chatt	Illinois	1923
		Wm. Stanley	Illinois	1925
Dry	99.14	G. G. Chatt	Illinois	1925
Dry (Unknown Dist.)	99.7	L. C. Morrison	Detroit	1926

DISTANCE BAIT EVENTS

¼ ounce Average	240.6 feet	Fred Arbogast	Akron	1926
Longest	258 feet	Walter C. Newcomb	Buffalo	1926
½ ounce Average	293.2 feet	Walter C. Newcomb	Buffalo	1926
Longest	302 feet	Walter C. Newcomb	Buffalo	1924
⅝ ounce Average	244.8 feet	Fred Arbogast	Akron	1926
Longest	268 feet	Fred Arbogast	Akron	

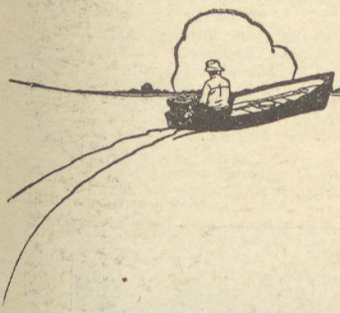
DISTANCE FLY EVENTS

5¾ ounce Average	123 feet	G. G. Chatt	Illinois	1923
Longest	125 feet	G. G. Chatt	Illinois	1925
Salmon... Average	151 feet	J. S. Schwinn	Newark	1915
Longest	162 feet	Fred N. Peet	Chicago Fly	

(Continued on page 60)

Johnson Motor Company

World's Largest Manufacturers of Outboard Boat Motors



South Bend, Indiana

October 28th, 1926.

Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Attention: Mr. M.A. Bergfeld

Dear Mr. Bergfeld:

In checking over the results of our advertising during the past year we have come across some figures in which, we believe, you will be very much interested.

Advertisements in OUTDOOR AMERICA brought us 250% more new dealers than its next nearest competitor.

Of all of the new dealers signed, through inquiries received from advertising in 23 publications, we found that 23.8% of them were directly traceable to our advertisements in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Perhaps these figures will not surprise you, but knowing that you are always interested in the achievements of OUTDOOR AMERICA, we are accordingly giving them to you.

Yours very truly,

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY

R.K. MacDougal

Advertising Manager

R.K.MacDougal-d

Johnson
Outboard Motors

Canoes and Small Boats

Devoted to Small Craft

Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS

Editor WATER SPORTS, the Only National Canoe Magazine Published

WHEN the season this year is finished use a little care with your canoe when putting it away for the winter. I have seen some folks that would leave their craft in the open all winter, but the majority of us know better than that. However, many are apt to leave it resting all winter in the same position as when it is in the water and that is bad as the craft will not rest on the keel but on one side which is apt to cause a bulge, thus spoiling the lines of the boat. If you must leave it in this position, at least block it up so that it will rest on even keel. The best method is to turn the canoe upside down, supporting it at each end and the middle with wooden horses; this supports the craft evenly and does not permit it to strain. Another good way is to sling it with ropes or better yet canvas bands from the roof or ceiling of the room; in this case the boat may be upside down or right side up, as there is small difference, inasmuch as the ropes will follow the general lines of the canoe.

Be sure to see that the place you leave the canoe is not exposed to extreme heat or moisture as continued heat will dry the canvas and paint to the extent of cracking while moisture will cause the canvas to come loose from the frame. An even temperature will be much more desirable and add length to the life of your craft. All this care may seem useless when you consider the many times the boat has been in the hot sun on the shore or full of water from an upset, however you must realize that all these things did not last for three to six months at a stretch. That is, the canoe was on the shore then put in the water, thus cooling the canvas or you brought it ashore after going over, emptied it out and it soon dried. It is the continuous exposure of any one element that does the harm as well as the consistent changes when in use that preserve it.

There are many folks whose means or use for a canoe causes them to desire to purchase second hand ones instead of buying new ones. My advice to those people if they can do so is to pick your buy in the fall and you can usually make a better deal than in the spring, due to many reasons. For the information of those who are in doubt as to just what to look at when buying a second hand canoe the following will doubtless be of some assistance. If possible, have the craft put in the water without anyone in it and see how it rides, then examine the lines and see that they are as they should be. Many boats when aged will be spread from a strain, bad repairs, or just general carelessness when laid up for winter. The longer lengths such as seventeen and eighteen foot canoes if they have been used to any great extent without the center brace, especially if heavy loads have been carried, are apt to bulge in the middle. Notice if the bow or stern stem pieces have been bent or cracked out of place from a collision. Look over the ribs carefully and see if any are split or broken and that the keel is in good shape, that is, not split or broken—that it may be worn down a little does not matter so much. Be sure the canvas is still firm to the frame.

The fact that the boat may leak, providing it is due to only a hole in the canvas should not matter, except perhaps as a point to use in beating down the price as patching canvas is easy and with a little time spent a neat and lasting job can be done. Also it is easy to replace the brass pieces at each end in the event that they are off or broken. If you are in doubt as to the age of the canoe, lift it clear of the ground to get an idea of its weight and check it against the weight of a new canoe the same make and size. These figures are in all catalogues. The average canvas covered canoe will pick up from two to five pounds in weight a year from sand and dirt that have been washed in between the canvas and frame. This, of course, would not be of any help in buying a veneer or all wood canoe, in fact it is one of their main selling points and a very good one. One other thing regarding the canvas, examine it closely to make sure it is not cracked, sometimes it may seem to be when it is only the paint which has been put on too thick, and then again the one selling may say it is paint when it is the canvas; if this is the case the owner should not object to your taking a knife and scraping the paint to make sure. If the boat is a sponson type, make sure the sponsons are hard and firm, if they are the filled kind, and if merely air chambers which immediately prone it is an old model boat, be sure they are in good shape and have not been punctured or if they have see that the repair job is a good one.

The winter time is usually when all canoe owners repaint, repair and refit their boats or make changes due to some action that was shown up during the past season. If there is any question as to how you should do the work or what is necessary to do it with, what changes should be made, why or how—*Remember, this department is for your use. Ask us and we will be glad to tell you what it's all about. That is what we are here for.*

Questions and Answers

Question: What length and width canoe would you suggest for a canoe trip for two, in Canadian waters, where there will be portages?

Answer: A 17-foot canoe, with a 34 to 36-inch beam should be sufficient.

Question: Do you consider it safe to mount an outboard motor on a canoe that does not have sponsons?

Answer: It is not only safe but customary to put an outboard motor on a canoe that does not have sponsons, and while it is true that placing a motor on a canoe throws the balance on one side, its equilibrium is maintained by the occupant counterbalancing the weight of the motor, or using a bag of sand.

Question: Will you kindly describe the method of making good canoe patches enroute on a canoe trip?

Answer: There are many methods of making good canoe patches enroute on a canoe trip. To begin with, on a trip that has been planned, a supply of repair equipment should be included in the outfit taken on the trip, which constitutes a can of marine glue, small pieces of silk and canvas, with possibly a few copper tacks. In case of emergency, pitch may be used from the woods and will hold until a better arrangement can be made. In some cases, heavy adhesive tape, or surgeon's tape has been known to be used on both birch and canvas canoes.

Question: Can ordinary enamel be used for painting a canoe, or will it crack, owing to the pliable canoe covering?

Answer: Any good grade of ordinary enamel paint may be used on a canoe. The manufacturers, as a rule, will recommend what is known as canoe paint.

Question: We must transport a boat to the place where we shoot ducks. Would you consider a sponson canoe which has been decked over, suitable for duck shooting?

Answer: The sponson canoe would be unquestionably more suitable for duck shooting as it is for fishing. This has the greatest number of models of any canoe and to the beginner is a much safer boat. Transportation will not figure greatly on either type, the sponson being about four inches wider and possibly ten pounds heavier.

Question: What kind of paddles would you suggest using on a canoe trip, covering several small lakes and a rather rough, fast river?

Answer: The paddles for a canoe is more a question of suitability to the user than anything else. The length of the paddles, when standing, should reach the owner's nose or eyes. The Canadian blade is by many considered the best type, it being a longer, narrower blade than the conventional oval shape blade used in the states. The only other question would be a combination of suitability and weight, depending on the country to be covered in the canoe trip.

Question: I desire to recover my canoe. What is the best material to use, and where can it be obtained?

Answer: To one who has never recovered a canvas canoe, it would be much the better to make what use of the old cover you can by patching it, as recovering the canoe is seldom undertaken except by the manufacturer or one who is engaged in this type of business. If it is absolutely necessary to recover the canoe, would suggest you take a piece of the old canvas to the nearest sailmaker, awning or tent concern and they will gauge the weight for you and give you the same grade of material. It is a long hard job, and one requiring considerable knowledge of this type of work and much patience. I have known of it being done but by one person, and he is known as a very handy man in this kind of work.

Question: Will an ordinary canoe with the average amount of duffle sink if it is capsized?

Answer: The average amount of duffle should not weigh over 150 pounds, and the average canoe will hold up two people. The canoe would likely be mostly under water but will not sink. Would suggest in traveling rough water, that you pack your duffle waterproof tight, tying a light line with a floating bob to it, because when the canoe tips over, it is a question of your life or your duffle. You can always buy more duffle and if this practice is followed, after getting ashore relaunch the boat and recover your duffle with the bobs, and not much harm will be done and considerable hazard overcome.

The
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for Outdoor Lovers
THE joys of sunny waters
. . . of wooded shores
. . . of life in the open, go with
the giving of a Johnson.
To a pal . . . or that boy of
yours, a Johnson Outboard
Motor will recall this Christmas many
times through the days and days of water
motoring happiness it brings.
There's real satisfaction in giving a Johnson
—its popularity, its standards of fineness,
its dependability, are so well known.
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Peterborough Canoe Co.
Peterborough, Ontario
Johnson
Outboard Motors
Johnson
Merry Christmas

Wouldn't you accept a Drybak or Feather hunting coat for Christmas?

Maybe the Wife Would Like to See You Replace Your Old Stained Veteran Coat

Perhaps Some One Will Give You a Coat

For those thousands of hunters, fishermen and outdoor sportsmen who desire to be properly attired in practical, convenient, long wearing garments the **DRYBAK** and **FEATHER** outfits are unsurpassed as sensible gifts for Christmas.

If you want a new **DRYBAK** Hunting Coat or want to complete your outfit with a vest, shirt, breeches or pants, or want the new Feather outfit for spring, send now for a **DRYBAK** catalog. Don't delay. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct. Both are guaranteed. "Dryback or Money back" embossed on the buttons.

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"The Life of Leather" truly describes Bergmann Shoe Oil. It is a scientific blend of oils highly beneficial to leather, and contains absolutely no harmful mineral ingredients. It waterproofs shoes, makes them soft and pliable, and greatly prolongs their life. Makes a wonderful difference in the comfort and durability of shoes. At stores, or send 40c for full size 8 oz. can postpaid. Address Theo Bergmann, 859 Thurman Street, Portland, Oregon.

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Cleveland Traffic Police use NOBURN. Apply NOBURN--stay all day in rawest wind and shave with comfort at night. NOBURN absolutely makes you windburn proof and sunburn proof. At all A. G. Spalding & Bros. stores--or send $1 for bottle. Guaranteed--or money back. Sam Strong, 502 Central Viaduct, Cleveland, O.

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and ARISTOCRAT of TWEED for GOLF and ALL SPORTS WEAR
DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS
Suit Lengths Available in a Variety of Lovely Shades
Patterns free on request—stating shades desired.
S. A. Newall & Sons, 162 Stornoway, Scotland

Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 56)

there will be no need of equalizing points as in previous schedules.

In all Distance Events the caster will score one point for each foot that he makes for his average, as, an average in the ½ oz. Distance Bait of 216 feet will count 216 points and an average in the 5¾ oz. Distance Fly of 99⅔ feet will count 100 points.

In addition to these four championships the All-Round Championship shall be retained but shall be scored according to the following:

ALL-ROUND CHAMPIONSHIP RULE

Contestants competing for the ALL-ROUND CHAMPIONSHIP token awarded in any tournament given under the auspices of the N. A. S. A. C., must cast in all the events officially recognized by the N. A. S. A. C., which may be given in any such tournament.

The award shall be made to the contestant showing the highest efficiency.

This efficiency shall be determined by the contestant's place on the score sheet; first place counting one point, second place, two; and third place, three points, and so on. In this placing, only those casters competing in the ALL-ROUND shall be considered in the compilation, and any casters whose scores result in a tie shall each score the points for that place, as, if two casters tie for second place, each one receives two points on the ALL-ROUND score sheet.

Contestant having the lowest total number of points shall be considered the winner and awarded the ALL-ROUND CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY, the next lowest total, the second token. In case of a tie for the championship the award of the token shall be by lot, but each contestant in the tie shall be recorded as in first place.

This ALL-ROUND rule is practically the same as used for a number of years before the adoption of the Schedule of Points except for the minor change in the case of the Championship resulting in a tie. In each of the Championships for the four divisions mentioned above the N. A. S. A. C., shall select and award a suitable emblem of that Championship.

LIMA, O., CHAPTER HAS FIRST TOURNAMENT

Glen Hunter Wins the Trophy of the "Morning Star" with Arthur Herrett a Close Second. Lima Chapter Shows the Way to Develop Bait and Fly Casting

This live Chapter determined to organize a club of bait and fly casters from its ranks early this summer, and succeeded in interesting sixteen regular casters to play the many events at the Lost Creek Country Club Pool where it has casting platforms and equipment. These enthusiasts have not only formed a club, but have held a fine Tournament with scores in ten events which are a credit to them and which would be a credit to a much older club.

Early in the year in order to get started, they invited some of the Akron and Columbus stars to visit them, and with their help overcame the many difficulties that beset casters when starting, such as unsuitable tackle, incorrect form, and ignorance of the rules. At the end of the season a regular Tournament was arranged for the club and nine men finished in the All-Around, using the N. A. S. A. C. Rules for scoring. In addition to the casting platforms at the Country Club, there is a club house where meals are served and also a fine nine hole golf course, all of which attractions are waiting for all casting Waltonians who wish to partake of the hospitality of this new club.

The nine men finishing the All-Round with their points are: Hunter, 6778; Herrett, 6694; Bowman, 6217; Place, 6093; Wilson, 6077; Richmond, 5314; Helmer, 4924; Smith, 4478, Cotterman, 4061.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB HOLDS TOURNAMENT

The Indianapolis Casting Club held its 6th Annual Club Tournament this fall at its pool on Fall Creek. Zimmerman, Hurst, Hall and Benning took all the firsts in the events played, Zimmerman capturing three of the Distance Events. The scores have been tabulated as follows:

¼ oz. Distance Bait: Hurst, ave. 186.4, l. c. 206; Mitchell, ave. 183.2, l. c. 193; Hall, ave. 165, l. c. 175; Cox, ave. 161.5, l. c. 174; DeLuce, ave. 125, l. c. 155; Zimmerman, ave. 109.8, l. c. 172; Westenhofer, ave. 62.8, l. c. 163; Nelson, ave. 58.2, l. c. 146.

½ oz. Distance Bait: Zimmerman, ave. 221.4, l. c. 241; Hurst, ave. 209.2, l. c. 249; Nelson, ave. 175.4, l. c. 245; Cox, ave. 164.2, l. c. 177; Benning, ave. 160.2, l. c. 183; Hall, ave. 154.8, l. c. 207; Mitchell, ave. 131.8, l. c. 235; DeLuce, ave. 124.2, l. c. 177; Westenhofer, ave. 65.8, l. c. 181; Carter, ave. 59, l. c. 157.

⅝ oz. Distance Bait: Zimmerman, ave. 182.4, l. c. 199; Westenhofer, ave. 180.2, l. c. 191; Cox, ave. 173.2, l. c. 209; Hurst, ave. 168.4, l. c. 212; Hall, ave. 158.4, l. c. 190; Nelson, ave. 156.4, l. c. 205; Benning, ave. 153.6, l. c. 174; Mitchell, ave. 150.6, l. c. 196; Carter, ave. 122.6, l. c. 180; Mason, ave. 95, l. c. 138; Quigg, ave. 54, l. c. 109; DeLuce, ave. 42.6, l. c. 173.

Distance Fly—5¾ oz. Rod: Zimmerman, ave. 103⅓, l. c. 104; Nelson, ave. 100⅓, l. c. 103; Hall, ave. 97⅔, l. c. 101; Mitchell, ave. 93⅓, l. c. 98; Hurst, ave. 93, l. c. 95; DeLuce, ave. 92, l. c. 96; Cox, ave. 88, l. c. 93.

Accuracy Fly: Hall, 99.8; Mason, 99.6; Hurst, 99.5; DeLuce, 99.4; Nelson, 99.3; Zimmerman, 98.13; Carter, 98.12; Baus, 98.10; Cox, 98.8; Mitchell, 98.

Dry Fly Accuracy: Hurst, 99.11; Nelson, 99.3; Zimmerman, 99.1; Cox, 99; Mitchell, 98.14; DeLuce, 98.13; Hall, 98.12.

Better Photography

(Continued from page 33)

appreciate the advantages of this lens at once, as will the sportsman who wishes to capture "game" movies from the side-lines.

Another trick of this outfit: slip on a small attachment and you can make slow motion movies; those alluringly lazy pictures so fascinating to any audience.

Those who make movies with serious intent, often have lecturing opportunities. A large audience usually requires a bigger than 30x40 inch picture. Accordingly, there is also a projector to meet this need, which permits a 39x52 inch picture. A motion picture of this size is over 2,000 square inches, or the equivalent of a four-foot spread. The powerful 200-watt lamp assures brilliant movies with the projector only 23 feet from the screen. Like the smaller model, this outfit plugs in anywhere on any ordinary house circuit, either alternating or direct current.

And all this means that amateur movies have arrived. It's imagination tickling to say the least, as one conjures the limitless opportunities of bringing outdoor America to the indoor fireside; wild animals in their native haunts; fish swimming in crystal pools; sports, exciting and thrilling; travelogues of sleepy Indians, and galloping cow punchers! Come let's "Action!" "Camera!"

Catch-as-Catch-Can

(Continued from page 26)

worse, he absolutely refused to coöperate with us in any way whatever. When we finally extricated him, I was so elated that I ran out on the point and tried to rope a bald eagle that was making a meal on a very defunct catfish. I missed the eagle, but that afternoon I managed to cast my bait over a large snake that was crossing the channel, and drag him back by his tail. Final score for the day, one seagull, one pelican, one snake, fourteen redfish, six robalo, and one ten-pound yellow jack! Now beat that! All caught catch-as-catch-can with light tackle and artificial bait.

This is real fishing. It's there for the taking. If every fisherman knew the truth about Florida's lower west coast there wouldn't be standing room for a sandpiper! To be able to enjoy some sort of fishing every day of the year; to be able to wade far out into balmy water; to know that when you set your rod in the corner there's a nearby covey of quail that need attention, or a big, ol' gobbler over in the back country that's been doing altogether too much strutting—well, that's life! This may sound like Florida propaganda. It is! I'm a fisherman—and *I* like it!

Easy Instant Starting

—the keynote of outboard satisfaction

AND Elto starting is *easy* instant starting — actual quarter turn starting — the effortless flip of the flywheel. Thousands of users confirm this—and say that this is the most vitally important feature in an outboard motor. Again—read what *they* say!

"Starts at the Touch"
I want to say my Elto Light Twin is a beauty, and fully fills my expectations to the limit. It has plenty of power and starts at the touch. M. C. Sturns, Oxford, Mich.

"Starting Simple and Positive"
I found the Super Elto even more satisfactory than I had anticipated. Its performance was excellent and the starting very simple and very positive. I tried it out in bad, rainy weather conditions as well as good, and found it all that you claim it to be. C. M. Waterbury, Whitesboro, N. Y.

"Does Start on Quarter Turn"
Everything you advertise about the Super Elto is true. It has given me no trouble at all and really does start on the quarter turn and is always ready to go. Fred C. Eley, 4127 Lewis Ave., W. Toledo, Ohio.

"Starts with Quarter Turn"
It starts as you say, "with a quarter turn." Leroy B. Pollard, Rockwood, Maine.

"Easiest Starting"
"Easiest starting on the river." W. E. Overstreet, Paris, Ky.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO. *Send for Catalog*
Ole Evinrude, President
Dept. 42 Mfrs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee

The Super Elto!
"Starts with a Quarter Turn"

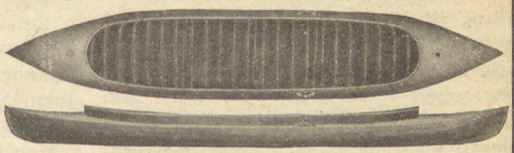
A 3611—170 L

The Green Bay Hunting Boat

Famous for its Light Weight and Sturdy Construction

Just the kind of a boat you need to get you to the place where the ducks are. Light, fast, easy to handle—a true hunting skiff in every way.

Built of white cedar and oak; draws very little water; flat bottom; 18 to 20 inches wide. Painted dead grass color. Made in four sizes to fit every need.



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You ought to have an Auto Have It Ash Tray in *your* car — for ashes, burnt matches, cigarette stubs, cigar butts, etc. and to help prevent forest fires. Easily attached to any type of dash — swings out of way under instrument board when not in use — and prevents ashes from blowing back into rear seat. Mottled-lacquer removable ash receiver — nickeled supporting arm and fittings.

Sent you for a dollar — bill, check money order or stamps. Money back, if you don't say it's well worth the price, for your own use or for a gift to a brother smoker.

AUTO HAVE IT CO.
La Crosse, Wisconsin

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

by O. W. Smith

TODAY I am writing in praise of rainy day fishing, though the term means various things to me. I have done some of my most successful and satisfactory fishing inside, while the many footed rain pattered over the shingles or scampered along the canvas roof. Do you know, I am sorry for the boy who has not been compelled to sleep in a garret where his head came in close proximity to the rafters and his ears were filled with the sound of the pattering drops. I am sorry for the fisherman who cannot take time to let it rain. I like to lie on my back and have my face dampened with the spray which comes through the canvas at the first onslaught of a heavy shower; I like the feel of it, the taste of it, the smell of it. It is a baptism that means something. Without it you are unfit for membership in the free and accepted order of outdoor lovers. I, for one, am perfectly willing to let it rain. I will not interfere by going fishing unless the larder be like Mother Hubbard's famous cupboard.

Just a riffle.

I have a feeling that trout, by the way, should never be pursued save in pleasant weather, that too, in spite of the old apothegm, "Fish bite best when it rains." Trout don't, for the fly-man, as a rule. Do you know, I have a lurking suspicion that my father taught me to believe the old saying, just because it was impossible to work on the farm when it rained, and I must add that he often could find something inside to keep us boys out of mischief. I desire fair weather for fly fishing, clear skies with a few vagrant, floating clouds to send heavy shadows meandering off across the meadows, while a gentle breeze from the south or west stirs the leaves whimsically. A southwest breeze, not wind, is the best in my estimation. Though, like Walton, I will fish when I can, set the wind where it may. You remember his admirable suggestion on the matter, summed up in, "There is no good horse of a bad color." Naturally, when the rain comes pattering down with assurance, the wind is from the east, and, "When the wind is in the east, the trout bite the least." True of course, by and large, but not wholly true.

I shall never forget one experience in particular. We were camping on one of the famous northern streams, with a single week at our disposal, and naturally I wished to "seize each fleeting minute." One morning I set out upstream, though thunderheads loomed in the west, and the mutter of distant thunder was constant. I know my wife thought I was a—*fisherman!* The storm gathered rapidly, as is often the way in August, so before I reached the fishing grounds I realized I was in for a regular mid-summer down-pour. You know the particular variety, all faucets open and plugs out. I crawled under an upturned pine stump for protection, and watched the rush of rain over the woods. Concluding at last that if I were to do any fishing at all I would have to brave the storm, for already trickles of brown water were hurrying down the red clay hillsides, streamward bent. By the time I had assembled my rod, a slow process in such weather, the river began to show earth stain. But the trout were on the feed!

According to the books the fish should not have been on the surface, for it was raining cats and dogs, while heavy thunder fairly shook the earth, and "Trout won't bite when it thunders," you know! The water became more and more earth-stained, until I needed not to worry about the fish's seeing me. I could stand anywhere, right in the open, and cast without let or hindrance. The fly I used was the remains of a Black Gnat, of all patterns! Simply the body, being sans wings, just a little ball o' black. What the trout took it for of course I don't know, and I don't remember that that fact bothered me much. Wherever and whenever I cast, two or more good fish would make a pass at it, and it was no trouble to hook them. Understand, the rain was coming down in torrents, while the play of lightning in the murk was fearsome. Suddenly a pine stub some three hundred feet distant was shivered by a bolt, and I lost interest in fishing. Crawling under the friendly old stump, I let it rain. But I had fifteen as nice trout as I ever took.

Time and again I have had somewhat similar experiences, taking fish during the first hour of a rainstorm, even when the wind was blowing cold and raw out of the inimical east. I know that after the water becomes opaque with earth-wash, worms and other food whirling along with the flood, trout retire to the bottom and gorge themselves. I have taken trout with stomachs and mouths literally packed with earth-worms. Not an appetizing

sight. When fish go to the bottom, you may cast and cast a fly without results. The trout are feeding, feeding inordinately, but upon worms. I have an article in mind in which the writer goes on to tell how to take trout on flies when the streams are over their banks. Well, he is a better fisherman than am I, that's all. I have tried out his recommended methods,—and failed.

The farmer boy knows the habits of trout, and when streams are over their banks, digs a can of worms, and hies himself to some pool or eddy and fishes deep. It is a fact that a gob of worms, on a sinkered hook, deep down in the water will take largest trout during flood times, that is if the fisherman visits the pools when the water is rising. We have the old English saying, "Trout feed on a rising stream but not on a falling," which is quite true. While the stream is rising, food being washed into the water, the trout are filling up, literally; but when the stream begins to fall, their unfishlike hunger appeased, they retire to the depths to "sleep off" their unholy spree. For three or four days after a flood there is ordinarily nothing doing at all, either with fly or bait, not because the stream is falling, but because the fish are fed up.

The fly-man will stay away from the streams during high water. But suppose he has journeyed far for a single day's fishing, must needs do his angling between daylight and dark, then return to life's sober tasks, what then? Theoretically, at least so the fly-purists say, he will leave his rod in its case, not violating the high ethics of the fly-fisher's code. Practically, I fear me, he will dig a few worms, seek out some eddy or deep pool, and bait-fish. I hold no brief for him, but I do not find it in my heart to break into anathemas. Suppose he does fish with worms, if he give every fish a chance for its life, and is satisfied with a reasonable catch, I can't see why he is not just as good a sportsman as though he took the sparklers on feathers. I know this, I can take more trout on flies, when conditions are at all right, than any live-bait man can with whatever bait he has a mind to employ. I have found in my ichthyic peregrinations just as many fly-men with porcine proclivities as I have live-bait men addicted to the habit. Just why a wormer cannot be as true a sportsman as a fly-fisher I must confess has never been quite clear to me. If a man wants to become a bristly brother of the angle let him become an adept with the fly rod and he can gratify his unholy ambition to satiation. It is the heart of the man, his spirit, that determines his sportsmanship, and not exactly the tackle he employs.

Understand, in the foregoing I am not defending wormers, for the right sort needs no defense, simply I am trying to get you to understand something of the real heart meaning of the often misused term,—sportsman. Some, just because they wear proper garb, and carry the latest in "rods and reels and traces," imagine themselves sportsmen; while they think anyone in overalls, if you please, and using worms, belongs to another category. Now as I see it, and as I have been saying for lo these many years, sportsmanship is the love of fair play raised to the nth place, and tackle has little to do with it. "What has all this to do with rainy-day fishing?" That's it. What has it? A fellow don't have to be logical in a "Note Book."

Harking back to the original question. to my mind the most enjoyable rainy day fishing consists in just-letting-it-rain. I like to hear the rush of the raindrops, the wild rhythm of their incessant tattoo. The music—and it IS music—has the cadence of the Red Man's tom-tom. Did you never catch it? A——

"Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime."

One's heart beats with it, and he finds himself seeing visions and dreaming dreams. Just to sit and fuss with tackle,—rewind a rod, oil a reel, tie a few flies, dip spasmodically into some cherished angling book, or just sit and dream; 'tis wonderful, and wonderfully satisfactory. Ruskin once said, "There is no music in a rest, but there is the making of music in it." So there may be no fishing in a heavy rain, but there is the making of fishing in it. It is not, after all, the fish we catch nor the fish that gets away, that makes angling the most wonderful of all outdoor sports, but the opportunities it gives for digging within our own ribs. So, let-it-rain.

Once upon a time, I took my tent and hiked back in behind the beyond for a day on a hidden water, only to be met with a midsummer down-pour. All day long it lasted, sending the stream up over its banks and making fly-fishing out of the question, and I was too lazy to dig worms. So I sat under my green shelter all day long, happy and content. The next day I tramped back to the station and the agent looked in my basket, then commiserated me on my "poor luck." "Oh," said I, "I got a lot of intangible fish." He looked puzzled and afterward I heard him whisper to the operator, "Another nut, you know!" Oh, well, *let it rain.*

THE SON OF A FISHERMAN

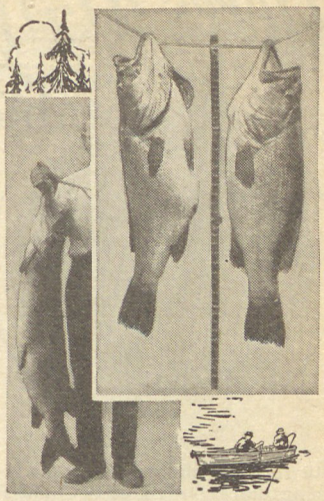
"Are we goin' to keep him?" asked Bobby, after a close inspection of his new baby brother.

"Of course. Why not?" asked his mother.

"Well, he's so small, I thought maybe we'd have to put him back."

THE LEAP OF THE BASS AGAIN

The Reader will remember my brief note on this subject some time ago. A recent letter from Middleton, N. Y., would indicate that I have been brought up with weak bronze-backs. This writer goes on to say in part, "Mr. Bass will leap anywhere from six inches to four feet high and from two to thirty feet in distance. In relating some of my experiences I have been many times elected to the presidency of the Ananias



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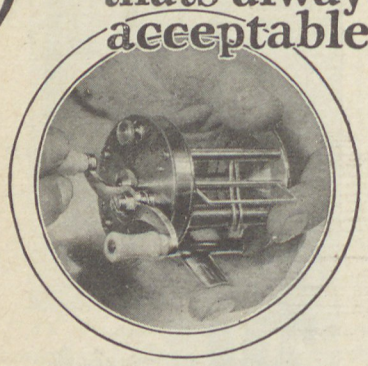

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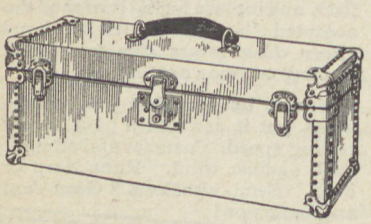

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club—only to be relegated to the ranks again after my yarns have been proven true by experience. . . . I have had many bass leap entirely over the heads of the people in the boat four feet high and from fifteen to twenty feet distant on the opposite side, and have seen many strike in the boat, both in the day and at night. Have had many a bad wollop on the body, 'fore and aft,' and many times blood has been drawn from wounds on the face, head and neck. . . . A bass fast to a line seldom leaps over a foot or fifteen inches out of the water in his efforts to rid himself of the hook, but a free and unattached fish will show some great athletic stunts in the way of high and lofty tumbling and distance jumping." The writer goes on to tell of taking out certain famous anglers and fish students who doubted his statements, and always took them back convinced that he was correct. Have no reason to doubt his word, and believe me, I am going to take a summer off some time, and whisper a word or two to our Middle West bronze-backs. Can't let an effete eastern fish outdo ours! As the farmer said to his hens, when he placed an ostrich egg in the coop, "There's a pattern for you to follow."

TRUE ANGLING SPIRIT

The couple were spending their holiday on a fishing trip. At the end of a trying, fishless day, hubby brought things to a climax by falling into the water. Just as he crawled out his wife appeared on the scene.

"Why, did you fall in?" she inquired, in surprise.

"No, no! Just crawled in to see which fish it was got away from me."

KEEPING RECORDS

The wise angler keeps accurate records of his fishing trips and experiences, number, size, weight and variety of fish taken. By and by he will know by the size of a fish how much it will weigh. Furthermore, he keeps a record as to tackle used, if a fly-fisherman, the dressing of the flies used. More important than it seems, for it is easy to forget. The same is true of the rest of the tackle. He will find the notes of increasing importance and value. I have not mentioned character and condition of stream or lake, the wind and the sky. I have made out a form or diagram, with little squares to fill in. Takes but a minute and there I have set before me a particular record of every trip. I go one farther and have another form I call, "My Big Fish Record," which gives the facts and measurements of every outstanding battle and fish; together with the other record, it makes a wonderfully complete "write-up" of any particular fray. 'Nother thing. It prevents the growing of a fish after capture, which is a bad habit I understand they have.

Quail and Their Habits

(*Continued from page 25*)

against our series from trapped birds which show an even higher percentage of cocks.

Due to necessary brevity only a few of the many activities of the Cooperative Investigation have been touched upon here but some of the methods being used and the sort of data secured have at least been indicated. While the more intensive work has of necessity been carried on within a limited area, conclusions reached should prove of value everywhere within the range of the quail, for the fundamental problems involved are much the same wherever quail are found. The study is a basic one, and supplementary studies carried on elsewhere will serve to indicate such differences as climatic and similar factors with which quail have to contend in any region.

The desires of the contributing sportsmen who are making the study possible, are well summed up by Mr. Arthur Lapsley as follows: "It would seem that this work, undertaken for the purpose of determining the most scientific methods for the increase of the most widely distributed of American game birds, and under the experienced supervision of the Biological Survey, should have the hearty support of American sportsmen. It is a constructive endeavor. It is an attempt to increase the game supply of our country—not by decreasing the birds killed, but by increasing the number that may be killed without danger of impairing the supply. To make two birds grow where one grew before—that is the hope of those who are supporting this undertaking."

Big Game

(*Continued from page 22*)

forward without apparently minding the shots he had received, though his nostrils were streaming blood.

With an empty rifle in his hands and a mad bull moose charging directly at him, it isn't to be wondered that Mr. Bain became so excited that in trying to get a box of cartridges from the pocket of his mackinaw he managed to spill them on the ground. The best he could do was to get one cartridge in the chamber of the rifle and fire it at close quarters, then jumping quickly to one side as the heavy body charged down on him.

The bull struck the log on which Bain

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had been sitting and tore a huge piece out of it, also breaking two heavy points off the blade of his antlers, then it fell dead over the log.

I have no doubt Mr. Bain values this trophy very highly, as he has a perfect right to, for in addition to being one of the finest heads I have seen for years, that moose sure gave Mr. Bain several minutes of the most thrilling excitement that ever comes to a sportsman, and certainly it is unusual to get a head like that with a .25 calibre rifle.

It is such incidents as these just related that make the guide's life worth living. They are worth more to him than all the money that the sportsmen pay him. While the guide must get money on which to live, the same as men in other lines of business, money is the smallest part of his pay. It is the things that he sees, the experiences he has, the association that he forms with good sportsmen, and his love for the life in the open that keeps him in the game.

I have guided many wealthy men from the cities of the United States into the big game country of the Caribou District, some of whom, no doubt, have looked upon me as a sort of servant who lives a rather narrow and restricted life and who would consider me in the same class as their butler or hostler if I met them among their social friends in the city—but I wouldn't change places with a single one of them.

There is gold in these hills of the Caribou District, millions having been taken out of the Barkerville and Williams Creek country while the Quesnal Lake district also has yielded several fortunes. But to me the wealth of these hills is in their glorious sunrises, their wild fastnesses, their majestic peaks and jewel-like lakes and the breath of God that they give one to breathe into his lungs.

For these I suppose I will continue to be a big game guide and trapper for the rest of the days that God permits me to live.

A Day of Disappointments

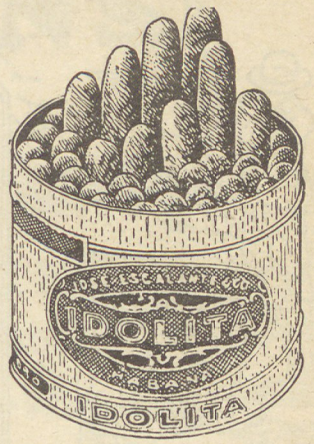
(Continued from page 18)

dragged! Two o'clock! I walked out to the blind and flashed my light. Points of light showed all around the lake. B&L was still sleeping when I returned, his indifference stung me and I woke him. Three o'clock. We carried our outfit to the blind, making two trips, or three miles altogether.

At the risk of a lost boot, we waded out, placed our blocks and staked out the live decoys. Then we sat on the decoy-box, within the blind, and waited for dawn.

The law said shooting could commence at 5:10 that morning. When gray streaked the eastern skies, we loaded our guns. It grew light rapidly. B&L nudged me and pointed across the puddle. On the other side, within range

Make Him Happy



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of our guns, rested a huge flock of mallards! Sleep was forgotten. I pulled out my watch and watched the minute hand travel towards the figure 2 on the dial. My gun was loaded and cocked, so was the other. It was nearly there now. I cautioned B&L to get ready, and he raised his gun to his shoulder. I dropped my watch, stood up and shot at a huge mallard as they rose. It was the first shot of the season; my partner's was the second. Instantly, a bombardment broke out all over the lake, and on other lakes within hearing. The air was full of swishing wings!

B&L had gotten his duck, but I had missed my first shot. I watched my mallard rise and circle. I led him three feet and pulled the rear trigger. Bang! Down he came. What a splash! I weighed him at home that evening, and that duck dressed three pounds! Another came by and B&L got him. I got another as they catapulted. Still another flock and we did the same. Two teal flew by the other point, eight shots were fired, and both dropped, one dead, the other crippled. The other hunters shot the cripple six times on the water as he tried to swim away.

A lone teal dropped in front of me. I could have reached out and brained him with the barrel of my gun. I stood up, and he went like a bullet! I missed him with both barrels!

The shooting became desultory as the sun rose. There were poppings of various types of guns in all directions far and near. The two hunters on the point spoiled some of it for us. All flocks passed them before they came to us.

By nine o'clock B&L had six ducks. I was close behind with five. A lone mallard passed over. I led him all of fifteen feet, and he came down dead behind the blind, fifty yards from the shore, on dry land. That was a shot I have never forgotten. A little later another lone duck came and circled, low down and slow. B&L brought him down. Now only an occasional teal came in, and the two on the point usually drove them away, so I suggested we pick up and start for home. We were both tired, so B&L agreed. I pulled up the decoys and handed them to him.

While I was out there a flock of teal decoyed. "Down! Down!" came the warning from the other blind. I crouched and they settled all around me, but our guns were laid out on the ground beyond the blind. B&L tried to sneak back after them, but the teal left at once.

After much labor, we got our outfit back to Fourth Cut, but we were all in. We crawled into the improvised tent and slept until noon, completely satisfied with our fourteen ducks.

After the sleep, B&L was as good as new, but I was more tired than before, so he rowed the boat all the way back upstream. I could give only an occasional assisting stroke with my paddle in the stern. We reached home, about 1:30, tired, wet, dirty, but supremely happy. It was that I remember—that and the blissful knowledge that I had been initiated as a duck hunter.

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Your Dog and Mine

Edited by V. C. EBEL

The Day of the Dog

By Helen Keller

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DOGS! How impossible it is not to love them! I admit there are two points of view about cats. There are people who love them and people who hold them in total abhorrence. But as to dogs, I have never learned of the existence of more than one opinion about them. The man who doesn't love a dog, or the woman who doesn't, or the child who doesn't, must, it seems to me, be something rather less than human.

My own regard for Sieglinde, my glorious Great Dane, is a warm compound of admiration, friendship, respect and love. And one of the most painful facts of my life is the knowledge that Sieglinde is growing old. Already, her eyes, Miss Sullivan and Polly Thomson tell me, are not so bright as once they were, and her great body moves slowly and with middle-aged dignity, where once it rushed with all the vigor of the wind, and bounded over tall hedges with the agile grace of a young deer.

Realizing, as I already do, the pain that will come to us when Sieglinde leaves us to go to the happy hunting ground of all dogs, I am warmly interested in everything that is done for canine welfare. That is why the work of the American Distemper committee, which, in co-operation with the Field Distemper Council of England is trying to trace the cause and cure for distemper in dogs, seems to me to be great and noble.

It is said that in the United States, where there are approximately 8,000,000 dogs, distemper takes half of the puppies born each year, and leaves thousands of others no better than invalid dogs, with nervous diseases that render their lives a long misery, horribly at odds with the joyous, vital thing that a dog's life should be. The research work which is being done by both of these organizations is in charge of Dr. W. E. Gye and J. E. Barnard, the famous discoverers of the cause of cancer. Dr. Theobold Smith, one of the leading bacteriologists of this country, is among those actively engaged in the work.

Helen Keller and her dog.

It has been discovered that the virus which causes this terrible disease of dogs is a microscopic organism so small that it passes through the filters which stop ordinary microbes. An infinite amount of work must be done, of course, before a cure can be discovered. The painstaking care of a staff of the ablest of bacteriologists and veterinarians is needed to insure the success of the work.

When I think of the boys and girls robbed of their romping-mates by this frightful plague; when I think of the clumsy-pawed, eager eyed puppies who cough and refuse to eat, and die at last in agony because of it; when I think of the gentle companions of men and women in country and town, high marble-halled apartment house and lowly farmstead, robbed of their vigor and of their joyous, faithful lives, I want to reach out both hands in a warm

"thank you" to the men who are doing this work.

Every dog-lover who wants to help along the cause of scientifically aiding man's truest friend is asked to send contributions to C. H. Tyler, the Ames Building, Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Tyler says that before he became interested in the scientific investigation of the causes and cure of distemper, he was "a happy, carefree, corporation lawyer." Now he is anything but carefree, for most of the work of the American committee is on his hands, and is a large work with unending correspondence to attend to and manifold responsibilities. But I'm sure that Mr. Tyler is even happier today than when he was simply a "carefree corporation counsel." For he is doing a great work. And that's the most happifying thing in the world.

Downton Bob retrieves a jack.

Springer Trials in Wisconsin

Southern Wisconsin entries took a large share of the prizes against dogs from many sections of the United States at the first annual field trials of the Spaniel Field Trial Club of America, held at the Thiebeau Hunting Club, Lake Koshkonong, Edgerton, Wis., Sept. 29 and 30, 1926. The trials started Wednesday morning under ideal weather conditions, the scent being good, with the dogs working well up to field trial form.

Game was rather scarce at the start, but upon working over toward the lake shore it was found to be more plentiful and both fur and feather were in abundance, giving the dogs an opportunity to display their working qualities. A halt was made at noon for lunch at the Blakeway farm house and the trials were resumed in the afternoon and continued until nightfall. The Derby Springer, Derby Cocker and the All Age Cocker stakes were completed

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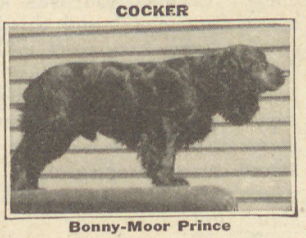

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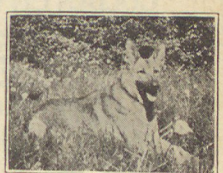

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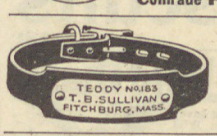

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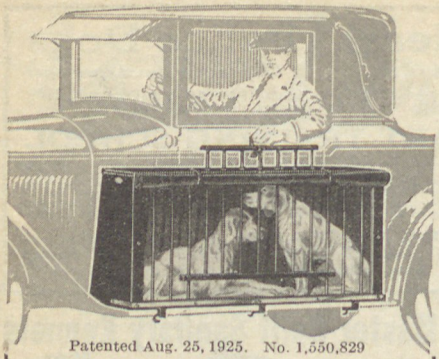

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the first day. An early start was made on Thursday morning so that the All Age Springer and Membership Springer stakes could be completed before dark.

There was a large following of enthusiastic spaniel fanciers and more than fifty could be counted on the grounds at any time.

Many brilliant displays of spaniel work were witnessed in the All Age Springer stake where many noted dogs of field-trial fame came up for judgment. Competition was keen in this event for second and third places and some of the dogs were called back for further tests. Mr. T. H. Noble, who has just returned from following the field-trials in England and Scotland, congratulated the club on its first attempt to stake field-trials, stating the trials were very successful from every standpoint.

The Wisconsin Conservation Commission was represented by District Warden William Elliott and Warden Robert Gray. The official guns were Mr. Richard Miller and Mr. Max Voigt. Mr. John Stewart, Minot, N. Dak., trial judge.

DEAN SWIFT.

Springer Trial in Canada

THE Canadian Springer Spaniel Club's Field-Trials were held this year near Netley, about forty-five miles north of Winnipeg, Man., on Sept. 27, 1926. For the fifth consecutive year the judges were F. Freeman Lloyd, New York City, and Wm. McCall, Winnipeg. The official guns were A. H. Allardyce, R. McLean, W. J. Shepherd, A. F. McKinnon, E. McIlroy and Eudore Chevrier, who alternated in shooting to the spaniels. The province of Manitoba's game department was represented by H. S. McCook. Steward of the beat was Geo. Kynoch. Due to the continual rains, part of the country traversed was rather wet. This Netley country holds ideal terrain for the running of spaniel field-trials. Many thick bluffs dotted the brushy country and it was in these bluffs that the bulk of the prairie chicken, ruffed grouse, and varying hare were shot. But few stubble fields were wild, flushing several hundred yards ahead of the dogs and guns. The birds upon taking to wing flew into adjacent bluffs from where they were turned out by the springers, many falling to the guns. Ruffed grouse were plentiful and there was a sufficient quantity of rabbits to be found.

THE WINNERS

The Puppy Stake uncovered some really high-class youngsters. The winner proved to be a pretty liver and white daughter of Imported Pierpont Prince called Altata 3rd of Avandale, owned, trained and handled by A. H. Allardyce, a Winnipeg newspaper man. This is a beautifully broken youngster and a nice hunter, being always under excellent command and a good retriever, showing to what heights of excellence a Springer can be trained by an amateur handler. The winner of the second prize was Imported Alderbury Drake, a very handsome and powerfully built black and white son of the Scottish Field-Trial Ch. Dalshangan Dandy Boy. Though but lately imported, Drake worked as though he had spent all of his life hunting Canadian game, and the striking feature about these Springers is the manner in which they adapt themselves so readily to new and strange hunting conditions. Drake is a fast, big dog, and wicked undergrowth proved no barrier to him, as he forced his way through same at a great pace. The winner of third prize was Imported Dalshangan Cheerio, a tall, good-looking liver and white son of F. T. Ch. Dalshangan

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Dandy Boy. Here is another splendidly trained youngster, who dropped anywhere to command and who worked well his ground. He displayed a very keen nose and proved himself a game-finder of excellence. Fourth prize fell to the lemon and white Sam of Avandale, a lively and well-trained son of the great Samson of Leam. In the Novice Stake, Alderbury Drake turned the tables on Altata 3rd of Avandale and was placed over her, Dalshangan Cheerio coming fourth and a new face appearing in Gilnockie Bimbo, who captured third place. The Open Stake brought out one of the very best Field-Trial Springers yet seen in America in the black, blue, roan and tan dog, Darkie of Faskally. Here is the ideal shooting and Field-Trial Springer. A dog of tremendous pace, that will force himself through anything in the way of heavy cover, possessing boundless energy and withal under perfect command. He dropped instantly to the orders of his handler, Ed Rowand, well-known sporting-goods and gun dog man, and when sent on to retrieve collected his game so quickly and neatly that his performances made him at once a great favorite with the assembled company. Darkie is a son of the Dual Ch. Flint of Avandale, and out of a daughter of F. T. Ch. Rex of Avandale. Darkie was imported from Scotland for Mr. E. Chevrier of Winnipeg, only a month before these Field-Trials. He is a medium-sized dog. On several occasions during his running he exhibited a remarkably keen nose, and was never at fault in following the line of a legged rabbit or a winged bird, though always going at a great pace. Second to him was placed F. T. Ch. Colinette, a beautiful black and white bitch, his half sister, she also being sired by Dual Cha. Flint. Colinette is a very fast mover and is here, there and everywhere, covering her ground with the least possible effort. She found much game, and when running with Darkie in the Brace Stake in which they won first, proved a sight worth coming many miles to see. The veteran campaigner, International Ch. Laverstoke Powder-Horn, was placed third, and showed sagacity in finding game, and crashed his way through the thick underbrush as in his young days. In such formidable company F. T. Ch. Dan of Avandale could do no better than win fourth place, though he displayed great working qualities, much courage and drive, and perfect retrieving.

Pollution in England

(Continued from page 30)

project of the Izaak Walton League for arousing public sentiment and securing action for the elimination of stream pollution evoked generous approval on all sides. All the experience and publications of the English committees and investigations were placed at our disposal promptly and freely. In pursuance of the advice given I visited a number of places and saw at first hand the condition of certain streams and the experimental work being done on pollution problems. It is impossible here to review these visits in detail and moreover the general situation is of greater import now and here than the particulars.

Treatment plants for handling domestic sewage exist almost everywhere. I saw one by chance near a village of not more than 500 population. I was told, both at the Ministry of Health and by a prominent sanitary engineer in London, that no city or town of any considerable size in all England discharges untreated sewage into any river or non-tidal stream. Despite increases in population and still more evident extension of manufacturing interests and more abundant production of wastes, the rivers have held their own for 20 years. The multiplication of wastes from chemical industries, and of types difficult to handle, has been noteworthy

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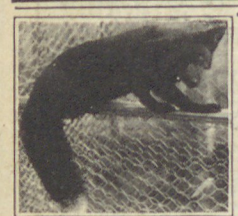

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in recent years so that the future menace is real and vigorous action is necessary if irreparable damage to the streams is to be avoided.

In many cases the treatment of wastes is not adequate and streams are partially polluted. This is worst in the north and especially in the great coal mining districts. At present according to the standard set an effluent may safely reduce the free oxygen in the stream to 10% but not below that. The present law is good and reasonably well enforced. There is need, however, for the installation of more modern works at many places and for more perfect treatment of special types of chemical wastes. Official activity alone cannot effect the necessary changes. Intelligent local support is essential. And propaganda by local interests constitutes the very heart and soul of the movement in England for river improvement.

The movement has already attracted support in public circles and has enlisted workers in widely separated regions. Apart from the work sponsored and directed by the Standing Committee and the Scientific Advisory Committee, special problems are being investigated by scientific researchers in many laboratories and universities. I found active interest and work in progress at the Plymouth Marine Biological Station on some fundamental biological problems involved. I became acquainted with the studies of Miss Meek on the River Tyne, of Professor Garstang in Yorkshire and of Miss Carpenter on the destructive effluents from lead mines in Wales. There were others, doubtless many, of which information was not secured in the brief time at my disposal. This widespread and active interest comes at a time when English rivers, though menaced, are still not destroyed and promises for them a better fate than has befallen some of our own beautiful streams.

As the Fisheries Secretary himself has said, "Progress has been made in remedying certain pollutions, but pollution itself has made progress." England has not solved all her pollution problems. The conditions are bad in tidal rivers, especially in their estuaries. Here the partly de-oxygenated water has not time to reach the sea between tides and a persistent zone of heavily polluted water, deficient in oxygen, moves up and down between the tides. The situation has done serious injury to the salmon in the Tyne where it has been studied by Miss Meek. A similar zone in the Thames is due to the discharge of 250 million gallons of London sewage daily despite the treatment given before it is discharged.

The serious contamination of the estuaries has an evil effect on certain commercial activities such as the mussel fisheries and the importance of this industry led to the establishment of an experiment station at Conway in Wales which I visited. There, under the direction of Dr. R. W. Dodgson, a system has been worked out by which at a low expense the highly infected mussels are so treated as to eliminate the pollution

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and make them safe for human consumption. It must be noted that even in the estuaries the pollution of English waters does not reach the extremes recorded in some ill-favored places in the United States, not in tidal waters and not subject to the complications of those regions.

Despite the progress which England has made under government auspices some dissatisfaction exists and the Pure Rivers Society has recently been organized to expedite the salvation of the streams. It proposes to bring about more effective coöperation between land owners, farmers and others who suffer from river pollution, to educate the public, and to advise and direct the local authorities, as well as to point out to manufacturers methods of utilizing wastes. This organization feels that many rivers in Great Britain are still illegally polluted, and that through this pollution valuable fishing rights have been totally destroyed. It deplores the lack of enforcement of laws against the pollution of streams in strenuous words which to the American sound strangely familiar. If such an organization appears justified in England, where so much progress has been made toward the purification of the streams, how much more is it justified in our own country. It is always simpler to find sources of pollution than to correct the evil, and investigations everywhere are apt to end in published reports rather than in significant action. The supreme need of the situation both in England and America is a well-informed and energetic body of public opinion not content with mere discussion or even investigation, but insistent that measures be taken at once to prevent any further additions to the pollution of inland waters and to reduce without delay or interruption the pollutions that now exist.

Speaking of Pioneers

(Continued from page 10)

woods was the undergrowth of the friendly Willows that team-worked with the Cottonwoods, and thus furnished Chief Gall with a tight little jungle wherein he could conceal his army of fighting men until he wanted them, which is exactly what he did.

Not long ago, I went over this old Custer battle field, photographed it, studied it and read the old fight from what I saw, because I know Indians and their ways and know the old west; also I know the old time western cavalry.

I know how both sides thought out their plans before the fight and I am convinced that the battle of the Little Big Horn was pulled off, where it occurred, solely because of the Cottonwood groves that still stand there and mean nothing to the tenderfoot passerby who travels the Burlington Road which runs the length of the valley, in plain sight of all these old trees.

You see, the trouble is—to most people, trees are just trees, whereas if you know trees, and the ways of the world where they grow, there are many stories that are so closely tied to the trees, that there would not be any stories if the trees were not there first. It was so in the Custer fight. It was so all along the upper Missouri. Every Cottonwood grove up there, if it could talk, could give you enough romance to fill a book, beginning back in the days of the voyageurs, and trappers, who lined their boats upstream against the yellow flow of the Miss-iss-sou-ri — "The Much Mud-in River."

They came all the way from the mountains down to the river port of St. Louis, which was then the center of the fur trade.

All the efforts and endeavors of men were written in the valley of that old yellow stream which I have seen pouring down out of the north in the June rise until it was twenty miles wide, and against this flood, the sturdy old traders sent the little stern wheel steamers north, climbing upstream until they had reached a mile above the sea, way up in Montana, with their load of geegaws and whiskey to trade with the Indians for furs that made rich men of the steamboat backers.

Man, oh man! What a story it was!

Restless feet, the desire to know what was beyond the horizon, the tingle of adventure in the blood, the call of the wilderness. All the tribes of humanity wandered together up and down the valley of that old river.

The geologists say these rivers have been there uncounted centuries, carrying away miles and miles of soil as the mountains wore down — carrying it down to about where Cairo, Illinois, now stands and dropping it in what was then the head of the Gulf of Mexico and filling it in until new land has been built all the way down to the sawgrass delta below New Orleans.

One never gets away from the Cottonwoods and the willows along any of these western rivers, and all of them pour their floods sooner or later into the old yellow Missouri which puts everything to sleep in the Gulf of Mexico.

Between you and me, I love those old Cottonwoods and their team-mates, the Willows, more than I love any trees in the world, because they belong out in the big open spaces.

They are old timers, natives, first settlers, pioneers and the most friendly trees on the river, and do you know, I have written this story and told you about them, just because I want you to know them too, even as I who have passed half a century in their company, and to their passing say, "Ava atqua vale."

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Decoys—Continued

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Dogs

Beagles—Continued

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Dogs

Hounds—Continued

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ARKANSAS Coon hounds and combination hunters for coon, opossum, cat, squirrel, rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Ouachita Kennels, W. B. Peters, Mena, Ark. Box 254. ***

FAST and sure killing wolfhounds. Greys, Stags, Russians, "Irish & Grey," also registered Walker fox hounds. Some splendid trained dogs. Carl Burkholder, Galata, Mont. ***

FOR Sale—Coon, Opossum, Skunk, Rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Your express agent holds your money while you try dog. Coon Hound Kennels, Box 401, Paris, Tenn. (3-2)

FOR Sale—Some real Caddo River coon and opossum hounds, $37.50 to $75.00. Champion rabbit dogs, $17.50 to $25.00. Write, LePelley Bros., Caddo Gap, Ark.

FOR Sale: One male and one female registered Trigg foxhounds, not related. 5 years old, rabbit proof, night or day. H. E. Davis, Andrews, N. C.

TRAINED hounds—Pedigreed coon, cat, bear, deer, wolf, fox and rabbit hounds. Pups that make good with little training. Sharon Kennels, W. J. Lytle, Prop., Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

ENGLISH Blood Hound pups, twelve weeks old, from registered stock, ancestors man trailers. Michigan State Prison Kennels, Jackson, Michigan. (3-12)

FOR Sale. Fox, rabbit and tree hounds. Cheap, broke and unbroke. Write for prices. Bert Halbrook, Tower Hill, Ill. (3-1)

TRAINED stag hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-1)

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

CAT, Coon, Bear, Lion Hounds for sale. Experienced, Western tree dogs that tree and stay. E. Essex, Victoryway at 130th St., Seattle, Washington. (10x26)

COON, Opossum, Skunk, and Rabbit hounds. Black and tan, bluetick and redbones. Trial; prices reasonable. Joe Sarver, Taskee Sta., Mo. (3-2)

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

BEAGLES, rabbit hounds, cheap, trial. C. O. D. Approval. S. Sharkey, Westminster, Md. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL Rabbit hound puppies from real hunters, $10.00 each. Lloyd Styron, Nakiague C. G. S., Amagansett, New York. (3-2)

CLAYTON'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offer high-class coonhounds, combination hunters, rabbit hounds; trial. Catalog 5 cents. (3-12)

COON, skunk, rabbit, fox hounds, fur finders. No trash. Free trial. V. Langdon, Dressor, Ill. (3-1)

COON, opossum, skunk, rabbit hounds. Cheap, trial, C. O. D. Ginger Kennels, Herrick, Ill. (3-12)

FOR Sale. Hunting hounds. Cheap. Ten days' trial. J. D. Burrus, Taskee Sta., Mo. (3-2)

GREYHOUND pups and grown dogs. Not registered. Arthur Johnson, R. No. 1, LeRoy, Minn.

HIGH class Fox, Deer, Coon hounds; a few still trailing coon and varmint dogs. J. R. Stephens, Marshall, Ark. ***

HUNTING hounds. Sold on trial. Descriptive price list free. J. E. Adams, Montgomery City, Missouri. (3-2)

LONG-EARED open-trailing rabbit hounds, beagles, $20.00, $25.00. Trial. Kenneth Plowman, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-12)

RUSSIAN wolfhounds. Beautiful puppies and grown dogs; papers furnished. Horace Briscoe, Lincoln, Kan.

THREE A-1 coon, skunk and opossum hounds. Trial. Reasonable. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (4-1)

TRAINED fox hounds. Trial allowed. Young dogs and long eared pups on approval. Franklin Kennels, Franklin, Vermont. (3-12)

WRITE Porter Bros., Higginsville, Mo., for Fox, Wolf, Coon or Rabbit Hounds. Bill Berry or High Stride Pups. (3-12)

AN exceptional rabbit dog (hound). $30.00. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis.

HUNDRED hunting hounds cheap. Fur finders. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, Herrick, Illinois.

HUNTING hounds. Cheap. C. O. D. Ginger Kennels, Herrick, Illinois.

HUNTING Hounds cheap; trial. Dixie Kennels, B5, Herrick, Illinois. (3-2)

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed Leichtle, Cold Spring, Ky.

Labradors

REGISTERED Labrador Retrievers. Bred from best hunting stock obtainable. The Dakota Kennels, Box 924, Fargo, N. D. (3-1)

LABRADOR retriever puppies. Sire and dam real duck dogs. Frank Leaders, Papillion, Nebr. (3-1)

Miscellaneous Dogs

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox, and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (9x26)

FOR Sale—Great Dane puppies and two fine brood matrons. One dark golden brindle, other light fawn brindle. Male puppies, blacks and brindles. N. S. Vial, Hazelhill Farm Kennels, La Grange, Illinois. (3-2)

LEAGUERS! Listen! Leaving farm. Must sell my German Shepherds, wire Fox Terriers. Winning sires, pedigreed. $12.50 up. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mack's Kennel, Amboy, Minn.

FOR Sale: Dachshunds, pedigreed, imported and native stock. Grown dogs and puppies for sale. Mrs. Joseph B. Riess, 296 South Watkins St., Memphis, Tenn. (3-2)

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland and St. Bernard puppies. Children's pal and watch guard. Pedigreed. Lone Cedar Farm Kennels, Hartsville, Ind.

RESTVIEW Kennels, Freedom, Pennsylvania, offers special summer prices on Airedales and wire fox terriers that can win in any company. (3-12)

Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

SELLING healthy intelligent registered mammoth Great Dane, St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs. N. C. Smith, New Richmond, Indiana. (3-12)

GREAT Dane puppies. Prices reasonable. State wants in first letter. W. R. Biebelle, San Lorenzo, N. Mex. (3-12)

FOR SALE. Llewellyn and English Setters. Also rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Pamphlets free. O. K. Kennels, Marydel, Maryland. (6-1)

FOR Sale: German Shepherds and wire-haired Fox Terriers. Ray R. Shepherd, Bicknell, Indiana. (6-2)

FOX Terriers, Collies, bulldogs, Pretty Puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2)

HUNTING; Toy; Police, Strongheart blood; Wolfhounds. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

POLICE—Russian Wolf Hound—St. Bernards. State wants. Springdale Kennels, 1019 Madison, Memphis, Tenn.

SALE—cheap—duck dog. Star, Norwalk, Wisconsin.

ENGLISH and Irish Setters and Irish Spaniel Pups for sale. Fred McGough, Pine River, Minn.

TRAINED duck dogs. Rexford McNutt, Hortonville, Wis.

Newfoundlands

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland puppies. Companion and guard for the family. Pedigreed. Lone Cedar Farm Kennels, Hartsville, Ind. ***

FOR registered black and black and white Newfoundland puppies, write to Lieblein, Dodge, N. Dak. (3-2)

NEWFOUNDLANDS, mammoth, healthy, intelligent registered dogs. Pups for sale. Birky Kennels, Fisher, Illinois. ***

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland puppies, pedigreed Bert Carmony, Shelbyville, Ind. (3-2)

Pointers and Setters

NATIONAL Champion Doughboy and Champion Fishel Franks blood. Three female pointers, 17 months old, whelped June 19th, 1925. Sire Doughboys Fishel Frank, son of the National Champion Doughboy and Montgomery Girl, she a daughter of Champion Fishel Frank. Dam Granddaughter of Champion De Sota Frank and Cincinnati Nat futurity winner. Price $35.00 each. Five puppies whelped April 10, 1926, sired by Doughboys Fishel Frank, dam daughter of Cincinnati Nat. Price $25.00. One male puppy whelped March 25, 1926. White and lemon, sired by Doughboys Fishels Frank. Price $25.00. One male 17 months old, whelped June 11, 1925. White, black and ticked, sire Dans Nat Son of Imp. Champion Broom Hill Dan and Nats Natilene, daughter of Cincinnati Nat. Price $35.00. All puppies sent C. O. D. Will furnish papers. J. A. Reed, Butterfield, Mo. (3-1)

TRAINED Pointer dog, 3 years old. White and Liver spotted. Fast all day hunter. Good nose, good looker. Staunch on points. Retriever, a real shooting dog, $75.00. Trained English Setter dog, 3 years old. Staunch on points. Good nose. Retriever, all day hunter, $75.00. Trained Pointer bitch, 3 years old, good nose, good retriever, staunch on points. Fast all day hunter; bargain, $60.00. "No papers." All good shooting dogs. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn.

PEDIGREED Irish Setter Puppies from Field Trial and Bench winning stock. Folder and prices on request. Trained, 2 ½ yrs. old, white and liver pointer dog—$50.00. Trained, 2 ½ yrs. old, white and lemon pointer bitch, good looker and good retriever, $50.00. Will ship C. O. D. 5 days' trial, you pay express if returned. T. D. McLister, Brighton, Tenn. (3-1)

FOR Sale. One red dog, five years, broke, $40.00. One English dog, three years, broke, $50.00. One bitch, three years, broke, $50.00. One pointer bitch, three years, broke, $50.00. One registered dog, eighteen months, $40.00. Three bitches and one dog, $25.00 each. Sold for board. C. O. D. Subject approval. Mike Hays, Hopkinsville, Ky. ***

AM selling my ten pointers and setters, six months to six years, nicely started and broken, hardened shooting dogs and bitches. Bred from Champions. Write for descriptions, breeding and bargain prices. F. P. Woodall, Winchester, Illinois. ***

PROMISING Irish Setter puppies. Very best blood lines. Sire and dam broken field dogs. Males $20.00, females $15.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. P. Hansen, Wagner, So. Dak. (3-2)

ATTENTION. A few carefully selected shooting dogs at $75.00 to two-fifty. Russell Leonard, West Plains, Mo.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

REGISTERED Pointer bitch. Does it all right. Four years old. Wonderful quail dog. Two hundred dollars. Setter dog, real quail dog. Extra fine shooting dog. One fifty. These are most wonderful dogs and will please most exacting sportsman. John Hale, West Plains, Mo. (3-2)

HAVE a few pointer female puppies past 4 months by history making parents. Will sacrifice at twelve-fifty each. They're positively perfect and will be shipped your approval. C. L. Phillips, Barnard, Mo.

IRISH Setter pups 3 to 11 months; Champion Terry of Boyne, Bud Law, Champion Bob of Down and Champion Palmerston Connemara Grand breeding. Chip of Boyne at stud. E. T. Burke, Farmersville, Illinois.

NEW Everyuse Dog. Combining Retriever, Pointer, Setter, Beagle and Bloodhound in one individual. Climax of breeding. Imported sires and dams. Write for folder and prices. Bredrite Kennels, Missoula, Mont. (3-12)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

TWELVE Llewellyn bitch puppies, one hundred per cent. All papers to register. Ages four to ten months. Price fifteen. No photos, as priced for quick sale. J. H. Sullivan, 205 S. Lincoln St., Creston, Iowa. ***

AMERICA'S Best Irish Setters—Finest pups $20.00. Photos, pedigrees, full description on request. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-1)

CHOICE dark red Irish Setter puppies. Grandchildren of Inter-National Champion Tyrone Larry. $25 up. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-1)

ENGLISH Setter puppies five months old. Riley Frush and Count Moring breeding. All papers. Males, $18.50; females, $15.00. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Iowa. (3-1)

FOR Sale—Beautiful English Setter male pups. Sire Mike Gibbons-Osakis Duff; dam Gloria Mae. Ten weeks old. All papers. G. L. Runyan, Cambridge, Minn. ***

PEDIGREED English Setter puppies ready to hunt this fall. Speed Ben and Eugene M. breeding. $30.00 up. William Connon, Loantaka Way, Madison, New Jersey. ***

SETTER puppies. 3 months. Sired by son of Candy Kid, Gladstone and Mohawk breeding on dam's side. I. G. Howe, Belmont, N. Y. (3-12)

BEAUTIFUL Irish Setter pups at half price. Ten to $20.00. Guy Anderson, Viroqua, Wis. Route 5. ***

ENGLISH and Irish Setters, 7 months old. Females, $10.00; males, $15.00. John Giblin, Stuart, Nebr.

EXCELLENT English Setter puppies. Approval. Papers. Started. Walter Mangold, Bennington, Nebraska. (3-12)

HIGH class English and Llewellyn Setters thoroughly broken. Ready for use. Also Stud. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va. (3-1)

RARE pointer dog. Quality stud. Field trial prospect. Ideal shooting. G. O. Smith, Buckhannon, W. Va. (3-1)

READY to go: Pointers and Setters, also broke English Setter bitch. All registered stock. O. H. Peek, 812 W. Center St., Girard, Ill. ***

POINTER pups scientifically bred. Registered proven hunting strains, $35.00. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-1)

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Winnfield, La. (3-12)

POINTERS, real bird dogs; do it all. Cheap. Trial. S. Sharkey, Westminster, Md. (3-1)

Police Dogs

FOR Sale—Thirty beautiful light, dark and silver grey police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Dustenbrook, Kriminalpolizie blood line; big, husky, healthy pups, $20.00 to $30.00; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 12 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL German police puppies, of championship strain. Registered, pedigreed. Immunized from distemper. Shipped on approval. Satisfaction guaranteed. Males $50.00. Females $35.00. Springdale Silver Fox Farms, Scottville, Michigan. ***

Dogs

Police Dogs—Continued

FOR Sale. Shepherd (German Police) puppies. Sire 1st litter: International Champion (Joselle's) Dolf von Dusternbrook. Sire 2nd litter: International Champion (Joselle's) Yvon de Beauchamps. Free descriptive circular. North Shellenberger, McAlisterville, Pa. ***

POLICE puppies, papers to register. Imported and domestic. Breeding sired by nephew of Strongheart. Grays and blacks. Females, $15.00; males, $30.00. Open and bred females. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-2)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police puppies, all colors. Sired by imported stud dogs. Best of blood lines. Price, $20 and up. Shipped any place on approval. Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. ***

FOR Sale. Pedigreed police puppies, all colors. Sired by imported stud dogs. Best of blood lines. Price, $20.00 and up. Shipped any place on approval. Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-2)

POLICE puppies, by Champion Cuno v. Brunnenlof. At stud, imported, trained son of 1925 German Sieger. Prices, $25.00 to $65.00. Rahmlow Farm, R. 4, Appleton, Wis.

PEDIGREED Police puppies from litter of thirteen. Priced to sell quick. Chisago Lake Silver Fox Farm, Chisago City, Minn. (3-1)

BEAUTIFUL German Police dogs. Handsome bitch, fearless stud, pedigreed pups, reasonable. Dog Kennels, Cumberland, Wis. (3-1)

FOR pedigreed Police pups. Grown dogs, bitches open and bred. Write Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, No. Dak. (3-12)

XMAS sale on choice puppies. E. A. Nelson, Ridgeway Farm, Neenah, Wis.

Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-2)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Beautiful pups from Avandale stock. For quick sale $15.00 up. Several ready to train, $35.00. Wellsway Shaggy Lad at stud, fee $20.00. H. J. Robertson, Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn. (3-2)

SPRINGERS. Registered puppies. Parents imported from Ware Kennels, England. Also puppies from bitch sired by Laverstock Powderhorn. Prices $40 to $65. Imported Stud, service $25. Wickham Kennels, Mound, Minn. (3-12)

SPRINGER Sale. Mature males, females and April whelped puppies. Registered. A great Sire at stud. Satisfaction guaranteed. Attractive prices and descriptions on request. Dr. Ernest Elmen, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. ***

PURE bred brown spaniel pups. Rat-tail curly coated type. Bred from trained parents and guaranteed to please. Males $15.00, females, $12.50. E. T. Hall, Peetz, Colo. (3-12)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Bred from the best imported Bench Show and Field Trial strains. On approval, $30 and up; 4 bred bitches $75 and up. W. J. Nissen, Box O, Oxford, Nebr. (3-12)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. Sire is by Flint of Avendale, dam by Horsford Harbour. A cross of the best springers in America. Priced to sell. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wis. (3-12)

COCKER spaniel pups, black, eligible, from hunting stock. Sold pups that retrieved ducks at 8 months last fall. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wis. (3-1)

COCKER Spaniels—Eight weeks old. Black puppies, select breeding. Attractive prices. Dr. Wooden, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

CHAMPION bred Springer pups and grown stock. $25.00 up. Registered stud. Fee $25.00. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa. (3-1)

COCKER Spaniels—Parti colors and blacks, registered. All ages. E. L. Fuller, Medicine Lodge, Kansas. (3-1)

FOR Sale—Pedigreed Cocker Spaniel puppies. Harold Jensen, R. R. 1, Box 60, Sturtevant, Wisconsin.

GENUINE Irish Water Spaniel puppies. Reasonable prices. M. Oliphant, Big Timber, Mont. (3-12)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

PROVE your "Merry Xmas" wish, with a Ch. Obo Donatello pup. Greenook Kennels, No. 7 Spruce, Oshkosh, Wis.

SPRINGER Spaniel bitch by Jambok of Ware, $50.00. Also 2 fine male pups. $40.00 each. N. B. Hooper, Castine, Me.

SPRINGER pups from imported stock. Best working blood in existence. O. V. Brown, Dawson, Minn. (3-2)

Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

FOXTERRIERS. Registered. Make fine pets, ratters, companions, hunters. Mostly white bodied puppies, $10.00 up. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-2)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

RAT terriers—Fox terriers. Illustrated lists 10¢. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-2)

Trainers—Dogs

BEAGLES, Spaniels, Bird dogs, educated in game country. Satisfaction guaranteed. Kneedler Kennels, West Plains, Mo.

SPANIEL Training—field trials or shooting dog—my specialty. A. Burhans, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-12)

WANTED field trial and shooting dogs to train by month or job. Reference with pleasure. J. B. Jefferies, Ripley, Miss. (3-1)

Dog Remedies and Supplies

REVILO. Genuine Tetrachlorethylene, the new wormer discovered by the Government. More effective than carbon tetrachloride, and the safest anthelmintic known. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running-barking fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 9, Quincy, Ill. (9x26)

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

RUNNING Fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Va. (3-12)

Firearms and Ammunition

"THE Shooter's Bible" is what the B&M Handbook has been nicknamed. Information on Hunting and Target Scopes, Watson Sights, Reloading, Factory Components, Powder, Ballistics, Gun Cleaning and all shooting. Contains dope not available elsewhere. Also catalogues, all B&M products. Price fifty-cents stamps, which is refunded on next five-dollar order. Any folder free. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-12)

SELL—250-3,000 bolt action Savage, Lyman sights, new condition, $35.00. Remodeled Krag Carbine, Lyman sights, $17.50. Remodeled Krag Carbine, military sights, $12.50. C. W. Bandy, 415 N. Vermilion St., Danville, Illinois. ***

TELESCOPE sights, for target and hunting; straightline reloading tools for any caliber or cartridge. Cleaning rods embodying latest ideas. Write for free booklets. Complete handbook, 50c. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. ***

WE make a light three barrel baush gun, 26-inch, with rifle below, in either light or powerful calibre, or a heavy duck gun with 22 long rifle barrel below, to get the cripples. Finest workmanship. Moderate prices. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-12)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser & Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South Street, Boston. (3-12)

Firearms and Ammunition—Cont'd

OVER and under, three-barrel-guns, double rifles. Fine double shotguns etc., high-grade guns throughout, take American cartridges. Send for particulars. E. Merkel, Gun-Maker, Suhl, Germany. Box 66. (4-12)

THE Ovr-Unda gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-12)

SAVAGE rifle 250-3,000, heavy canvas case. 5A Winchester. Telescope sight. All in good condition. $50.00. R. L. Stephenson, Lockport, Ill.

THE all purpose gun—the three-barrel—any combination, made to order at moderate prices. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (3-12)

WILL sell. U. S. 45 automatic Government pistol holsters, fine, used, each 50c plus postage. Kanawha Hardware Co., 511 Kanawha St., Charleston, W. Va. ***

WITTIG'S gunsight wingshooting guide does not miss. Price one dollar. Information cheerfully furnished. Jacob Wittig, Marinette, Wis. ***

BARGAINS in guns and ammunition. Prices on request. B-K Gunnery, 736 E. Park St., Sandusky, Ohio. ***

RE-BLUE or brown your guns, rifles, etc., at home, small cost. Factory formula mailed for $1.00. E. Simons, Dane, Wis. (3-1)

RESTOCKING, Fitting, Finishing. Satisfaction. James Barnes, 1031 Bancroft, Berkeley, Calif. ***

Food Products

WHITE clover honey, extra fine grade, five and ten-pound pails, 15c pound; 60-pound cans, $7.50. Lee Waller, Durand, Ill. (3-1)

PANCAKE season is here. You need real Maple Syrup. I've got some for you. Bob Blackman, Neillsville, Wisconsin. (3-1)

ELEVEN pounds Pure Maple Syrup, $3.75 postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Birchwood, Wis. (3-1)

Fish and Game Attractions

TERRELL'S Giant Wild Rice seed and 35 other plants for attracting game and fur-bearing animals. 30 years experience. Expert planting advice free. Discount on orders placed during winter. Write, Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 51 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-2)

MINNESOTA Giant Wild Rice Seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minn. (3-12)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

GUARANTEED Anti-Backlash attachment you can put on any reel. $1.50. Send for illustrated particulars. Reel Co., Windfall, Ind. (3-12)

For Sale or Exchange

TWO new, unused Peterborough duck boats, factory crated, $25.00 each. Accept guns payment. A. Clarine, Walker, Minnesota. ***

For Smokers

GIVE that juicy Brier a rest. Smoke Scotch Clayschaum Pipes. A sweet, dry smoke. Porous clay absorbs nicotine, and conserves health. Send postal for description. Samples, 25c. Six 60c; Dozen $1.00. Scotch Clayschaum Pipe Co., Importers, Dept. K-2, Laurel, Maryland. (3-12)

CIGARS, Jack Miner registered brand, one hundred in handsome Log Cabin Box. Mild, real good quality. Many use box for bird houses. Postpaid $4.35. Hahn Cigar Co., Bay City, Mich. (3-2)

HOMESPUN tobacco, 5-lb. chewing, $1.80; 5 smoking, 90c prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-2)

HOMESPUN Tobacco—Chewing, 10 lbs., $2.00; Smoking, 5 lbs., $1.00; 10, $1.75. Aged in bulk, mellow and sweet. Satisfaction guaranteed. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky. (3-12)

Game Birds and Animals

STOP—Read—1926 silver black fox pups. Also adults and proven breeders. Wonderful quality with right prices. Our stock is from prize winners and of the best blood lines obtainable in Canada. We own an eighty-five pair ranch, the largest and finest in Ohio. Let us give you our prices before buying elsewhere. Also have Raccoon, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Pheasants, Waterfowls and Grouse for sale. Hubers Reliable Silver Black Fox and Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (8x26)

TEN THOUSAND Bob White Quail, $2.00 each, for Feb., March and April delivery. Five thousand Quail eggs, 50 cents each. May and June. One thousand native Wild Turkeys (brown tipped feathers). Price $17.50 each. December delivery. Two hundred native Virginia White Tail deer, $50.00 each. English Ringneck Pheasants, $3.00 each, for immediate shipment. Above game subject to prior sale. Prices, F. O. B. my shipping point. Dr. Frank Kent, Box 428, San Antonio, Texas. (3-1)

MUSKRAT Trappers—Attention! Do you want to know how to increase your catch of muskrats? $5 buys this secret from an old time trapper. Send now before the season opens. John Di Salvatore, 193 Division St., Amsterdam, N. Y. (3-12)

SPORTSMEN that like fun, fur farming and farthings will do well by getting in touch with me. I raise heavy prize-winning Wausau Strain Standard Eastern Silver Black Foxes. 1927 pup contracts now open. Priced right. Dr. K. W. Baker, Owen, Wis. (3-2)

FOR Sale—Silver foxes. The progeny of the famous Brunswick strain of Canadian silver foxes. Noted for their exceptional fur qualities. Write DuBois Silver Fox Co., Inc., DuBois, Penn. ***

FOXES: The Northland Fox Exchange of Houghton, Mich., can save purchasers of silver black foxes big money. They watch conditions and represent breeders in some of the best fox breeding states. Write them. (3-2)

FERRETS for driving rats and other vermin from their dens. We have white or brown, large or small. Males, $5.00; females, $5.50; pair, $10.00. Will ship C. O. D. E. F. Younger, Newton Falls, Ohio.

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Stocking Pheasants and Games. Deer and fur-bearing animals. Milk Goats. Jersey and Holstein cattle. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

FOR Sale—Registered Silver Black Fox Pups, adults and proven breeders. Get our circular and selling plan before buying. Twentieth Century Silver Black Fox Co., Box B, New Washington, Ohio. (3-1)

MINK Raising. Illustrated bock containing full and practical information on building pens and the care of animals, mailed for $1.00. Ranch raised stock for sale. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-12)

MUSKRAT farming now considered a profitable enterprise. Up-to-date information on fencing, farming, general care and marketing. Cloth bound, $1.75 postpaid. Earl Hummell, 1111 Seminary St., Kalamazoo, Mich. (3-1)

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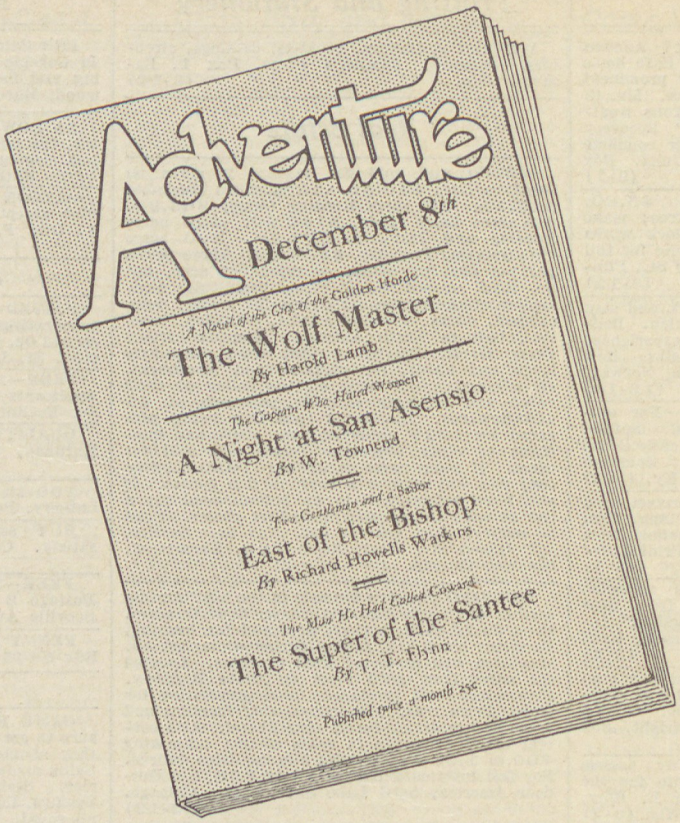
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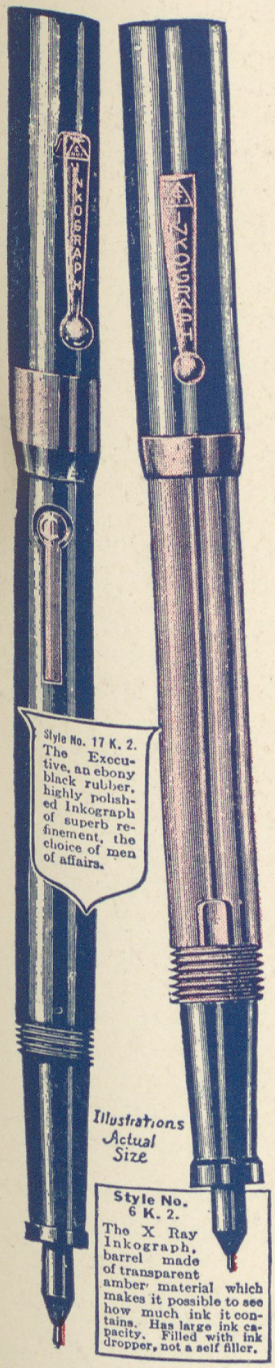

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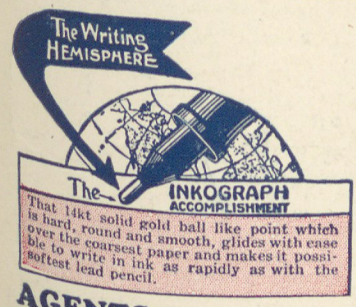

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